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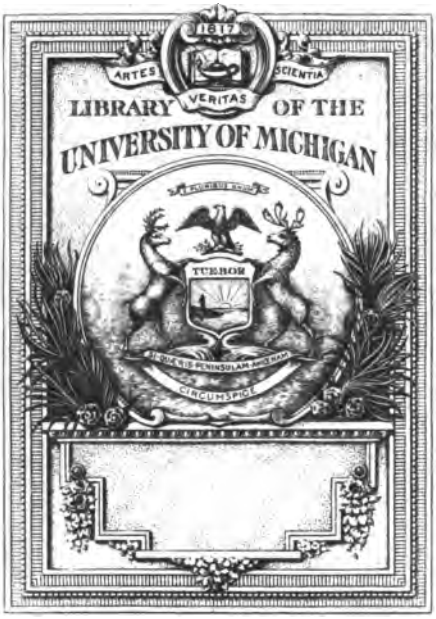
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DIALOGUES

OF THE

69167

DEAD.

Written in FRENCH by the

Archbiſhop of CAMBRAY;

Francois Fenelon

Tranſlated into ENGLISH

From the beſt PARIS EDITION.

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DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD, BOTH ANTIENT and MODERN.

DIALOGUE I.

MERCURY and CHARON.

In what manner thoſe who are entruſted with the education of Princes, ought to correct their growing vices, and fill them with virtues ſuitable to their quality.

Charon. WHAT's the reaſon, Mercury, you come ſo late? do not men die as they did heretofore? or had you forgot your wings behind you? whom did you ſtay to rob? had Jupiter ſent you a pimping? was you obliged to put on the form of another Sofia? why don't you anſwer me?

Mercury. I have been deceiv'd, Charon; I ſtay'd in hopes of conducting prince Pierocholes hither: then you'd have had a good fare.

Charon. He's very young.

Mercury. Young as he is, he thought himſelf very ill, and cry'd as if Death had been ſtaring him in the face.

Charon. Well; and ſhall we have him?

Mercury. He has ſo often deceived me that way, that I cannot depend upon him; ſcarce was he in bed, when, forgetting his pain, he fell to ſleep.

Charon. His diſtemper was not real then?

Mercury. What he thought a very grievous, was but a very ſlight illneſs; he has often alarmed his people in the ſame manner. I have ſeen him in the cholick, wiſhing that his belly was cut off; and at another time when his noſe bled, fancying his ſoul was dropping into his handkerchief.

Charon. How will he wage war?

Mercury. As he does now, without pain or trouble—war at cheſs; he has already fought above an hundred battles.

Charon. Fatal war! which ſends us no ſubjects.

Mercury. Notwithſtanding this, if we can but throw aſide his wantonneſs and effeminacy, I hope he will one day make a great figure. He can rage and weep like Achilles, why then ſhould he not be as courageous too? in his frowardneſs he reſembles him. They ſay that he loves the muſes, and that he has a Chiron, a Phœnix.

Charon. But all this makes nothing for us; we want a young, raſh, ignorant, unpoliſhed prince,

prince, who, deſpiſing learning, ſhould love nothing but arms; who always ready to glut himſelf in blood, ſhould place his happineſs in the misfortunes of mankind. Such a one would fill my boat once a day.

Mercury. So, ſo, you want one of thoſe princes, or rather one of thoſe monſters, who are greedy of ſlaughter. This is of a milder diſpoſition; I believe he will love peace, yet know how to wage war. In him you may diſcover the principles of a good prince, as in the bud of a roſe you may perceive how beautiful the flower will be.

Charon. But is he not haſty and boiſterous?

Mercury. He is ſo indeed, and to a ſtrange degree.

Charon. What then do you mean by cultivating the muſes? he will never learn any thing, but ſpread confuſion wherever he comes; many a murmuring ſhade will he ſend us, but ſo much the better.

Mercury. He is boiſterous, but not miſchievous; he is curious, tractable, and has an excellent taſte for every thing that's fine: he loves good men, and is beholden to thoſe who correct him. If he can but once overcome his haſtineſs and lazineſs, he'll be wonderful: remember I foretel it thee.

Charon. Haſty and lazy; theſe are palpable contradictions; ſure you dream.

Mercury. I do not, I'll aſſure you; he is haſty, eaſily provoked, and lazy in diſcharg-

ing his duties: but he mends upon it every day; he is certainly reſerved for ſomething great.

Charon. It ſeems then, we ſhan't have him yet.

Mercury. No; his ſickneſs proceeds more from impatience than any real pain. Jupiter deſigns that he ſhall long continue a bleſſing to mankind.

DIALOGUE II.

HERCULES and THESEUS.

The manner in which theſe two heroes reproach one another, is a ſhort and ingenuous way of letting you into their hiſtory and characters.

Theſeus. YOU ſurprize me, Hercules; I thought you in the higheſt Olympus, ſeated with the Gods. It was reported that the fire on mount Oeta had conſumed all that mortal part which was derived from your mother, and that nothing of thee remained but that which ſprung from Jove. It was alſo ſaid that you married the goddeſs Hebe, who has now leiſure enough, ſince Ganymede ſerves the nectar in her ſtead.

Hercules. Don't you know that what you ſee of me is only my ghoſt?

Theſeus. And what you ſee of me is only mine: but whilſt that's here, no part of me can be in Olympus.

Hercules. That's becauſe thou art not, as I am, the ſon of Jupiter.

Theſeus. Very good, really! Æthra my mother, and my father Ægeus, would have perſuaded the world that I was Neptune's ſon; as Alcmena, to cover the fault ſhe had been guilty of during Amphytrion's being at the ſiege of Thebes, perſuaded him that ſhe had received a viſit from Jupiter.

Hercules. I think you very bold, thus to treat the vanquiſher of monſters. I never could take ſuch jeſts.

Theſeus. But the threatning of a ſhadow will ſcarce make me forbear breaking them. I am not in Olympus laughing at the immortalized ſon of Jove: and as for monſters, I have vanquiſhed ſome in my time as well as you.

Hercules. Wou'd you preſume to compare your faint actions with my labours? the world can never forget the lion of Nemæa, on which account the Nemæan games were inſtituted; the Hydra of Lerna, whoſe heads multiplied; the Erymanthian boar; the Stymphalian birds; the Amazon, whoſe girdle I brought away; the ſtable of Augea; the bull which I dragged into Greece; Cacus whom I overcame; the horſes of Diomedes, who fed on human fleſh; Geryon, the three-headed king of Spain; the golden apples growing in the garden of the Heſperides; laſtly, Cerberus, whom I dragg'd out of hell, and forced to ſee the ſun.

Theſeus. And did I not overcome all the vagabonds of Greece? did I not drive Medea from my father's houſe, kill th eMinotaur,

and find the way out of the labyrinth, for which the Iſthmian games were inſtituted? and ſure they muſt be allowed to be equal with the Nemæan games. Farther, I overcame the Amazons who beſieged Athens. Add to to this the combat of the Lapithæ, Jaſon's voyage for the golden fleece, the hunting of the Caledonian boar, in which I had ſo great a ſhare; and as well as you I have dared to deſcend into hell.

Hercules. Yes; but your raſh enterprize was deſervedly puniſh'd; you did not carry off Proſerpine: Cerberus, whom I dragg'd out of his gloomy cave, devour'd your friend before your face, and you remain'd a captive. Have you forgot how Caſtor and Pollux forc'd their ſiſter Helen from you? Nay, you let them carry off your mother Æthra. How diminutive a hero muſt he be who ſuffers this to be done? Laſtly, you was baniſh'd Athens, and forced to fly to the iſle Scyros, where Lycomedes, knowing how apt you was to engage yourſelf in unjuſt undertakings, threw you headlong from the top of a rock by way of prevention. A glorious cloſe of life!

Theſeus. Was thine more glorious? you lov'd Omphale, and for her ſake handled a diſtaff, then forſook her for young Iole: and thus violated your faith given to Dejanira. Did you not ſuffer them to give you the ſhirt dipt in the blood of the Centaur Neſſus; then growing furious, hurl poor Lychas, who had never injured thee, from the top of Mount

Oeta, into the ſea? You deſired Philoctetes too to conceal your burying place, that the world might believe you a God. Was this cloſe of life more glorious than mine? before I was baniſhed Athens, I had drawn all its inhabitants from their villages, where they liv'd after a barbarous manner, to civilize them, and lay 'em under the reſtraint of laws, within the walls of a town. As for your part, far from being a legiſlator, all your perfections were placed in ſinewy arms, and brawny ſhoulders.

Hercules. My ſhoulders have born the world upon them, to eaſe Atlas of the burden, and my courage has always been admired. True, I have loved the women too well, but can you upbraid me with it? you who ſo ungratefully forſook Ariadne, who in Crete had ſaved your life? Do you think that I never heard the name of the Amazon Antiope mentioned, to whom you proved faithleſs? Egla, who ſucceeded her, did not fare better. You carried Helen away by force, but her brother found the means to puniſh you for it. Phædra ſo far blinded you, that you had Hippolytus put to death, whom the Amazon bore you. Several others poſſeſſed thy heart, yet never poſſeſſed it long.

Theſeus. But I never handled a diſtaff like him who boaſts of having carried the world on his ſhoulders.

Hercules. That ſoft and effeminate part of my

life which I led in Lydia, I'll not pretend to vindicate; but in all the reſt of it, you muſt own me ſomething more than man.

Theſeus. So much the worſe for you, that being more man in every other circumſtance, you ſhou'd act ſo much beneath yourſelf in this. But then all theſe boaſted labours were performed only in obedience to Euriſtheus.

Hercules. 'Tis true, that Juno had made me ſubject to all his commands; 'tis the fate of virtue to be delivered up to the perſecution of the wicked and envious; but her perſecution has only been the means of exerciſing my patience and my courage. On the other hand, you have often been guilty of unjuſt actions: happy the world, if you had never found your way out of the labyrinth.

Theſeus. By that I delivered Athens from the annual tribute of ſeven young men, and as many maids, which Minos had laid upon them for the death of Androgeos his ſon. Alas, my poor father Egeus, who expected me, fancying that he ſaw the black ſail, inſtead of the white one, threw himſelf headlong into the ſea, and when I landed I found him dead: from that time forwards I governed Athens with wiſdom.

Hercules. How could you govern it, ſince you was every day embarked in ſome new expedition; and that by your loves you involv'd all Greece in war?

Theſeus. Let us talk no more of love, 'tis but a ſhame-

a ſhameful ſubject, and as far as I can ſee, we are not much behind-hand with one another.

Hercules. I own it, with all my heart, and yield to thee in eloquence; but what decides our worth, is, you are now in hell at Pluto's mercy, whom you have highly provoked, and I am in Olympus ranked with the immortal Gods.

DIALOGUE III.

ACHILLES and CHIRON.

A lively picture of the danger of too much youthful fire in a young prince born to command.

Achilles. WHAT ſervice have all your inſtructions done me, and how am I the better for having received them? You never talked to me of any thing but wiſdom, courage, glory, and heroiſm: but notwithſtanding all your fine diſcourſes, here am I a vain empty ſhadow. Would it not have been much better for me to have lived long and voluptuouſly at the court of king Lycomedes, diſguiſed like a maid, with the princeſſes his daughters?

Chiron. Well, and would you beg leave of the fates to return amongſt theſe ladies? You ſhall ſpin, but at the ſame time you ſhall loſe all the glory you have acquired. Troy ſhall be be-

beſieged a ſecond time, and Homer ſhall ſing the praiſes of thy inveterate enemy, the proud Agamemnon; even Therſites ſhall not be forgotten: but as for your part, you ſhall be buried in oblivion.

Achilles. Agamemnon run away with my glory! I be buried in oblivion! I cannot bear the thoughts on't; I had rather fall again by the hand of the inglorious Paris.

Chiron. Then the inſtructions that I gave you concerning virtue, are not wholly to be deſpiſed?

Achilles. I own it, and would willingly return into the world, that I might make uſe of thoſe inſtructions.

Chiron. What would you do there this ſecond time?

Achilles. What would I do there? I would avoid quarrelling with Agamemnon, and by that means ſave the life of my friend Patroclus, and the blood of ſo many Grecians, who fell by the deſtructive ſword of the Trojans, whilſt I was rolling on the ſands of the ſea-ſhore.

Chiron. But did I not tell thee beforehand that thy paſſion would make the guilty of all theſe follies?

Achilles. True; you told me of it an hundred times over; but when did youth hearken to advice? It believes nothing but juſt what it ſees. O would I were young again!

Chiron. You would be as paſſionate and untractable as heretofore.

Achilles. I would not, I give you my word,

Chiron. Did not you promiſe me an hundred, and a hundred times to that, that you'd grow more moderate when you came before Troy? how well you kept your word there!

Achilles. I own I did not.

Chiron. And you would be the ſame was you to grow young again; you would promiſe juſt as you did before, and keep your word as you did then.

Achilles. Youth then muſt be a ſtrange diſtemper.

Chiron. And yet it is a diſtemper that you'd willingly be ſick of again.

Achilles. True; but how charming would youth be, was it capable of reflection and moderation. You who underſtand remedies ſo well, do you know no cure for this impetuous heat, by far more dangerous than a burning fever?

Chiron. The only remedy is to diſtruſt one's ſelf, to hearken to thoſe who are wiſer, and to aſk their advice; by one's paſt faults to take care and avoid the ſame for the future, and often to implore the aſſiſtance of Minerva, whoſe wiſdom is above the valour of Mars

Achilles. Well, all this I'll do, if Jupiter will give me back the ſame flouriſhing youth I once enjoyed: do you, at the ſame time, pray him that he would reſtore your life; and that I may be ſubject to your will as Hercules was to that of Euriſtheus.

Chi-

Chiron. With all my heart. I'll make the requeſt to the father of the Gods, and I am well aſſured that he will grant it. After a long ſeries of years you ſhall liye again, and be born with a genius, greatneſs of ſoul, courage, and love for poetry. You ſhall have a Chiron near you, and we ſhall ſee what uſe you'll make of his precepts.

DIALOGUE IV.

ACHILLES and HOMER.

An agreeable manner of infuſing into the heart of a young prince, *a* love *for* learning *and* glory.

Achilles. I am heartily glad, O illuſtrious poet! that through my means you are become immortal; my quarrel with Agamemnon, my grief for the death of Patroclus, my combats with the Trojans, and my victory over Hector, have given you one of the fineſt ſubjects for a poem, that ever was heard of.

Homer. I own, that the ſubject is fine, but others as good might have been found. Nor needs this much proof, ſince I myſelf actually found another: the adventures of the ſage and patient Ulyſſes, do not fall ſhort of the rage of the haughty Achilles.

Achilles. And dare you compare the crafty and deceitful Ulyſſes, to the ſon of Thetis, more terrible

rible than Mars? begone; ungrateful poet! or—

Homer. You have forgot, perhaps, that 'tis in vain for ſhades to put themſelves in a paſſion; no body will mind them, nor can any arms be now of ſervice to you but ſound reaſoning.

Achilles. Why then, do you come to diſown, that you are indebted to me for your beſt poem? The other is a mere rhapſody of old women's tales, every line in it languiſhes, and you may plainly diſcover the decayed poet, whoſe fire is quite extinguiſhed, and who never knows when to have done.

Homer. You are like a vaſt number of others, who, ignorant of the different kinds of writing, think that an author droops, as ſoon as he paſſes from a lively rapid ſtile, to one more ſoft and ſmooth. Perfection in writing conſiſts in obſerving your various characters. To vary your ſtile, as occaſion requires; and to ſoar, or droop, *à propos*, and by this contraſt, characters will be more agreeable, and more diſtinguiſh'd. You muſt know how to ſound the trumpet, to tune the lyre, and play on the rural pipe. I ſuppoſe you would have me deſcribe Calypſo, with her nymphs in the grotto, or Nauſica on the ſeaſhore, after the ſame manner that I would heroes, and even Gods themſelves, fighting before the gates of Troy. Talk of war, and keep within your own element; but never pretend to judge of poetry in my preſence.

Achilles. How proud you are, poor blind man! you take advantage now of my death.

Homer. No more than I do of my own: I conſider you as the ſhade of Achilles, myſelf as the ghoſt of Homer.

Achilles. Oh! could I but make this ungrateful ghoſt ſenſible of my former ſtrength!

Homer. Since you talk ſo much of ingratitude, I'll take the pains to undeceive you: you have furniſhed me with a ſubject, which I might have found any where elſe; but I have given you a name, which another could not have given you, and which will never be forgotten.

Achilles. How! Do you imagine that without the aſſiſtance of your verſes, the great Achilles would not have been admir'd, in all nations, and in all ages?

Homer. Intolerable vanity! and that for having ſhed more blood than another at the ſiege of a town, which was not taken, but after thy death? How many heroes have ſubdued nations, and conquered kingdoms? notwithſtanding this, they are buried in oblivion, and their names are forgotten. The Muſes only can make heroic actions immortal. A king, who is ambitious of glory, muſt acquire it by theſe two means, firſt, by his virtues he muſt deſerve it, and then he muſt make himſelf be beloved by the ſons of Parnaſſus, who will tranſmit his name to all poſterity.

Achilles. But 'tis not in the power of princes always, to have great poets. It was accidentally, and long after my death, that you reſolved upon writing your Iliad.

Homer. That's true; but when a prince is a lover of learning, there will ariſe, during his reign, many great men; his favours, and his rewards, will raiſe a noble emulation amongſt them. Let but a prince love and encourage the Muſes, and there will ſoon appear enow ready to praiſe whatever is praiſe-worthy in him. If a prince be without a Homer, 'tis becauſe he does not deſerve to have one; it muſt be his want of taſte, that occaſions ignorance and barbariſm. Barbariſm! which diſhonours a whole nation, and muſt deprive the prince of all hopes of having his actions made immortal! Do you not know, that Alexander, who lately came down hither, wept, becauſe he had not a poet to do that for him, which I have done for thee? That was becauſe he had a true taſte of glory; for your part, you owe me all yours, and yet you upbraid me with ingratitude. 'Tis in vain to put yourſelf into a paſſion now, your anger when before Troy was fit to furniſh me with a ſubject for a poem; but I cannot ſing your preſent rage, and conſequently you would reap no honour from it. But remember this, fate having deprived you of all other advantages, you have nothing now remaining, but the glorious name which my verſes have given you. Farewel, when you are in a better humour, I'll come, and in this grove rehearſe to you ſome lines of the Iliad, particularly the defeat of the Greeks, during thy abſence; the

the confuſion of the Trojans, when they ſaw thee appear to revenge the death of Patroclus, even the Gods themſelves aſtoniſhed to ſee thee ſo like Almighty Jove, when armed with thunder. After that, ſay if you dare, that Achilles does not owe his glory to Homer.

DIALOGUE V.

ACHILLES and ULYSSES.

The Character of theſe two Heroes.

Ulyſſes. A Good morning to the ſon of Thetis. I am at length deſcended to theſe diſmal abodes, after a long life, to which you was hurried in the flower of your age.

Achilles. My life has been ſhort, becauſe the unjuſt fates would not ſuffer me to acquire more glory, than they allow mortals to acquire.

Ulyſſes. Yet have they ſuffered me to live long, amidſt an infinite number of dangers, from which I have always extricated myſelf with honour.

Achilles. A fine honour, always to prevail by ſtratagem! for my part, I never knew how to diſſemble, I only knew how to conquer.

Ulyſſes. And yet after thy death, I was judged the moſt worthy of having thy armour.

Achil-

Achilles. Ay, but you obtained it by your eloquence, not your courage; I ſhudder when I reflect upon it, that an armour made by Vulcan, and given me by my mother, has been the reward of a ſubtle talker.

Ulyſſes. Know that I have done greater things than thou haſt. You died before the city of Troy, whilſt it was in all its glory, but I overthrew its walls.

Achilles. It is more glorious to periſh by the unjuſt anger of the Gods, after having overcome one's enemies, than by hiding one's ſelf in a horſe's belly, to finiſh a war, and to deceive one's enemies under the cloak of the religious myſteries of Minerva.

Ulyſſes. Have you then forgotten, that the Greeks are indebted to me, even for Achilles himſelf. Had it not been for me, you would have ſpent an inglorious life amongſt the daughters of king Lycomedes. All your great actions are owing to me, as I forc'd you upon 'em.

Achilles. But I did 'em, whilſt you never did any thing but by fraud. If I was amongſt the daughters of Lycomedes, 'twas becauſe my mother Thetis, who foreſaw that I ſhould periſh at the ſiege of Troy, hid me there to ſave my life; but as you were not to fall, why did you diſſemble madneſs with your plough, when Palamedes ſo artfully diſcover'd the cheat. O what pleaſure there is in ſeeing the deceiver deceiv'd! if you remember, he laid

Telemachus before you, to ſee if you would drive the plough over your own ſon.

Ulyſſes. I remember it; but I lov'd Penelope, and was unwilling to leave her. Was you not guilty of far greater follies, for the love of Briſeis, when you left the Grecian camp, and was the occaſion of the death of your friend Patroclus?

Achilles. But when I return'd, I reveng'd Patroclus, and conquer'd Hector. Whom, in your whole life, did you overcome, excepting Hirus, that Ithacan beggar?

Ulyſſes. And the lovers of Penelope, and the Cyclops Polyphemus?

Achilles. You overcame thoſe lovers by treachery; they were effeminate men, ſunk even in pleaſure, and almoſt always drunk. As for Polyphemus, you ought never to mention him. If you had but dar'd ſtay his coming, he would have made you dearly pay for the eye you bor'd out, whilſt he was aſleep.

Ulyſſes. But I have borne, during the ſpace of twenty years, both at the ſiege of Troy, and in my return home, all the misfortunes, and was expos'd to all the dangers that can exerciſe the courage and wiſdom of man. But where did you ever ſhew any conduct? there never was any thing in thee, but an impetuous madneſs, a fury which brutal men have call'd courage, and which the unmanly Paris at laſt conquer'd.

Achilles. But you, who ſo much boaſt of your

your prudence, was you not fooliſhly put to death by your ſon Telemachus, whom Circe bore you? you had not foreſight enough to make yourſelf known to him. A fine ſort of a wiſe man, this, to call another fool!

Ulyſſes. Go, I leave thee with the ſhade of Ajax, as brutal as thyſelf, and as jealous of my glory.

DIALOGUE VI.

ULYSSES, GRILLUS.

The ſtate of man would be worſe than that of beaſts, was it not for the comforts of ſolid philoſophy, and true religion.

Ulyſſes. ARE you not overjoy'd, my dear Grillus, to ſee me again, and to be in a condition of re-aſſuming your antient form?

Grillus. I am really ſo, at ſeeing you again, fav'rite of Minerva; but as for the re-aſſuming my antient form, you'll excuſe me if you pleaſe.

Ulyſſes. Alas! Child, do you know how you are now made? you are far from being finely ſhap'd, I'll aſſure you. Your body is thick-ſet, and prone to the earth; your ears long, and dangling down; your eyes very ſmall, and ſcarce half opened; your ſnout horrid,

your phiz very unpromiſing, and your hair coarſe and briſtly: in ſhort, if you don't know it yet, let me tell you, that take you all together, you are a very frightful ſort of a body; and if you have but the leaſt ſpirit, you'll think yourſelf very happy in being able to recommence man.

Grillus. You may talk as long as you pleaſe, but I'll aſſure you, I ſhan't do it: I like the ſwiniſh trade much better. 'Tis true, my ſhape is none of the fineſt, but 'tis only forbearing to look in a glaſs, and in the humour I am, there is no great danger of my ſeeing myſelf in the water; for I love a mire far beyond a cryſtal fountain.

Ulyſſes. And does not this beaſtlineſs affright you? you live upon naſtineſs, wallow in unwholeſome places, and always ſtink ſo wretchedly, that whoever comes near you is ready to puke.

Grillus. No matter, every thing depends upon fancy; the ſmell of this naſtineſs to me is amber, the taſte nectar.

Ulyſſes. I vow I bluſh for you; have you already forgotten all that is noble and advantageous in human nature?

Grillus. Tell me no more of human nature: what you call noble, is imaginary; all its evils are real, whilſt its bleſſings are placed in the idea. My body is filthy, and covered with briſtles; but I no longer ſtand in need of cloathing, and you would be more happy in the

the courſe of your adventures, was your body as hairy as mine, and if, like me, you ſtood in need of no garments: my food I find every where, even in the moſt fulſome places; nor war, nor law-ſuits, nor any other evils of life vex me; I want neither cook, barber, taylor, nor architect: I am free and eaſily ſatisfy'd; why then wou'd you lead me into all the neceſſities of mankind?

Ulyſſes. 'Tis true, that man's neceſſities are great, but he has invented arts by which he can ſatisfy them, and which turn to his honour, and give him delight.

Grillus. It is better to be free from all theſe neceſſities, than to be maſter of the moſt excellent means for ſupplying them; as it is better to enjoy a perfect health, without the aſſiſtance of phyſick, than to be ſick, though you have the beſt remedies applied for your cure.

Ulyſſes. But, dear Grillus, do you eſteem as nothing eloquence, poetry, muſick, the knowledge of arts, and of the whole world, that of numbers and figures? have you renounced our country, its ſacrifices, feaſts, games, dances, combats, and the crowns which are the rewards of conquerors? Prithee anſwer me.

Grillus. My ſwiniſh temper is ſo happy, that I am above all thoſe fine things. I had rather grunt, than be as eloquent as you are; and what puts me more out of conceit with eloquence is, that yours, which is equal to Minerva's, does not in the leaſt affect me. I do

not endeavour to perſuade any body elſe, nor do I deſire to be perſuaded. Verſe I care as little for as I do for proſe: all thoſe things are grown inſipid to me. As for wreſtling, and chariot-races, I willingly leave them to thoſe who are as fond of a garland as a child of a rattle. I am no longer active enough to win the prize, nor ſhall I envy it in any one leſs burdened with fat and lard. I have loſt all reliſh of muſick, and 'tis by our taſte of things we judge of them; your taſte makes you reliſh it, mine makes me loath it. Of this no more. Return to Ithaca. A hog's country is every place where acorns are to be found. Go reign, ſee Penelope again, and puniſh her lovers. My Penelope is a ſow, not far from here, ſhe reigns in my ſty, and nothing diſturbs our empire. How many kings, in their lofty palaces, cannot attain the happineſs I now enjoy! The people call them lazy, and unworthy of the throne, when, like me, they reſolve not to torment mankind.

Ulyſſes. You don't conſider that a hog is always expoſed to the mercy of men, and is fattened only to have his throat cut; ſo that, with your fine way of reaſoning, you will ſoon end your life, and thoſe men amongſt whom you will not be ranked, will eat your bacon, your puddings and your gammons.

Grillus. True, this is the danger of my ſtate, but has not yours its perils alſo? I expoſe myſelf to death, for the ſake of an agreeable life, whoſe

whoſe pleaſures are real; you expoſe yourſelf to a more ſudden death, for the ſake of an unhappy life, and whoſe glory is chimerical: from hence I infer, that one had better be a hog than a hero. Was Apollo himſelf one day to ſing your victories, his ſong would not eaſe your pains, or preſerve you from death. The life of a hog is certainly by much the more preferable.

Ulyſſes. And are you ſenſeleſs, and brutiſh enough, to deſpiſe wiſdom, which makes men almoſt equal to the Gods.

Grillus. You miſtake, 'tis that very wiſdom which makes me deſpiſe them: for 'tis impious to believe that they reſemble the Gods, ſeeing that they are blind, unjuſt, deceitful, miſchievous, unhappy, and deſerve ſo to be; armed in a cruel manner againſt one another, and as much enemies to themſelves, as they are to to their neighbours. Of what advantage is that wiſdom ſo much boaſted of? does it reform men's morals? all the uſe they make of it, is to flatter, and to gratify their paſſions. Had not one better be without reaſon, than to have it only to authoriſe the moſt unreaſonable actions? Talk no longer of man; he is the moſt unjuſt, and conſequently the moſt irrational animal. Without flattering myſelf, a hog is a clever creature enough; he neither coins falſe money, nor draws falſe contracts; he never forſwears himſelf, has neither avarice nor ambition; honour never makes

him undertake unjuſt conqueſts, he is ingenuous without malice, and ſpends his whole life in eating, drinking, and ſleeping. If all the world was like him, all the world would ſleep quietly, and you would not be here. Paris had never carried Helen away; the Greeks would never have conquered Troy, after a ten years ſiege; you never had wandered thus by ſea and land, expoſed to the caprice of fortune, nor would you now ſtand in need of conquering your own kingdom. Talk to me therefore no longer of reaſon, for man is filled with folly: had not one better be a brute, than a wicked fool?

Ulyſſes. I vow I can't ſufficiently admire your ſtupidity.

Grillus. A fine wonder indeed, that a hog ſhould be ſtupid; let every one preſerve his own character; do you preſerve that of being a diſquiet, eloquent, imperious, ſubtle diſturber of the public repoſe. The nation to which I belong is modeſt, ſilent, enemy to ſubtlety, and to fine ſpeeches; without reaſoning they directly go to the enjoyment of pleaſure.

Ulyſſes. Yet dare not you diſown, but that immortality, which is reſerved for men, raiſes their condition infinitely above that of beaſts: I am ſtruck dumb with admiration at the blindneſs of *Grillus*, who values as nought the delights of the Elyſian fields, where men live happy after their deaths.

Grillus. Hold, if you pleaſe; I am not ſo

much of a hog as to renounce human nature, if you could ſhew me that man enjoyed a true immortality: but to be nothing but a ſhadow, a whining ſhadow, which even in the Elyſian fields cowardly regrets the pains of the world, I own that ſuch a ſhadow of immortality is not worth conſtraining one's ſelf for. Achilles in the Elyſian fields plays at coits on the graſs, but he would give up all his glory, which is but a dream, to be the ignominious Therſites among the living. Achilles ſo undeceived now on the account of honour, is nothing but a ſhade: he is no longer himſelf, you find nothing in him of his courage and ſentiments; and all that remains tends only to diſhonour him: that empty ſhadow is no more Achilles, than this is my body. Do not therefore, eloquent Ulyſſes, flatter yourſelf that you can deceive me by a falſe appearance of immortality; I would enjoy ſomething more real, for want of which, I reſolve to remain in the condition I now am. Shew me that man has ſomething in him more noble than his body, and free from corruption; ſhew that the faculty of thinking is not inherent in matter, but ſhall ſubſiſt after the diſſolution of this unwieldy and ill-contrived piece of mechaniſm: in ſhort, ſhew me that what remains after this life, is a truly happy being; prove that the Gods are not unjuſt, but that after this life there is a ſolid reward for virtue, which has been miſerable here on earth; and immediately,

ately, divine offspring of Laertes, I will with you ſhare your dangers, contented leave the ſtyes of Circe, and become man, and man always fore-armed againſt pleaſure: but by no other means ſhall you compaſs your ends. I would rather be a fat hog, ſatisfy'd with filthineſs, than be a weak, vain, inconſtant, deceitful, miſchief-making, unjuſt man, who hopes for nothing after death, but to be a melancholy whining ſhade, unſatisfied with its own condition.

DIALOGUE VII.

ROMULUS and REMUS.

Greatneſs, acquir'd by crimes, can afford neither honour nor ſolid happineſs.

Remus. AT length, brother, you are reduced to my condition; 'twas ſcarce worth your while to put me to death for this: thoſe few years that you have reigned alone, are at an end, and nothing now remains of them; you would have ſpent them with much more tranquillity, could you have lived peaceably, and ſhared the authority with me.

Romulus. Had I been thus moderate, I had never founded ſo powerful a city, nor gained ſuch victories as have made me immortal.

Remus. It had been much better for you

to

to have had leſs power, and more juſtice and virtue; I appeal for the truth of this to Minos and his two collegues, who are now going to judge you.

Romulus. That's very hard; on earth no one would have dared to judge me.

Remus. My blood, in which you have imbrued your hands, will condemn you here below, and blaſt your reputation on earth. You deſired honour and authority; that authority has juſt paſſed thro' your hands, and ſlipt away from you like a dream. As for honour, you never will poſſeſs any; there is no pretending to be great, without firſt being honeſt; and you muſt ſhun crimes which are unworthy of men, before you aſpire to the virtues of the Gods: you had the inhumanity of a monſter, yet pretended to be a hero.

Romulus. You would not unpuniſhed have talked after this manner to me, whilſt we were tracing out our city.

Remus. I am to my coſt ſenſible of the truth of that; but how came you to deſcend to us? 'twas reported that you was become immortal.

Romulus. My people have been fooliſh enough to believe ſo.

DIALOGUE VIII.

ROMULUS and TATIUS.

True heroiſm is inconſiſtent with fraud and violence.

Tatius. I Am arrived here a little ſooner than thou art, but at length we are both come, and I don't ſee that you are a bit forwarder in your affairs than I am in mine.

Romulus. The difference between us is very great; I have the honour of having founded a city which ſhall endure for ever, and whoſe empire ſhall have no other limits than thoſe of the univerſe; I have overcome the neighbouring people: I have formed an invincible nation out of a company of refugeed criminals: what haſt thou done that may be compared with theſe wonders?

Tatius. Fine wonders indeed! to aſſemble a company of thieves and robbers, to make one's ſelf chief of a gang of banditti; unpuniſhed to ravage the neighbouring countries, treacherouſly to carry off their women, to aſſaſſinate one's own brother: theſe are things, I muſt confeſs, which I have not done. Your city will laſt as long as it ſhall pleaſe the Gods, but 'tis raiſed upon a very poor foundation. As for your empire, it may eaſily be extended, for you have taught your citizens nothing but how to uſurp other men's goods. They now ſtand in need of a prince to govern them,

more

more moderate and juſt than thou wert; and 'tis reported that my ſon-in-law Numa has ſucceeded thee; he is wiſe, juſt, religious, and bountiful: this is the man they ſtand in need of to reform the republic, and to repair thy faults.

Romulus. It is an eaſy matter to ſpend one's life in judging law-ſuits, appeaſing quarrels, and civilizing a city; but 'tis an inglorious life: the true hero is he who ſpends his time in extending his conqueſts, and gaining new triumphs.

Tatius. A very fine piece of heroiſm truly, to aſſaſſinate all thoſe whom we are jealous of!

Romulus. How! to aſſaſſinate! I hope you don't ſuſpect that I had you put to death.

Tatius. Suſpect it; no, no, I don't in the leaſt ſuſpect it, but I am very certain of it: you could no longer bear that I ſhould ſhare the kingdom with you; all thoſe who ſince me have croſſed the Styx, have aſſured me that you have not endeavoured to diſcountenance ſuch an opinion; no ſorrow for my death, no care taken to revenge it, and to puniſh my murderers. But you have met with the fate you deſerved; when we teach impious men to aſſaſſinate a king, they will make no great difficulty of ſacrificing a ſecond.

Romulus. Well; and had I put you to death, I ſhould but have followed the ſame treacherous example which you ſet me, in deceiving the virgin Tarpeia; you agreed with her to let

you

you come up with your troops to ſurprize the rock, which from her was called the Tarpeian rock; you promiſed her for a reward, what the Sabines wore on their left arms; ſhe expected to receive the precious bracelets which ſhe had ſeen; inſtead of that, all their bucklers were thrown upon her, with which ſhe was immediately ſmothered. That, that, was a treacherous and cruel action.

Tatius. Yours, in putting me to death, was a blacker piece of treaſon, for we had ſworn an eternal alliance, and united our two people; but I am revenged. Your ſenators found the means of repelling your boldneſs and tyranny; there did not remain the leaſt particle of your mangled body. Probably each one of the ſenators carried off a piece under his robe: this was the means of your commencing God: you appeared to Proculus with immortal majeſty: are you not ſatisfy'd with this honour, you that are ſo ambitious?

Romulus. Not overmuch really: but there is no remedy to my misfortunes, they mangle me, and then they adore me; this is in a manner deriding me. If I was living, I'd—

Tatius. 'Tis in vain to threaten, ſhadows are impotent. Farewell, thou wicked wretch, I forſake thee.

DIALOGUE IX.

ROMULUS, NUMA POMPILIUS.

The glory of a wiſe and peaceable king is more ſolid than that of an unjuſt conqueror.

Romulus. YOU have ſtaid a great while before you came here; your reign has been very long.

Numa Pompilius. That was becauſe it has been peaceable. The means of attaining an extreme old age on the throne, is to do evil to no one, never to abuſe authority, and ſo to behave ourſelves, that it ſhould be no one's intereſt to wiſh our death.

Romulus. But when you reign with ſo much moderation, you live obſcurely, and die inglorioufly. You have the trouble of governing men, without taſting the pleaſures of authority. It is far better to conquer, to bear down all that oppoſes you, and to aſpire to immortality.

Numa Pompilius. But pray, what does your immortality conſiſt in? I had heard that you was ranked amongſt the Gods, and drank nectar at the table of Jove? How comes it about that I find you here?

Romulus. To tell you the truth, the ſenators, grown jealous of my glory, began to miſtruſt me, and loaded me with honours after they had torn me in pieces; they choſe rather to adore

adore me as a God, than to obey me as their king.

Numa Pompilius. What, was not Proculus's ſtory true then?

Romulus. Don't you know how many of thoſe things are impoſed upon the people? You know more of this than any body elſe, who perſuaded them that you was inſpired by the nymph Egeria. Proculus ſeeing the people incenſed at my death, quieted them with this fabulous ſtory. Men love to be deceived, and flattery will appeaſe their greateſt pains.

Numa Pompilius. Did all your immortality then conſiſt in the ſtabs you received?

Romulus. No; I had prieſts, altars, victims, and franckincenſe.

Numa Pompilius. But this frankincenſe is no reſtorative; ſpite of it you are but a vain and impotent ſhadow, without hopes of ever ſeeing the light again. You ſee therefore that nothing is ſo ſolid as being good, juſt, moderate, and beloved by one's people. In this manner you may live long, and enjoy tranquillity; 'tis true you have no ſacrifice offered you, nor are you reckoned immortal: but to make you amends, you enjoy health, reign without trouble, and do good to the people whom you govern.

Romulus. But you was not young when you began to reign.

Numa Pompilius. I was forty years old, and that

that prov'd my happineſs: had I aſcended the throne ſooner, I ſhould have been without experience, and without wiſdom, expoſed to my own paſſions. Power is dangerous in the hands of one who is young and hot; you have fatally experienced the truth of this, who in your paſſion killed your own brother, and made yourſelf hated by all your citizens.

Romulus. Since you have lived ſo long, you certainly had a good and faithful guard always round you.

Numa Pompilius. No, I'll aſſure you; the firſt thing I did, was to get rid of the three hundred guards, called the Celeres, whom you had choſen. A man who muſt be courted to accept of royalty, who accepts of it only for the publick good, and is willing to lay it down again, need not fear to die like a tyrant. For my part, I thought I did the Romans a favour when I accepted of the government; I lived in poverty to inrich the people; all the neighbouring nations would have wiſhed to have been under my government. When this was my condition, did I ſtand in need of guards? As for my part, I was a poor mortal, and no body thought it their intereſt to give me that immortality which the ſenate thought you worthy of. My guard was the love of my citizens, who looked on me as their father. Cannot a king truſt his life to a people, who truſt him with their goods, their repoſe, and their preſervation? ſuch a confidence was but equal on each ſide.

Romulus. To hear you talk, one would think you had been made a king in ſpite of yourſelf, and you impoſed upon the people in that, as you did on the account of religion.

Numa Pompilius. They came to fetch me out of the ſolitude in which I liv'd at Cures: at firſt I repreſented to them, that I was not in the leaſt fit to govern a warlike people, always uſed to triumphs; that they wanted a Romulus ſtill ready to conquer. To this I added, that yours and Tatius's death, did not make me overfond of ſucceeding theſe two kings: and laſtly, I repreſented that I never had ſo much as been preſent at a combat. Spite of all this, they perſiſted in their ſolicitations, and at laſt I yielded; but I ſtill lived poorly, plainly, and moderately on the throne, without preferring myſelf to any of the citizens. I reunited the Romans and the Sabines, inſomuch that you cannot now perceive that they ever were two nations. I have reſtored the golden age. The people not only in the neighbourhood of Rome, but even throughout Italy, were ſenſible of the plenty, which by my means was diffus'd through the land. Agriculture, once eſteemed, has civilized the ſavage people, and fixed them to their country, without exciting their turbulent deſire in them of invading their neighbours lands.

Romulus. This peace and this plenty ſerves only to puff a nation up with pride, to make them untoward to their king, and to ſoften them,

them, insomuch that they never will be able to support the fatigues and the dangers of war. Had any body waged war with you, what had you done, you that never so much as saw a combat? I suppose you must have desired the enemies to stay till you had consulted your nymph Egeria.

Numa Pompilius. If I did not know how to wage war like you, I knew how to avoid it, and make myself be beloved and respected by my neighbours. I have given laws to the Romans, which making them just, sober, and laborious, will always make them formidable to those who would attack them. All that I fear is, that they shou'd still have too much of that spirit of rapine and violence which you infused in them.

DIALOGUE X.

XERXES and LEONIDAS.

'Tis wisdom and valour that makes a state invincible, and not the number of subjects, or the unlimited authority of princes.

Xerxes. I Intend thee a great honour, Leonidas; you may still belong to my retinue here on the shores of Styx.

Leonidas. The chief intent of my coming here, was to repel thy tyranny, and never to

ſee thee more. Go ſeek thy wives, thy eunuchs, thy ſlaves, and thy flatterers; ſuch are the fitteſt company for thee.

Xerxes. Did you ever ſee ſo inſolent a brute? a beggar who never had any thing but the name of a king without the authority! a captain of the banditti! Are you not aſhamed to compare yourſelf to ſo potent a king? Have you forgotten how I covered the earth with my army, and the ſeas with my fleet? did you not know that my ſoldiers could not quench their thirſt without draining rivers?

Leonidas. How dare you boaſt the number of your forces? three hundred Spartans whom I commanded at Thermopylæ, were ſlain by thy innumerable army, but not conquered; they never fell until they were weary with ſlaughter. Do you not ſee around you thoſe wandering ſhades that cover the whole ſhore? theſe are the twenty thouſand Perſians whom we have ſlain. Ask them how many men one Spartan is worth, or at leaſt how many of yours. 'Tis courage, not multitude, that makes an army invincible.

Xerxes. Thy action was a raſh and deſperate one.

Leonidas. No, it was a wiſe and a generous one: we thought it our duty to devote ourſelves to certain death, to ſhew how dangerous it was to undertake to inſlave the Greeks, and to give all Greece time to arm, and conquer, or periſh like us. And indeed this example of courage diſmayed the Perſians, and re-

reanimated the affrighted Grecians. Our death was well employed.

Xerxes. Oh, how griev'd I am, that I did not enter into Peloponneſus, after having ravaged Attica; I wou'd have reduced thy Lacedæmon, as I did Athens, to aſhes. Wretched impudent fellow, I would—

Leonidas. This is not a fit time either to flatter, or to offer affronts, we are in the region of truth. Do you ſtill imagine yourſelf a potent monarch? thy treaſures are far off, thou haſt no guards, no army, no pomp, no pleaſure; your ears no longer will be ſoothed with praiſe; you are naked, alone, and juſt about to appear before Minos's judgment-ſeat, but ſtill thy ſhade is haughty and proud; thou wert not more arrogant when thou hadſt the ſea laſhed: indeed you richly deſerved to be laſhed yourſelf for that extravagant action. Do you remember thoſe golden chains which you threw into the Helleſpont, pretending thereby to enſlave the winds? A pretty ſort of a fellow truly, to ſubdue the ſeas! But ſoon after you was glad to return haſtily to Aſia, in a boat like a fiſherman. This is what the intolerable vanity of that man will come to, who endeavours to force the laws of nature, and forgets his own weakneſs.

Xerxes. Alas! I ſee (but too late) that thoſe kings who think that every thing is in their power, are ſlaves to their own paſſions. How can a man reſiſt his own power, and the flattery of thoſe by whom he is ſurrounded?

what a misfortune it is to be born amidſt ſo many dangers?

Leonidas. And therefore I eſteem my royalty more than yours: I was a king, upon condition that I ſhould lead a hard, ſober, and laborious life, like my people. I was a king only to defend my country, and to put the laws in force: my ſovereignty gave me the power of doing good, without permitting me to do what was evil.

Xerxes. Yes; but then you was poor, and lived without ſtate, and without authority: any one of my peers was richer and more powerful than thou wert.

Leonidas. 'Tis true, that like you, I could not have pierced Mount Athos; nay, I believe that every one of your peers defrauded his reſpective province of more gold and ſilver than could have been found in all our republick: but our arms, without being gilt, have pierced thoſe ſoft and effeminate men, on whoſe innumerable multitude you rely'd.

Xerxes. And yet had I immediately entered into Peloponneſus, all Greece would have been ſubdued; no city, not even thine, could have reſiſted me.

Leonidas. That I confeſs; and for this reaſon I deſpiſe the power of a raw, undiſciplined, barbarous nation, which either ſtands in need of good counſels; or when they are given knows not how to execute them, but prefers ſhallow and deceitful advices before them.

Xerxes. The Greeks were for making a wall

to

to ſhut in their Iſthmus, but that wall was not yet built, and I might have eaſily entered.

Leonidas. True, the wall was not built, but you, I am ſure, was never deſigned to prevent any of their undertakings; your weakneſs was of more ſervice to the Greeks than their own ſtrength.

Xerxes. Had I taken this Iſthmus, I would have ſhewn—

Leonidas. You would have been guilty of ſome other blunder, for ſome you muſt have made, being ſo depraved by pride, ſloth, and a hatred of ſincere counſels; and you might have been ſurprized with much more eaſe than the Iſthmus.

Xerxes. But I was neither cowardly nor miſchievous, as you imagined.

Leonidas. You naturally had a ſhare of courage and good-nature; the tears which you ſhed at the ſight of ſo many thouſand men, of whom not one was to ſee another age, are a ſufficient proof of your humanity; this was the fineſt action of your life: had you not been too powerful, and too happy, you might have been an honeſt man.

DIALOGUE XI.

SOLON and PISISTRATUS.

Tyranny often proves more fatal to the monarch, than to the people.

Solon. SO! you thought if you could but make your fellow-citizens your ſlaves, you ſhould be a very happy man. How well

have you ſucceeded? You deſpiſed all the counſels I gave you, and trampled upon my laws. What have you reap'd from your tyranny, but the curſes of the Athenians, and the juſt tortures which you muſt now endure in hell?

Piſiſtratus. And yet I govern'd with moderation enough: true, I would govern and ſacrifice every thing that my authority was jealous of.

Solon. This is what you may truly call a tyrant, he does not injure for the ſake of injuring, yet never boggles at doing ill, provided he believes 'twill ſerve to increaſe his grandeur.

Piſiſtratus. I was willing to acquire honour.

Solon. What honour! to enſlave your country, to be accounted by poſterity an impious wretch, without faith, juſtice, or humanity! You ought to have acquir'd honour by the ſame means that many other Grecians have acquir'd it, by doing good to your country, and not by oppreſſing it as you have done.

Piſiſtratus. But when a man has greatneſs of ſoul, genius and eloquence ſufficient to govern, 'tis hard to ſpend one's life in dependance on a capricious people.

Solon. That I agree to; but then you ought to rule the people by the authority of the laws. You very well know that I myſelf was of the royal blood: Did I ſhew any ambitious deſire of governing Athens? far from that, I ſacrificed my all to have the wholeſome laws put in execution: I liv'd poor and retir'd, and

neve

never employ'd any means but perſuaſion and a good example, which are the arms of virtue. Did you act thus?

Piſiſtratus. I did not, but 'twas becauſe I intended to leave the kingdom to my children.

Solon. And you have finely ſucceeded! the only inheritance you have left them is the public hatred. The moſt generous citizens have merited ſtatues and immortal honours, for having ſtabbed one of thy ſons; the other is fled, and in a ſervile manner is forced to implore the aſſiſtance of a barbarian king againſt his own country. This is the heritage you have left your children. Had you, inſtead of that, left 'em the love of their country, and taught them to deſpiſe pomp, they ſtill might have lived happily amongſt the Athenians.

Piſiſtratus. But muſt one live inglorioufly, and in obſcurity?

Solon. Is glory to be acquired by crimes only? We muſt ſeek it in the battles which we fight with our enemies, in all the moderate virtues of a good citizen, and in the contempt of every thing that intoxicates and ſoftens a man. O Piſiſtratus! honour is a fine thing; happy are thoſe who know how to find it: but how pernicious a thing it is to ſeek for it, where it is not to be found!

Piſiſtratus. But the people had too much liberty, and a people too free, is more inſupportable than the worſt of tyrants.

Solon. You ought then to have aſſiſted me in ſomewhat reſtraining the liberties of the people,

people, by eſtabliſhing my laws, and not trample the laws under foot, to tyranniſe over the people. You have acted like a father, who to make his ſon tractable and obedient, ſhould ſell him into bondage for life.

Piſiſtratus. But the Athenians are too jealous of their liberties.

Solon. 'Tis true, the Athenians are even immoderately jealous of their liberties, but then they really belong to them; but were you not more jealous of a tyranny which in no manner of wiſe belong'd to you?

Piſiſtratus. I could not bear to ſee the people ſubject to ſophiſters and rhetoricians, who prevailed over thoſe who were wiſer than themſelves.

Solon. And yet it was far better for the people to be impoſed upon by ſophiſters and rhetoricians, by their arguments and eloquence, than to have the mouths both of good and evil counſellors cloſed; and by that means the people oppreſſed, and nothing but your paſſions minded. But what pleaſure could you enjoy in ſuch a power? What can be the charms of tyranny?

Piſiſtratus. To be able to do every thing, to be feared by every body, and at the ſame time to ſtand in fear of no one.

Solon. Senſeleſs man! You had reaſon to fear every body; and you experienced it when you fell from the height of your fortune, and found ſo much difficulty in riſing again: you experienc'd it a ſecond time in the perſons of

of your children. Who had moſt reaſon to fear, the Athenians or you? The Athenians, who bearing the yoke of ſlavery, deteſted and abhorr'd thee, or you who ought always to apprehend being betray'd, dethron'd, and puniſh'd for your uſurpation? You certainly then had more reaſon to fear, than this captive people, to whom you had made yourſelf ſo formidable.

Piſiſtratus. I confeſs it, and own that I never met with any ſolid pleaſure in tyranny; yet had I never courage enough to lay it down: had I loſt my authority, I ſhould infallibly have pined away.

Solon. Acknowledge then that tyranny is as deſtructive to the tyrant as to the people; there is no happineſs in poſſeſſing it, and yet a miſery in loſing it.

DIALOGUE XII.

SOLON and JUSTINIAN.

A juſt idea of laws fit to make a people good and happy.

Juſtinian. NOthing is equal to the majeſty of the Roman laws: amongſt the Greeks you have been accounted a great legiſlator, but had you lived amongſt us your glory would have been very much eclips'd.

Solon. Why ſo? ſhould I have been deſpiſed in your country?

Juſtinian. No, but the Romans have very much excell'd the Grecians, both in the number and perfection of their laws.

Solon. In what have they excell'd them?

Juſtinian. We have an infinite number of wondrous laws, and I ſhall be honourably recorded in all ſucceeding ages, for having compiled the whole body of laws in my code.

Solon. I have often heard Cicero ſay, ſince his deſcent hither, that the law of the twelve tables was the moſt perfect that ever the Romans had; you'll allow me, I hope, to obſerve, that theſe laws were transferred from the Greeks to the Romans; and that the greateſt part of them came from Lacedæmon.

Juſtinian. They ſhall come from where you pleaſe; but they were too plain and too ſhort, to be compared to our laws, which have foreſeen, decided, and put every thing in order with abundance of particulars.

Solon. For my part, I thought that good laws were to be clear, plain, ſhort, and proportioned to the underſtanding of all the people, who may eaſily comprehend them, remember them, love them, and obey them, at all times, and in all places.

Juſtinian. But ſhort, and plain laws, do not ſufficiently ſhew the learning of counſellors, or afford matter for intricate debates.

Solon. I muſt confeſs, I thought that laws were made to avoid intricate queſtions, and only to preſerve good morals, order, and peace amongſt the people; but you tell me that they

they ought to exercise the subtile wits of lawyers, and afford matter for pleading.

Justinian. Rome has produced many learned counsellors, whereas, in Sparta, there was nothing but ignorant soldiers.

Solon. I should have thought that good laws were those where no counsellors are wanting, and under whose protection the most ignorant may live, without being forced to consult sophisters upon the sense of different texts, and the manner of reconciling them. I should infer, that laws could be good for nothing, which stood in need of so many learned men to explain their meaning, when even they themselves could never agree in it.

Justinian. And therefore to reconcile them I made my collection.

Solon. Tribonius was telling me yesterday that he did it.

Justinian. True, but he did it by my orders; an emperor never compiles such a work as that himself.

Solon. As for my part, who have reigned as well as you, I thought that the chief duty of him who governed the people, was to give laws which should restrain both king and people, and make them boh honest and happy. To command armies, and to gain victories, is nothing in comparison of the glory of a legislator. But to return to Tribonius: he has compiled the laws of different ages, which have often been changed; but you never had a body of laws all framed at the same time,

and upon the ſame plan, to mould the morals, and the entire government of a nation. 'Tis a collection of private laws, to determine the reciprocal pretenſions of private perſons. The Greeks only have the honour of having framed laws to train up a people by the principles of philoſophy, and by them to direct all their policy, and all their governments. The multitude of your laws, which you ſo much boaſt of, firmly perſuade me, that either you had none that were good, or that you could not preſerve them in their primitive ſimplicity. That a people may be well governed, they ought to have few laws, and few judges; you ſhall ſeldom find men capable of judging. The multitude of judges corrupt every thing, nor are the multitude of laws leſs pernicious. They are no longer underſtood or obey'd, when there are ſo many; people accuſtom themſelves apparently to revere, and at the ſame time under frivolous pretences to violate them. The vanity of men ſets them upon making laws formally, and with pomp; but their avarice, and other paſſions, make them deſpiſe them, whilſt ſubtle ſophiſters explain them juſt as they are feed to do it. From hence proceeds Cavilling, a monſter born to devour mankind. I judge of cauſes by their effects; the laws of no country appear good to me, but where there's no pleading, and where plain and ſhort laws may be underſtood, without gloſſes and commentaries. I would have neither wills nor adoptions, diſin-

heritings, borrowing, ſelling or exchanging; I would have a ſmall tract of ground allotted each family, which it ſhould be in no body's power to alienate, and the magiſtrate ſhould equally divide this eſtate according to law, amongſt the children, after the father's death. When families multiply ſo faſt, that the land is too little for them, I would ſend a colony of people into ſome deſert iſland. This ſhort and eaſy rule obſerved, there would be no need of all your codes, and I would only think of regulating men's manners, of educating youth ſoberly, patiently, laborioufly and courageouſly, and I would teach them to deſpiſe luxury, dangers, and death. This would be far better than drawing up bonds, and refining upon contracts.

Juſtinian. By ſuch dry laws, you would totally deſtroy the eloquence of counſellors.

Solon. I ſhould love dry and unpoliſhed laws far better than an eloquence which diſturbs mankind, and in the end deſtroys their morals. Never were ſo many laws ſeen as in your time, never was the empire ſo ſoft, effeminate, degenerated, and unworthy of the antient Romans, who ſo very much reſembled the Spartans. For your own part, you was a deceitful, wicked, impious deſtroyer of good laws, always ſwelled with vanity and falſhood, and your Tribonius was as wicked, a diſſolute double-dealing fellow as yourſelf. But to return to the laws, they are ſuch no longer than they are underſtood, beloved and reſpected,

and

and their goodneſs conſiſts in making people good and happy. But your collection of them has made no one either good or happy; from whence I conclude, that they deſerve to be burned. You grow paſſionate, your imperial majeſty believes itſelf above truth; but you are a ſhadow, to which, without running any riſque, one may ſay any thing. However, I'll leave you, and give you time to cool.

DIALOGUE XIII.

DEMOCRITUS and HERACLITUS.

Theſe two philoſophers are compared together, and the latter allowed to be the moſt humane.

Democritus. I CAN never reliſh ſo grave a philoſophy.

Heraclitus. Nor I ſo gay a one. A wiſe man can ſee nothing in the world but what muſt be diſpleaſing to him.

Democritus. You are too ſerious, upon my word, in theſe affairs.

Heraclitus. And you by much too merry; with that ſcornful face you reſemble a ſatyr more than a philoſopher: are not you mov'd at the blindneſs and corruption of mankind?

Democritus. Not near ſo much as at their ridiculous impertinence.

Heraclitus. But do you conſider, that when you laugh, 'tis at all mankind, with whom you

you live and converſe; 'tis at your friends, your family, nay, even at yourſelf?

Democritus. The fools I laugh at, are ſuch as I care not a pin for; and I think myſelf wiſe in laughing at them.

Heraclitus. Thoſe who have either wiſdom or humanity in them, cannot laugh at fools. Beſides, are you certain that you are not as extravagant as they are?

Democritus. That cannot be, whilſt in every thing I think ſo differently from them.

Heraclitus. There are follies of various kinds, and whilſt in your opinions you differ ſo much from the reſt of mankind, you run perhaps into another extreme as fooliſh as theirs.

Democritus. You may think what you pleaſe of the matter, and if you have any tears left, may ſhed ſome for me; as for my part, I'll ſtill laugh at fools, and are not all men ſuch? Ha!

Heraclitus. Alas, 'tis but too true, they are, and that afflicts me; we both agree in this, that mankind ſtrays from reaſon: when I perceive this, I endeavour to ſhun their example, and to follow reaſon, which teaches me to love them, and this love fills me with compaſſion for them. Am I to blame becauſe I pity thoſe of my own ſpecies, my brethren, who are a part of myſelf? Should you go into an hoſpital, could you laugh at the maim'd and the wounded? Believe me, the ſores of the body are nothing, when compar'd

to thoſe of the mind. Your own cruelty would confound you, had you laugh'd at an unhappy wretch, obliged to have his leg cut off; and yet you are cruel enough to laugh at the whole world, for having loſt their reaſon.

Democritus. The man who has loſt a leg, deſerves to be pitied, becauſe it was an accident, and not of his own ſeeking; but he who forfeits his reaſon, loſes it thro' his own fault.

Heraclitus. And therefore deſerves our pity, by ſo much the more as a madman who plucks out both his eyes, would deſerve it above one who accidentally became blind.

Democritus. Come, don't let us quarrel, we are both juſtifiable. The world is ridiculous, and therefore I laugh at it; 'tis pitiful, and therefore you weep over it. Our different tempers make us behold objects in different lights; but certain it is, that the world is very much in the wrong. If we would have our thoughts and actions praiſe-worthy, we muſt think and act in a manner very different from the multitude; and he who pleads the authority and example of the generality of mankind, for what he does, is a madman.

Heraclitus. You are very much in the right of it, but yet you are cruel, and delighted at the misfortunes of others: your actions plainly ſhew that you neither love mankind, nor the virtue which they forſake.

DIALOGUE XIV.

HERODOTUS and LUCIAN.

To be too credulous is a vice, to be wholly faithleſs a greater.

Herodotus. A Good morning to you, friend: ſo your laughing days are over, I hope. How many famous men have you ſet a-talking, whilſt they croſſed the ferry in Charon's boat; but 'tis your turn, at laſt, to viſit the Stygian ſhore. I do not blame you for having ridiculed tyrants, flatterers, and wicked men; but why ſhould you trouble yourſelf about me?

Lucian. Why, when did I ridicule you? or haſt a mind to pick a quarrel?

Herodotus. In your true hiſtory, and ſeveral other places, you treat what I have ſaid as fabulous.

Lucian. Am I to be blamed for that? How many things have you advanced upon the bare teſtimony of prieſts, and ſuch like people, who are always fond of ſomething myſterious and ridiculous?

Herodotus. You impious wretch! you had no notion of religion.

Lucian. There was need of one more pure, and leſs trifling than what was taught us of Jupiter, Venus, Mars, Apollo, and the reſt of the Gods, if you would have made men of ſenſe faithful; I think you the moſt impious for having believed ſuch ſtuff.

Herodotus. But you deſpiſed philoſophy as much as religion; nothing was ſacred to you.

Lucian. I deſpiſed the Gods, becauſe the poets deſcribed them as much more corrupt than the race of mankind; and for the philoſophers, they only pretended to a love of virtue, but their ſouls were full of vice: had they really been philoſophers, I ſhould have reſpected them.

Herodotus. How have you treated Socrates? Was it his fault, pray now, or yours? Will you anſwer that?

Lucian. I own that I have played a little upon thoſe things of which he ſtood accuſed, but I never condemned him ſeriouſly.

Herodotus. And muſt you play upon ſo great a man, when, at the ſame time, the calumny was ſo groſs and apparent? but confeſs the truth: Did not you make it your whole buſineſs to laugh at every thing? to ſhew every thing in a ridiculous light? yet never gave yourſelf the trouble of eſtabliſhing any thing ſerious and ſolid in the room of what you was laughing out of doors.

Lucian. You miſtake me: did I not laſh vice, and ſatirize great men who made an ill uſe of their power? Have I not preached up the contempt of riches and pleaſure?

Herodotus. 'Tis true that you have ſpoken well of virtue, but 'twas only for an opportunity of cenſuring the faults of all mankind, which ſavours more of the ſatiriſt than the philoſopher; and when you commended virtue,

lue, you never took care to derive it from religion and philoſophy, from which it has its beginning.

Lucian. You argue much better now than you did whilſt travelling; however, the truth of the matter is, I was too faithleſs, and you were too credulous.

Herodotus. You are the ſame man ſtill, making a jeſt of every thing; 'tis time that your ſhade, Lucian, ſhould have a little more gravity in it.

Lucian. Gravity! I have ſeen ſo much, that I am weary of it: I was ſurrounded with philoſophers, who, without ſhame, without moderation, without friendſhip, without faith, and without juſtice, valued themſelves upon being grave.

Herodotus. You ſpeak of the philoſophers of your age, who were degenerated, but —

Lucian. But what! would you have had me ſeen thoſe who were dead ſeveral hundred years before I was born? I do not, like Pythagoras, remember my having been at the ſiege of Troy; every body is not an Euphorbus.

Herodotus. Jeſting again? thus you anſwer the moſt ſolid arguments; I wiſh that for a puniſhment of your incredulity, the Gods would ſend your ſoul to animate the body of ſome traveller; then you would be convinced of the truth of what you have called fabulous.

Lucian. And then enter the body of ſome philoſopher of each different ſect, one after another, that I might be of the ſeveral opi-

nions which I have ridiculed. A very pretty thing, faith! but all of a piece with several other things that you have advanced.

Herodotus. Go, I leave thee, nor am I grieved when I reflect that you have dealt no worse by me, than by Homer, Socrates, Pythagoras, and Plato himself, from whom you first learnt the art of writing dialogues, though you have made use of them to ridicule his philosophy.

DIALOGUE XV.

SOCRATES and ALCIBIADES.

Natural endowments do but dishonour a man, unless they are backed by virtue.

Socrates. SO, you are still the same agreeable person! who is it that you intend to charm here in hell?

Alcibiades. And you are still the same censor of mankind; whom wou'd you reform, you that are always endeavouring to reform somebody?

Socrates. I am discouraged from attempting to reform mankind, seeing that all the pains I have taken to incline you to virtue, have proved fruitless.

Alcibiades. Would you have had me live poor and retired like yourself, and never have concerned myself with public affairs.

Socrates. And, pray, sir, which was the honestest

neſteſt part, not to have concerned yourſelf with them, or by letting them alone, not to have confounded them, and ſo become the enemy of one's country?

Alcibiades. I like the part that I have acted much better than yours; I have been beautiful, magnificent, loaded with honours, and have lived in pleaſures. I was the terror of the Perſians, and of the Lacedæmonians: nor could the Athenians find any other means of ſaving their city, than by recalling me. Had I been with them, Lyſander never had entered their port. You was poor, ugly, flat-nos'd, and bald, and your whole life was ſpent in cenſuring men's actions. Ariſtophanes has expoſed you upon the ſtage: you was taken for an impious wretch, and you were put to death.

Socrates. You have ty'd up a fine bundle together, prithee let us undo it, and examine every crime in particular. You were beautiful, but you made a ſhameful uſe of your beauty, and in luxury you drowned all your good natural qualities; you have done your country great ſervices, but you have alſo done it a great deal of miſchief; and when you did good or ill, you acted on a principle of vain ambition, and conſequently you can reap no real glory from it. The enemies of Greece, to whom you gave yourſelf up, dared not truſt you, nor could you truſt them. Had it not been far more glorious for you to have lived poor and contented in your own country, and patiently to have ſuffered all that wicked men

generally inflict upon thoſe who follow virtue? 'Tis better to be ugly and wiſe, as I was, than beautiful and debauched as you were. The only thing I can be upbraided with, is my love to you, and my having been dazzled by a temper as fickle and inconſtant as yours was: your vices have been a diſhonour to the philoſophical education which Socrates gave you. Theſe, ſir, are my crimes.

Alcibiades. But your death proves your having been an impious wretch.

Socrates. Thoſe may juſtly be called impious who have broken the ſtatues of the gods to pieces. 'Twas far more honourable to ſwallow poiſon for having taught the truth, and thereby provoked mankind who hate it, than to meet one's death in the boſom of a courtezan, as you did.

Alcibiades. Your raillery is always very ſatirical.

Socrates. Who can have any patience with a man who ſeemed deſigned to do a vaſt deal of good, but who has done altogether as much miſchief, and who ſtill is endeavouring to inſult virtue?

Alcibiades. So, ſo; the ſhade of Socrates and virtue, are then, it ſeems, but one and the ſame thing: preſumptuous man!

Socrates. You may eſteem Socrates as nothing, if you pleaſe, ſir; but after having deceived all the hopes I had formed of filling your ſoul with virtue, don't come hither to laugh at my philoſophy, or to boaſt of your actions:

actions: for though they have made a figure, they have been very irregular: nor have you any reaſon to triumph, death has made you as ugly and diſagreeable as myſelf. What fruit have you now in all your pleaſures?

Alcibiades. Alas! 'tis too true; there is nothing of them remaining now but ſhame and remorſe—But where are you going? will you leave me already?

Socrates. Adieu to thee: when fir'd with ambition you went to Sicily, Lacedæmon, and into Aſia. I never followed you; 'tis not therefore juſt that you ſhould now follow me to the Elyſian fields, where I am going to lead a peaceable and happy life with Solon, Lycurgus, and the other ſages.

Alcibiades. Alas! my dear Socrates, muſt you be torn from me? where muſt I go?

Socrates. With thoſe vain and empty ſhades, whoſe lives have been a perpetual mixture of good and evil, and never followed virtue, for any conſiderable time at once. You were born to purſue her, but you have preferred your paſſions to her: now ſhe will forſake you, and you ſhall eternally regret her.

Alcibiades. Alas! my Socrates, you have loved me dearly, will you take no pity on me? You know better than any body elſe, that my natural diſpoſition was good.

Socrates. And therefore you are inexcuſable; you were born to do good, and you have lived to do evil; I loved you for the ſake of your virtue, but loved you to the endangering of

my

my reputation: my love for thee has cauſed me to be ſuſpected of monſtrous crimes which all my doctrines have condemned; to you I ſacrificed my life and honour. Have you forgotten the expedition of Potideus, at which time I was always near thee? A father cannot be more tender of his ſon, than I was of you; in all engagements I was ſtill at thy ſide: one day, the combat being doubtful, you was wounded; immediately I threw myſelf before thee, to cover thee with my body, as with a ſhield; I ſaved thy life, thy liberty, and thy arms: by this action I purchaſed the crown, but deſired the leaders of the army to give it you. I never had any paſſion but for your honour, nor could I have ever believed that you would have proved your country's diſgrace and the ſource of all its misfortunes.

Alcibiades. I hope, my dear Socrates, that you have not forgotten how at another time when our army was defeated, you were flying on foot, and with much difficulty crept away; and though I was on horſeback, I ſtopped to keep thoſe enemies back, who otherwiſe muſt have overtaken and overwhelmed thee: let us ſet one good turn againſt the other.

Socrates. With all my heart: if I remind you of what I have done, 'tis not with a deſign to reproach thee, or to boaſt of what I have done for thee, but only to let you ſee what pains I have taken to make thee good, and what a poor return I have met with for all my pains.

Alcibiades.

Alcibiades. You cannot upbraid the actions of my first youth: often, whilst I was listning to your instructions, my heart melted within me, and my eyes were filled with tears: if, drawn away by company, I sometimes left you, you wou'd pursue me as a master does his flying slave: did I then ever offer to resist you? I hearkened to no body but you, and feared no one's displeasure but yours. One day, indeed, I must confess I laid a wager that I would give Hipponicus a slap in the face; I did it, but went afterwards, and begging his pardon, stripped myself before him, that he might scourge me with rods; but he seeing that it was only through a light and wanton temper that I had offended, forgave me my offence.

Socrates. Then you acted only like a young hot-brain'd fool: since that, you have acted like a villain, without the least regard to the Gods, to virtue, or to your promise; like a villain, who to satisfy his ambition, sets his country in a blaze, and who debauches the manners of the inhabitants of foreign places: be gone, you raise horror and compassion; spite of your own disposition to be good, you chose to be wicked; and of this I never shall be comforted. But let us part, the three judges will soon pronounce your sentence; but be it what it will, there never more can be any union between us two.

DIALOGUE XVI.

SOCRATES and ALCIBIADES.

In a good government people ought to be taught to reſpect the laws, to love their country, and mankind.

Socrates. YOU are, I ſee, become wiſe at your own and the expence of thoſe whom you have deceived: you might very well be the worthy hero of a ſecond Odyſſee; for in your travels you have ſeen the manners of as great a number of people as ever Ulyſſes did in his.

Alcibiades. I do not ſo much ſtand in need of experience, as I do of wiſdom; and tho' you laugh at me, you cannot deny but that a man muſt improve very much by travelling, and ſeriouſly ſtudying the manners of mankind.

Socrates. 'Tis true that a mind might be improved by ſuch a ſtudy, but it muſt be that of a philoſopher, who can ſeriouſly apply himſelf, and who is not, like you, ſway'd by pleaſure or ambition: a man free from prejudice or paſſion, could examine and ſee what was laudable amongſt every people, and what good or evil every law had been the cauſe of. A philoſopher, returning from ſuch travels wou'd make an excellent legiſlator; but you were never capable of giving laws, your talent lay in breaking 'em: you were yet a very youth, when you adviſed your uncle Pericles to undertake

dertake a war, that he might avoid giving an account of the public fund. I'm afraid, that even after your death you would be but a poor obſerver of the laws.

Alcibiades. No more of this, I beſeech you? my faults are all to be caſt in Lethe's ſtreams: Let us now talk of the manners of different people. Wherever I have been, I have met with ſeveral cuſtoms, and very few laws; all the barbarians walk by no other rule than the example of their fathers: even the Perſians, whoſe morals, in the time of Cyrus, are ſo much boaſted of, have no ſign left of that former virtue; their courage and magnificence ſhew a good natural diſpoſition, but corrupted by vain oſtentation and effeminacy; their kings, who are ador'd, and to whom incenſe is offer'd up, can never be really juſt, or thoroughly acquainted with the truth of things; nor can a human ſoul, with moderation enjoy a power as unlimited as theirs is: they imagine that every thing is created for their uſe, and they diſpoſe of the lives, honours, and eſtates of other men. Nothing can be more barbarous than this form of government; there are no laws in force; the will and pleaſure of one man, whoſe paſſions are all flattered, are his and their only law.

Socrates. Such a government was not at all agreeable to a genius as free and bold as yours was; but don't you think that the Athenian liberty was carried quite into the other extreme?

Alcibiades. The Spartan government was that I liked the beſt.

Socrates. Did not the ſlavery of the Illotes appear very inhuman to you? Come boldly acknowledge the truth, lay your prejudices aſide, and own that here the Greeks are in ſome degree the barbarians. Is it meet that one half of mankind ſhould treat the other as beaſts of burthen?

Alcibiades. Why not? provided they are conquered people.

Socrates. Though conquered, they ſtill are a people, and the laws of conqueſt are not of ſo great a force as thoſe of humanity. Nothing can be a greater piece of tyranny than what you call a conqueſt, unleſs the conquered nation was overcome in a juſt and legal war, and unleſs the conqueror takes care to give them good laws. The Lacedæmonians ought not therefore to treat the Illotes ſo inhumanly, ſeeing that they are men as well as themſelves. How horrid and barbarous is it, to ſee one people ſporting with the lives of another, and perpetually diſquieting them? As the head of a family ought never to be ſo taken up with the thoughts of making his family great, as to diſturb the repoſe of a whole people for the ſake of it, of which he and his family are but a member: ſo ought not the head of a nation, hurried away by the wildneſs of ambition, and a brutal conduct, place a falſe glory in increaſing the power of his people, and troubling the repoſe of, and enſlaving the neighbouring people. Any one nation is as much a member of the whole race of mankind, as any one family is of a parti-

particular nation. Every man is far more obliged to mankind in general, our great commonwealth, than to our own private country. 'Tis therefore far more unjuſt for a people to act offenſively againſt another, than for any private family to act againſt the commonwealth. To renounce humanity, does not only denote unpoliteneſs and barbariſm, but alſo the ſavage blindneſs of rogues and banditti; and in ſuch a caſe we not only loſe the characters of men, but become deſtroyers of mankind.

Alcibiades. You grow angry, ſir; in the other world you ſeemed to be better humoured, your ſatirical ironies had ſomething more pleaſant in them.

Socrates. I cannot be pleaſant upon ſo ſerious a ſubject; the Spartans have entirely forſaken all the peaceable arts, to give themſelves wholly up to war: and as there is no greater evil under the ſun than war, they are capable of nothing but doing evil, they value themſelves upon it, and contemn every thing that does not tend to the deſtruction of mankind, and that is not uſeful to encreaſe the brutal glory of a handful of men called Spartans. Others muſt till the earth for their nouriſhment, whilſt they are ravaging the neighbouring lands: they will not live ſoberly, that they may live juſtly; but on the other hand, they are hard-hearted and cruel to all who do not belong to their own country, as if they did not belong to the commonwealth of mankind,

kind, more juſtly than to that of Sparta. War is an evil which diſhonours mankind, and could we but for ever bury all our hiſtories, we ought to conceal from poſterity, that men have been capable of killing one another. All wars are properly civil wars, 'tis ſtill mankind ſhedding each other's blood, and tearing their own entrails out: the farther a war is extended, the more fatal it is; and therefore the combats of one people againſt another, are worſe than the combats of private families againſt a republick. We ought therefore never to engage in a war, unleſs reduced to the laſt extremity, and then only to repel our foes. Was not Lycurgus aſhamed to alter the cuſtoms of a people, bred up in all the ſweet and innocent occupations which flouriſh in peaceable times, ſo as to make them only fit for the deſtruction of mankind?

Alcibiades. You are in the right now in growing angry; but to theſe would you prefer a people like the Athenians, who could ſo egregiouſly refine upon pleaſure and luxury? one had better bear with the rough unhewn diſpoſitions of the Spartans.

Socrates. You are very much changed of late, and are no longer that man ſo cried down for his luxury; the Stygian ſhores make ſtrange alterations, I ſee: but perhaps you ſpeak thus through complaiſance; for during the whole courſe of your life, you have been a Proteus in your morals. But be that as it will, I muſt confeſs, that a people, who by the contagion of

of their own morals, implant luxury, injuſtice, fraud, and effeminacy, in another nation, are more guilty, than thoſe whoſe only buſineſs, and whoſe only merit 'tis to ſhed their blood; for virtue to men ought to be dearer than life. Lycurgus ought therefore to be praiſed, for having baniſhed all luxurious arts from his ſtate; but is inexcuſable, for having baniſhed agriculture, and other arts, at the ſame time, neceſſary to a ſober and frugal life. Is it not a ſhame that a people ſhould not be able to ſupply themſelves with neceſſaries, but be obliged to another people for tilling the earth for their nouriſhment?

Alcibiades. Well, here I'll confeſs myſelf in the wrong; but do you not prefer the ſevere diſcipline of Sparta, with that juſt ſubordination which ſubjects their young men to the old, before the unbridled wiſdom of the Athenians?

Socrates. A people corrupted by an exceſs of liberty is more inſupportable than any tyrant; nor is any maſter more inſolent, than the many, when they triumph over the laws; a juſt medium ought in this caſe to be obſerved. There ſhould be unchangeable written laws ſacred to the whole nation, from which thoſe that govern would derive their authority. They might do all the good which theſe laws could authorize, but never violate them to do evil. This is the order that men for their mutual happineſs ought to eſtabliſh, were they not blind, and their own enemies, but ſome

like the Athenians deſtroy the laws, leſt they ſhould give too much authority to the magiſtrates, whoſe buſineſs it ſhould be to put theſe laws in force; others, like the Perſians, have ſo ſuperſtitious a veneration for their laws, that they make themſelves ſlaves to the magiſtrates; and they, inſtead of governing by the laws, govern by their own wills, which becomes a poſitive law. Thus both the one and the other ſhoot wide of the mark, which ought to be a liberty and property, derived from the laws, of which the magiſtrates ought only to be the defenders. He who governs ought to be in the greateſt ſubjection to the laws, for without them he is nothing, and his perſon is ſacred only, as he is a living law, given for the good of mankind, and free from prejudice, paſſion, and intereſt. By this you may ſee how much of barbariſm, even the Greeks, who deſpiſe the Barbarians, have in them. The Peloponneſian war, in which for the ſpace of twenty-eight years every thing was deſtroyed by fire and ſword, through the ambitious jealouſy of the two republics, is too fatal a proof of this truth. Have not you yourſelf ſometimes flattered the grave and implacable ambition of the Spartans, ſometimes the more vain and wanton ambition of the Athenians. Athens, with a leſſer power, has done greater things, and for a long while triumphed over all Greece; but at laſt it dwindled away at once, becauſe the deſpotic power of a people is a blind and fooliſh power, always

ways acting againſt itſelf, and never grows abſolute, and above the laws, but it deſtroys itſelf.

Alcibiades. I ſee, that Avitus was very much in the right of it, when he made you drink the poiſonous draught. Your politicks were more to be feared than your new religion.

DIALOGUE XVII.

SOCRATES, ALCIBIADES, and TIMON.

A juſt medium between the man-hating character of Timon, *and the corrupt character of* Alcibiades.

Alcibiades. I Am ſurprized, dear Socrates, to ſee you have ſuch a reliſh for this man-hater, this bugbear.

Socrates. I am the more ſurprized, to ſee him accuſtom himſelf to my company.

Timon. I am accuſed of being a man-hater, nor do I deny it. Obſerve how men are formed, and then judge whether or no I am in the wrong. He that hates mankind hates a miſchievous brute, a company of fools, rogues, flatterers, traitors and ungrateful wretches.

Alcibiades. A fine Billingſgate vocabulary! but can you think that 'tis better to be wild, ſcornful, unſociable, and always ſatyrical? As for my part, I am diverted in the company of fools, and pleaſed in that of wiſe men. In

for my turn I endeavour to pleaſe them, and I ſuit myſelf to all companies, in order to make myſelf agreeable to all.

Timon. And I ſuit myſelf to none, ſince none are pleaſing to me; to me every thing goes awry, and is intolerable, every thing provokes me, and excites my rage. You, like Proteus, can aſſume all kinds of ſhapes, but remain long in no one. Theſe eaſy changes denote a heart without any principles of juſtice or truth. With you, virtue is nothing but a fine name, nor have you any one inherent in you. What at Athens you approve, at Lacedæmon you condemn; in Greece you are a Grecian, and in Aſia a Perſian; nor are you conſtrained by your Gods, your laws, or your country. You are guided but by one rule, which is the paſſion of pleaſing, dazzling, and lording it over mankind; of living in delicacies, and embroiling every ſtate. O heavens! muſt ſuch a man be ſuffered to live? and muſt other men admire him? Alcibiades was beloved by moſt men whilſt he was deluding them, and by his crimes plunging them into ſo many misfortunes. As for my part, I hate Alcibiades, and all thoſe fools who love him, and it would grieve me to be beloved by ſuch who have no notion of loving any thing but what is evil.

Alcibiades. A very obliging declaration truly! however, I am not in the leaſt angry at it. You ſet me at the head of mankind, and thereby do me a great deal of honour. My party

party is ſtronger than yours, but you are valiant, and do not fear, tho' alone, to encounter the whole race of mankind.

Timon. I ſhould be aſhamed was not I alone, when I behold the baſeneſs, the cowardice, the lightneſs, corruption, and heinouſneſs of all men upon the face of the earth.

Alcibiades. Do you except no one amongſt 'em?

Timon. Not one, and you leſs than any other.

Alcibiades. What not yourſelf? do you hate yourſelf?

Timon. Yes, whenever I ſurprize myſelf committing a weak action, I then hate myſelf.

Alcibiades. You do well, but are very much in the wrong for not always hating yourſelf. What can be more deteſtable in a man, than his forgetting that he is a man; who loaths his own nature, who looks on every thing with horror, deteſtation, and ſuch a frightful melancholy, that it converts every thing into poiſon; who renounces all manner of ſociety, tho' man was born only to be ſociable.

Timon. Then give me men who are plain and upright, full of juſtice and goodneſs; ſuch will I love, always frequent, and even adore like Gods inhabiting the earth. But whilſt you only give me men who do not deſerve the name, who by their ſubtlety ſhould be foxes, and by their cruelty tygers; whoſe face indeed, and ſhape, and voice are human, but whoſe hearts are monſtrous, and like thoſe of Syrens; ſuch as theſe, humanity itſelf will teach me to ſhun and abhor.

Alcibiades. What? you muſt have a race made on purpoſe for you. Had not one much better ſuit one's ſelf to mankind, ſuch as it is, than hate it till it ſuits us? ſo critical a melancholy temper makes you ſpend your life very uneaſily, makes you be deſpis'd, laugh'd at, and forſaken, and you never can reliſh any pleaſure. As for my part, I give myſelf wholly up to the cuſtoms and imaginations of every people: thus I meet with pleaſure every where, and influence men juſt as I pleaſe. I cannot reliſh that philoſophy which teaches a man to make an owl of himſelf. In this world we muſt make uſe of a more worldly philoſophy. Good men are to be gain'd by virtuous motives, the voluptuous by thoſe of pleaſure, and rogues by the motives of intereſt. This is the true way of living; all other notions of life are viſionary, and founded upon black melancholy, for which I can preſcribe nothing better than a few grains of hellebore.

Timon. By ſuch a ſpeech you annihilate virtue, and ridicule all good morals. In a republic whoſe polity is good, ſuch a man would not be ſuffer'd; but alas! where is that republic on earth? O my dear Socrates! when ſhall we ſee yours? to morrow? oh I would willingly go thither to-morrow, was there any ſuch one! come, my Socrates, let us go and found this colony of pure philoſophers, far from any known part of the world, ſomewhere in the Atlantic iſland.

Alci-

Alcibiades. You forget yourſelf, when you talk of going there; you muſt firſt be reconciled to yourſelf, with whom you ſay you ſo often jar.

Timon. You may laugh at it, if you pleaſe, but nothing I'll aſſure you is more certain, than that I often hate myſelf, and that very juſtly. As often as I find myſelf ſo ſoften'd by pleaſures, as to be able to bear with the vices of men, and ſee myſelf inclin'd to be complaiſant to 'em; when I find any ſparks of intereſt and voluptuouſneſs kindling in me, or of love for an empty reputation amongſt fools and villains; then do I begin to fancy myſelf almoſt like 'em; then try, condemn, deteſt, and am no longer able to bear myſelf.

Alcibiades. And pray now, how is this breach made up? do you chuſe any arbitrator?

Timon. After having condemn'd, I correct and reform myſelf.

Alcibiades. So! ſo! what a pretty company there muſt be within you; firſt, a man who is corrupted and drawn away by bad examples; then another who ſnarls at, and falls out with the firſt; then comes a third, who correcting the firſt, reconciles him to the ſecond, and———

Timon. You may be as merry as you pleaſe upon the matter, I own that there is not ſuch a company in you. There is in your heart but one ſupple deprav'd man, who diſguiſes himſelf in a hundred different ſhapes, but always with the ſame deſigns to do evil.

Alcibiades. Then there is upon the face of the earth no one good but yourſelf, nor are you ſo but at certain intervals of time.

Timon. I know nothing good upon the earth, or worthy of being loved.

Alcibiades. If you know nothing good, nothing in yourſelf or others, but what is ſhocking, if life be thus diſpleaſing, you ought to get rid of it, and take your leave of ſuch troubleſome company. Is it not madneſs to live for the ſake of being vex'd at every thing, and ſnarling from morning till night? don't you know that there are running nooſes and precipices enow at Athens?

Timon. I ſhould certainly do what you now endeavour to perſuade me, was I not afraid of pleaſing men, who are unworthy of being pleas'd.

Alcibiades. And could you leave every body without regret? do you except no man? pray conſider of it before you anſwer me.

Timon. I ſhould leave Socrates indeed with ſome little regret, but———

Alcibiades. But what? don't you know that he is a man!

Timon. I don't know it, and am often inclin'd to believe that he is not, for he bears but a very little reſemblance to other men: he appears to me to be void of intereſt, ambition, and artifice; and on the other hand, to be juſt, ſincere, and ſtill the ſame. Were there ten men in the world like him, I really believe they would reconcile me to mankind.

Alci-

Alcibiades. If that be your opinion of him, you may eaſily believe what he ſays; then prithee aſk him, whether or no he believes that true reaſon will allow you to be a man-hater as you are?

Timon. To ſatisfy you, I will; and though he has always been too eaſy, and too ſociable, yet can I ſafely engage myſelf to follow his advice. When I behold mankind, my dear Socrates, and then turn my eyes from them, and caſt 'em on you, I am inclin'd to believe that you are Minerva, who, having aſſumed the form of man, is come down to inſtruct the inhabitants of this city. Anſwer me, I beſeech you, without diſguiſe; would you adviſe me any more to mix myſelf in the infected ſociety of blind, wicked and deceitful men?

Socrates. No, I would never adviſe you to engage yourſelf in the aſſemblies of the people, in licentious feaſts, or in ſocieties of a number of the citizens; for multitudes are always corrupt. An honeſt and peaceable retreat, where a man is free from his own as well as from the paſſions of other men is the propereſt ſtate for a philoſopher: but we muſt love mankind, and, ſpite of their defects, endeavour to do them good; we muſt ſerve 'em without any view of intereſt, for they will prove ungrateful. But to live in the midſt of 'em, only to deceive 'em, to dazzle 'em and to make 'em ſerviceable to our paſſions, is the worſt of villainy, and he who goes about it, draws

draws on himſelf thoſe misfortunes which he ſo richly deſerves. To live at a diſtance from, yet near enough to do good to men, is acting like a benign Deity on earth. The ambition of Alcibiades is deſtructive, your miſanthropy a weak virtue, or rather the effect of a fretful temper. That ſeverity, that impatience at other men's vices, proceeds from a ſelf-love, which grows thus impatient, when we cannot mould their minds juſt as we pleaſe. Philanthropy is a virtue void of impatience and intereſt, and teaches us to bear with evil without approving it. Regardleſs of its own eaſe and convenience, it looks upon its own frailties, and by them learns to ſupport thoſe of others. 'Tis never deceiv'd by the moſt deceitful, or moſt ingrateful of men; for it never hopes for, or expects any thing from 'em. It never deſires any thing of 'em, but what is for their own good; nor is it ever weary of this diſintereſted goodneſs, but imitates the Gods, who have given man a life and being, though they do not ſtand in need of his victims and incenſe.

Timon. But 'tis not through any inhuman temper that I hate mankind; ſpite of myſelf, I do it becauſe they are deteſtable. I hate their depravations, and conſequently their perſons, becauſe they are deprav'd.

Socrates. Well, ſuppoſe this to be true; if you hate only what's evil in man, why do you not endeavour to deliver him from this evil, and love him well enough to make him good?

A phyſician hates a fever, and all other diſtempers incident to man; but he does not hate the patient. Man's vices are the diſtempers of his ſoul; then be a wiſe and charitable phyſician, who far from hating a ſick man, endeavours to cure him. The world is a large hoſpital, in which every object ought to move your compaſſion. Wrath, avarice, envy and ambition, are ſores more dangerous to the ſoul, than any biles, wounds, or ulcers, can be to the body. . Cure all the ſick whom you can cure, and pity thoſe who ſhall prove incurable.

Timon. 'Tis an eaſy matter, my dear Socrates, to diſcover the ſophiſtry of this argument. There is a vaſt deal of difference between the vices of the ſoul, and the diſtempers of the body; theſe laſt we ſuffer without being able to prevent 'em; they are not of our own ſeeking, and therefore we deſerve to be pitied. As for our vices, we may prevent them, and they are of our own ſeeking. Such evils ſhould be chaſtiſed, and are fitter to move our anger than our pity.

Socrates. I confeſs that diſtempers incident to man are twofold; one kind is involuntary, and therefore innocent; the other voluntary, and which of conſequence makes the patient guilty, ſeing that an evil diſpoſition is the worſt of evils, and vice the moſt deplorable of diſtempers. The wicked man, by making others ſuffer, ſuffers himſelf, through his malice, and is drawing on his head the moſt cruel tor-

tortures which the juſt Gods can inflict on him; ſuch a one ought therefore to be pitied more than an innocent ſick man: innocence is the health of the ſoul, or will heal, or at leaſt comfort you in the moſt ſenſible pains. Would you not pity a man, becauſe he labours under the moſt grievous diſtemper? If his pain lay in his hand, or foot, you would compaſſionate him: but have no pity left for him, when the gangrene has reached his heart.

Timon. Well; I acknowledge that we muſt pity the wicked, but not love them.

Socrates. We muſt not love their wickedneſs, but we ſhould their perſons, in order to cure them. By what you ſay yourſelf, you love mankind without knowing it; for pity proceeds from our ſeeing a beloved perſon in affliction. Do you know what it is that hinders you from loving wicked men? 'tis not your virtue, but the imperfection of your virtue: an imperfect virtue ſinks under the weight of other men's imperfections. Our ſelf-love hinders us from always bearing with what is ſo contrary to our own taſte and manners. We are angry with the ungrateful, becauſe through a principle of ſelf-love we want our favours to be acknowledged. Virtue in perfection, takes a man off from himſelf, and makes him capable of always bearing with the weakneſs of others. The farther we are removed from vice, the more patient we become, and willing to remove it from others. Virtue when imperfect is miſtruſtful,

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criticiſing, ſevere and implacable; but when its chief aim is another man's good, then 'tis kind, affable, compaſſionate, and always the ſame; nothing ſurprizes, nothing ſhocks it.

Timon. 'Tis an eaſy matter to talk, but very difficult to act thus.

Socrates. O my dear Timon! blind and fooliſh men thought you were a man-hater, thro' a too great exceſs of virtue; but I maintain that had you been more virtuous, you would have done what I tell you. You would not have been thus led away by a wild and melancholy humour, nor by your diſlike of, or impatience for the faults of men. You love yourſelf too well, and therefore you cannot love other men who are imperfect, and whom you might very well forgive, as the Gods do, were you perfect yourſelf. Why do you not patiently bear with what the Gods, far better than you, bear? This nicety is a real imperfection. That reaſon which can bear with nothing but what is reaſonable, and can't ſuffer the unreaſonableneſs of other men, ſcarce deſerves the name of reaſon.

Alcibiades. Faith, Timon, you and your auſtere virtue are both confounded. Living to one's ſelf, and not being able to bear with any thing, but to be ſhocked at every thing, proceeds from ſelf-love. When we are not ſo fond of ourſelves, we give ourſelves freely up to others.

Socrates. Hold, if you pleaſe, Alcibiades, you are miſconſtruing what I ſaid. There

are two ways of giving ourſelves up to other men. The firſt is, when we make ourſelves beloved, and gain the confidence of men only in order to make them good. This way is entirely divine. The other is, when we endeavour to pleaſe men, to dazzle them, and flatter them, in order to uſurp an authority over them. We no longer can be ſaid to love them, but ourſelves. We act by a principle of vanity and intereſt, and we only apparently give ourſelves up to others, that we may wholly poſſeſs them. Like a fiſherman we throw a baited hook into the river, and whilſt we pretend to feed the fiſh, we are catching them. All your ambitious tyrants, magiſtrates, and politicians appear benign, and generous; and whilſt they pretend that they are giving themſelves up to, they are catching the people. They lay their hooks in feaſts, in companies and public aſſemblies. They are not ſociable for the intereſt of mankind, but in order to abuſe all men. Like courtezans, they make uſe of flattering and crafty inſinuations, to corrupt mankind, and to enſlave all thoſe whom they ſtand in need of; and the beſt things when corrupted become the worſt. Such men are the bane of ſociety. The ſelf-love of a man-hater is only wild and unprofitable to mankind, but that of this man-lover is traiterous and tyrannical. You promiſe yourſelf to meet in him all the virtues neceſſary to the ſupport of ſociety, whilſt they propoſe no other end but that of making their fellow-citizens ſubſervient

vient to them. The man-hater may affright, but will never hurt you: as a ſerpent, who hides himſelf under the flowers of the field, is more dangerous than a wild beaſt, which as ſoon it ſees you, flies towards his den.

Alcibiades. Prithee, Timon, let us make off, we have each one of us had a good ſermon; let thoſe that can profit by it, I am afraid we ſhall be but little the better for it. You will ſtill be enraged againſt mankind, and for my part, I'll go, and betwixt the Grecians, and the king of Perſia, put on as many different forms as ever Proteus did.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

ALCIBIADES, PERICLES.

The greateſt endowments of nature, without virtue, are eſteemed as naught after death.

Pericles. DEAR nephew, I am heartily glad to ſee you again; I ever had a great deal of friendſhip for you.

Alcibiades. That you have given me demonſtration of, from my very firſt infancy; but I never ſtood ſo much in need of your aſſiſtance as I now do. Socrates, whom I juſt now left, gives me reaſon to apprehend ſomething from the three judges, before whom I am going to appear.

Pericles. Alas! my dear nephew, we are no

no longer now at Athens; thoſe three inexorable old men deſpiſe eloquence. I myſelf have felt the effects of their rigour, and I foreſee that you cannot eſcape it.

Alcibiades. Are there no ways of winning upon theſe three men? Are they inſenſible of flattery, of pity, of all the graces of oratory, poetry, and muſick; not moved by ſubtle arguments, or the rehearſal of great actions?

Pericles. You know very well, that could eloquence prevail (and this I may ſay without vanity) I ſhould come off as well as any other: but talking to them is in vain. Thoſe flatteries by which the Athenians were won, thoſe ſubtle turns in diſcourſe, thoſe inſinuating ways by which men are taken, by falling in with their humours and paſſions, are of no ſervice here. Their ears are ſtopped, and their hearts of braſs cannot be mov'd. Though I dy'd in the unhappy Peloponneſian war, yet am I puniſhed for it here below. They ought to have forgiven me ſuch a fault, in the commiſſion of which I loſt my life; and which I was led into by your perſuaſions.

Alcibiades. True, I adviſed you to undertake this war, rather than be obliged to make up your accounts. When you govern a ſtate, your own eaſe, reputation and intereſt, are to be the firſt things conſulted, let the publick ſhift as it can; otherwiſe, who would be fool enough to undergo the toils of government? who would watch night and day, that others might ſleep in peace? Can your judges here below be angry at ſuch maxims?

Pericles. Yes, ſo very angry, that though in that curſed war I loſt the confidence of the people, and died of the plague, yet have I ſuffered terrible puniſhments here, for having unſeaſonably diſturbed the public quiet. By this you may judge, couſin, how well you are like to come off.

Alcibiades. This is ſad news indeed. When thoſe upon earth are vexed at any thing, they wiſh themſelves dead; but now I am dead, I could heartily wiſh myſelf alive again.

Pericles. And well you may; you are no longer arrayed in that looſe trailing purple robe, which the ladies of Sparta and Athens ſo much admired; you will not be puniſhed for your evil actions only, but alſo for the evil counſels you have given me.

DIALOGUE XIX.

ALCIBIADES, MERCURY, and CHARON.

The character of a young prince, corrupted by voluptuouſneſs and ambition.

Charon. PRithee, what man have you got there? how high he carries it? Pray now, what has he done to make him take ſo much ſtate upon himſelf?

Mercury. He was beautiful, well-made, learned, valiant, eloquent, and fit to pleaſe the taſte of every man. Never was man ſo ſupple;

he could ſhift his form as eaſily as Proteus. Amongſt the Athenians he was nice, learned, and polite; at Sparta he was rough, ſevere, and laborious; in Aſia as ſoft, effeminate, and magnificent as a Perſian; in Thrace he was always on horſeback, and drank as hard as Silenus: and by theſe means, whatever country he was in, he has embroiled and overturned every thing.

Charon. But won't he overturn my boat too, 'tis very old and very leaky? why did you bring ſuch an one with you? 'twas far better to have him left amongſt the living, he would have been the occaſion of war, ſlaughter, and deſolation, and would have ſent many a ſhade here; but as for his own, I am really afraid of it. What's his name?

Mercury. Alcibiades. Did you never hear of him?

Charon. Alcibiades! moſt of the ſhades that come down here can talk of nothing elſe, and make ſad complaints of him. Is he not the ſame man, who flying to Sparta, after having been guilty of ſo many impious actions at Athens, corrupted the wife of king Agis?

Mercury. The very ſame.

Charon. I wiſh he does not do the like with Proſerpine, for he is handſomer, and has a better tongue than our infernal king; but, faith, Pluto is not to be jeſted with in ſuch a caſe.

Mercury. Such as he is, I deliver him to you. If he does but make as great an uproar in hell, as he has all his life-time upon earth,

this

this will no longer be the kingdom of ſilence. But aſk himſelf, what 'tis he intends to do here. Prithee, Alcibiades, tell Charon how 'tis you intend to behave yourſelf here below.

Alcibiades. Who, I? I intend to govern every body here: I would adviſe Charon to inſiſt upon a double fare, and counſel Pluto to wage war with Jupiter, and make himſelf the maſter of the Gods, ſeeing that Jupiter does not govern mankind as he ought to do, and that the empire of the dead is greater than that of the living. What does he do yonder in Olympus, whilſt he neglects the things on earth, and lets every thing go awry? We had better acknowledge him for the ſupreme Deity, who puniſhes the vices of men here below, and redreſſes every thing which his indolent brother had neglected. As for Proſerpine, I'll tell her ſome news from Sicily, which was once ſo beloved by her, and on my lyre I will ſing thoſe ſongs which are there compoſed in honour of her; I will talk to her of the nymphs who were gathering flowers with her, when Pluto forced her away; I will relate all my own adventures to her, and 'twill be hard if I don't pleaſe her one way or other.

Mercury. I would venture to lay a good wager upon your head, that you ſoon govern all hell. Pluto will make you a member of his privy-council, and will ſoon repent it; which will be ſome ſatisfaction for the injury you wou'd do me in dethroning my father Jove.

Alcibiades. You'll find that Pluto will be far from repenting it.

Mercury. Why you have given very fatal counſels in your life-time.

Alcibiades. And very good ones too.

Mercury. Meaning the Sicily expedition? How well the Athenians came off in following your advice there!

Alcibiades. True; I adviſed the Athenians to attack the Syracuſæ, not only that they might conquer Sicily, and afterwards Africa, but alſo that I might keep the Athenians in ſubjection under me. When we have to do with a light and inconſtant people, we muſt never give them time to be idle; you muſt always keep them engaged in ſome intricate buſineſs, that they may perpetually ſtand in need of you, and never have time to reflect upon, or cenſure your conduct. But this enterprize, tho' a very difficult one, would have ſucceeded, had I had the management of it; but I was recalled to Athens, upon a very fooliſh buſineſs, to quell the revolting Thermæ. After my departure, Lamachus periſhed like a giddy-brain'd fool; Nicias was a great, indolent, cowardly, irreſolute fellow. Thoſe who are ſo very fearful, have more reaſon to apprehend than any body elſe: they neglect all the advantages which fortune offers them, and fall into all the inconveniencies which they foreſee. I was accuſed too of having, in a debauch with ſome diſſolute fellows, repreſented the myſteries of Ceres. To this they added,

added, that I had acted the chief part, and repreſented the prieſt; but this was a mere tale of a tub, they never could convict me of it.

Mercury. A tale of a tub! if ſo, why did you not appear, and anſwer theſe accuſations?

Alcibiades. I would have done it, had the accuſation been of leſs moment; but my life was concerned here, and that I would not have truſted in my own mother's hands.

Mercury. A cowardly anſwer! are you not aſhamed of returning ſuch a one? you who were not afraid of truſting your life, whilſt very young, to the mercy of a brutiſh carman, yet durſt not, when you grew up, truſt it to the judges, tho' it was to clear your honour: upon my word, friend, your conſcience muſt tell you that you were guilty.

Alcibiades. The reaſon of that is, a child, playing in the highway, won't give over his play to let a cart paſs along, becauſe his temper is childiſh and ſtubborn, but he'll no longer be guilty of ſuch things when he comes to the uſe of reaſon. In ſhort, I had cauſe to apprehend the ſpite of thoſe who envied me, as well as the folly of the people, who are in a paſſion as ſoon as they hear of any of you deities being affronted.

Mercury. The true language of a libertine! and I queſtion not but you derided the myſteries of Eleuſinian Ceres: as for my ſtatues, I need not queſtion any thing about them, I am ſure you daſhed them to pieces.

Charon. I'll not receive ſuch an impious enemy of the Gods into my boat, this bane of human ſociety.

Alcibiades. But you muſt receive me, or where would you have me go?

Charon. Return upon earth again, torment the living, and make a noiſe there; this is the abode of ſilence and repoſe.

Alcibiades. For heaven's ſake let me not wander on the Stygian banks like thoſe who are deprived of burial: my ſoul has always been too haughty to bear ſuch an injury: but after all, having received the funeral honours, I can force Charon to take me into his boat. If I have done amiſs, let the infernal judges puniſh me; but for that old fool, I'll oblige him ——

Charon. Since you come to that, ſir, I'll know in what manner you was buried, for your death is variouſly reported: ſome ſay that you were ſtabbed whilſt in the arms of a courtezan; a fine cloſe of life to be proud of! others ſay you were burnt, and till you have cleared up this matter, I'll laugh at your pride, and you ſhall not come into my boat.

Alcibiades. I can with pleaſure relate the manner of my death, by which I reap ſo great an honour, and which crowns a glorious life. Lyſander, knowing how much miſchief I had done the Lacedæmonians by ſerving my country in battle, and negotiating their affairs for them amongſt the Perſians, determined to deſire Pharnabaces, who then commanded the great

great king's army upon the confines of Aſia, to put me to death. For my part, ſeeing that the conduct of the chief Athenians was very raſh, and they refuſing to follow my advice when their fleet was in the river, near the Helleſpont, I foretold their ruin; which ſoon after followed, and then retired to a place of Phrygia, which the Perſians had given me to live in; there I ſpent my time contentedly, out of conceit with fortune, which had ſo often deceived me, and thought of nothing now but diverting myſelf. Timandra the courtezan was with me: but Pharnabaces, not daring to refuſe me for a ſacrifice to the Lacedæmonians, ſent his brother Magnaus to cut my head off, and burn my body; but he, and all the Perſians with him, durſt not enter the houſe where I was, and therefore they ſet it on fire about me, not daring to attack me. As ſoon as I ſaw what their deſign was, I threw my clothes, and even all the furniture of the houſe, upon the fire; then wrapping my cloak round my left hand, and in my right hand holding my drawn ſword, I threw myſelf thro' the flames without being hurt, my cloak only a little ſinged, and came into the midſt of my enemies, who immediately flew from me; but flying, ſhot ſo many times at me, that they pierced me thro' and thro' with their arrows, and I fell down dead: but no ſooner were theſe barbarians gone, than Timandra, taking my body, and wrapping it up, gave it the moſt honourable burial ſhe could.

Mer-

Mercury. Is not this Timandra mother to Lais the famous Corinthian courtezan?

Alcibiades. The ſame. This, Charon, is the hiſtory of my death and burial; is there any difficulty concerning either of them yet remaining?

Charon. A very great one, which I am afraid you won't be able to clear up. It ſeems there was no other way of your eſcaping from the midſt of the flames, but by throwing yourſelf like a deſperate wretch, headlong amongſt your enemies; and yet Timandra, who ſtaid in this burning houſe, was well enough to bury you. Beſides this, I have heard ſeveral ſhades ſay, that neither the Perſians nor the Lacedæmonians put you to death; but that, according to your old cuſtom, having debauched a young woman of a noble family, the lady's brother, to revenge this diſhonour done their houſe, had you burnt.

Alcibiades. Be that as it will, you can't deny but that I have been burnt as well as the other dead.

Charon. But you have not been buried, good ſir: I find you are evading and quibbling, you have certainly been a very ſhuffling fellow.

Alcibiades. I have been burnt as the other dead are, and that's ſufficient. S'death, would you have had Timandra brought my aſhes, or ſent you an affidavit of my burial? but to end this diſpute, I appeal to the three judges, let them decide it: come let us go and plead our cauſe before them.

Charon.

Charon. A very cunning fellow, indeed! I muſt carry you over to them that you may plead your cauſe, which by theſe means you would have gained.

Mercury. To tell you the truth of the matter, as I came along, I ſaw the urn wherein 'twas ſaid this courtezan had encloſed her lover's aſhes; a man who knew ſo very well how to charm the ladies, could never be without a burial: he has had all the honours of it paid him too, has been wept over and regretted much more than he deſerved.

Alcibiades. So, here's poſitive evidence now; Mercury has ſeen my aſhes in their urn: now, Charon, I command you to take me into the boat; refuſe me any longer at your peril.

Mercury. I pity him for having any thing to do with ſo wicked an incendiary; 'twas you who kindled this great and horrid war in Greece; you are the cauſe that the Athenians and Lacedæmonians have been under arms to injure each other, by land and ſea, for the ſpace of twenty-eight years.

Alcibiades. Now you accuſe me wrongfully, this was my uncle Pericles's doing.

Mercury. Pericles indeed undertook this fatal war, but he did it by your advice.

Don't you remember your going one day to his houſe, and the ſervants telling you that you could not ſee Pericles, he wa very buſy in making up his accounts with the Athenians, and ſhewing how in his adminiſtration he had diſpoſed of the public revenues: to this

you anſwered, that, inſtead of giving an account, he ought to be thinking of the means of avoiding one. The means you found out for him, was to put every thing into confuſion, and to wage a war. Pericles was fooliſh enough to follow this advice; he waged a war, and periſhed in it, as did the greateſt part of your country, which thereby loſt its liberty. After this, 'twas no wonder if Archeſtratus ſaid, that all Greece put together, was not able to contain two Alcibiades's: nor was Timon, the man-hater, leſs pleaſant on this occaſion, when, enraged againſt the Athenians, in whom he could perceive no remains of virtue; and meeting thee one day in the ſtreet, he ſaluted thee, and taking thee by the hand, ſaid, "Courage, my lad; let but your authority increaſe, and you will make all the misfortunes which this people deſerve, fall heavy on them."

Alcibiades. Muſt you mind all that's ſaid by a ſurly melancholy fellow, who hates mankind?

Mercury. Well, we'll let this ſurly fellow alone: could any one but a rogue give the advice we were talking of?

Alcibiades. Prithee, Mercury, don't you talk of rogues, we know you are a profeſs'd one, and let me tell you, it ill becomes a ſharping God to reprove men for a little diſhoneſty or pilfery.

Mercury. For heaven's ſake, Charon, carry him over as quick as you can, we ſhall get nothing by talking to him; however, take care he does not ſurprize the three judges, and even

Pluto himſelf. Tell them, from me, that he is a villain capable of making the dead revolt, and of overturning any the moſt peaceable empire. The puniſhment he deſerves, is to be debarred the ſight of women, and condemned to everlaſting ſilence, for he has made a vile uſe both of his beauty and of his eloquence.

Charon. Never fear, I'll do his buſineſs for him, and I am afraid he will ſpend his time but poorly amongſt the dead, when no longer able to carry on any ſubtle or villainous intrigue.

DIALOGUE XX.

DIONYSIUS, PYTHIAS and DAMON.

True virtue can love nothing but what is virtuous.

Dionyſius. YE Gods! what do I ſee; can that be Pythias arriving here? 'Tis he himſelf; he's coming here to die, and to deliver his friend from death.

Pythias. Yes, 'tis Pythias himſelf; I went only to pay the Gods what I had vow'd, to regulate my own domeſtic affairs according to juſtice, and to bid my children a long farewel, that I might die in peace.

Dionyſius. But why do you return? are you not afraid of death? or do you, like a deſperate wretch, come to throw yourſelf headlong upon it?

Pythias. I come to ſuffer death, and tho' I do not deſerve it, yet was this no reaſon why I ſhou'd let my friend die for me.

Dionyſius. You love your friend then better than yourſelf.

Pythias. No, but I love him as well as myſelf; and 'tis not juſt that he ſhould die to deliver me from death, ſince I, not he, was condemn'd by you.

Dionyſius. But you pretend that death is no more your deſert than his.

Pythias. True; we are both equally innocent, and 'tis as juſt a thing to kill me as 'twould be to kill him.

Dionyſius. How then can you ſay that 'tis not juſt he ſhou'd die in your ſtead?

Pythias. In you, I ſay, 'tis equally unjuſt to put either Damon or me to death; but it would be unjuſt in Pythias to let Damon ſuffer that death, which by the tyrant was prepar'd for Pythias only.

Dionyſius. And ſo you come upon the appointed day to ſave the life of your friend by loſing your own.

Pythias. I come on your account, to be unjuſtly dealt with, as is uſual from tyrants; and on Damon's account, to deal juſtly by him, and deliver him from a danger to which he had expoſed himſelf thro' his friendſhip to me.

Dionyſius. Well, Damon, confeſs the truth now: was not you afraid that Pythias wou'd not return, and that you muſt ſuffer for him?

Damon. I was but too certain that he wou'd return

return punctually to the time, and rather chuſe to loſe his life, than break his word. Wou'd to God his friends and relations, ſpite of himſelf, had kept him at home, he now would live to be their comfort, and I ſhould have that of dying for him.

Dionyſius. Are you weary of life then?

Damon. I am whenever I ſee a tyrant.

Dionyſius. You ſhall not long be troubled with the ſight of one, I'll ſend you to inſtant death.

Pythias. Alas! excuſe the tranſport of a man afflicted with the thoughts of loſing his friend: remember that I only am condemn'd to death, which to deliver my friend from, I come prepared to ſuffer.

Dionyſius. I cannot bear with two men who thus deſpiſe their lives and my power.

Damon. Can you not bear with virtue?

Dionyſius. Not with ſuch a haughty and ſcornful virtue, which deſpiſes life, is fearleſs of danger, and unmoved at riches and pleaſures.

Damon. At leaſt you ſee 'tis not unmov'd with honour, juſtice, or friendſhip.

Dionyſius. Well, let Pythias be conducted to death, we ſhall ſee if Damon will any longer deſpiſe my power.

Damon. Pythias, by coming back, and ſubmitting himſelf to your ſentence, has deſerved his life from you, and I, by delivering myſelf up inſtead of him, have raiſed your anger; be ſatisfied with the death of one of us, and let me be the perſon.

Pythias.

Pythias. By no means, Dionyſius, no body but myſelf has offended you, Damon never could—

Dionyſius. Alas! what do I ſee; where am I? how great is my unhappineſs, and how much do I deſerve it? hitherto I have lived in ignorance, my days have been ſpent in darkneſs and in error; all my power is not ſufficient to force any one to love me; in a thirty years tyrannical reign, I can't boaſt of having acquired one friend. Theſe two men whom fortune has placed in a private ſtation, love and confide in one another, are happy in each others friendſhip, and either would willingly lay down his life to ſave that of his friend.

Damon. How could you have acquired a friend, and never loved any body? you feared and tyrannized over men, they in return fear and hate you: had you loved them, they would now love you.

Dionyſius. Damon, Pythias, receive me amongſt you, let me be the third member of ſo perfect a friendly ſociety: I will not only give you your lives, but load you with riches.

Damon. Your riches we value not, and as for your friendſhip we cannot accept of it, till you become juſt and good; whilſt you are otherwiſe, you may have trembling ſlaves, and fawning flatterers about you, but to be beloved by free-born ſouls, you muſt be virtuous, benign, ſociable, ſenſible of friendſhip, and capable of always living in the ſame equal temper with your friends.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXI.

PLATO, and DIONYSIUS the Tyrant.

The ſolid happineſs and ſafety of a prince, is placed in the love of his ſubjects.

Dionyſius. A Good morning to you, Plato, you are ſtill the ſame man as when I ſaw you in Sicily.

Plato. For your part, you are far from being the ſame; you don't ſhine here as you did upon the throne there.

Dionyſius. You were a chimerical philoſopher, your republic was nothing but a mere dream.

Plato. Nor has your tyrannical government prov'd more ſolid: that's fallen too, you ſee.

Dionyſius. 'Twas your friend Dion that betray'd me.

Plato. You betray'd yourſelf: when we make ourſelves hateful, we have reaſon to apprehend every thing.

Dionyſius. 'Tis too toilſome to make one's ſelf belov'd; we muſt take care to pleaſe other men. Had not one better pleaſe one's ſelf, and run the risk of being hated?

Plato. When a man, to gratify his paſſions, makes himſelf hateful, he has as many enemies as he has ſubjects, and conſequently can never be in ſafety. Confeſs the truth, did you ſleep in peace?

Dionyſius. I own I did not, but the reaſon of

of that was, I had not put people enough to to death.

Plato. And don't you ſee that the death of one drew the hatred of others upon you? thoſe who ſaw their neighbours fall a ſacrifice, expected every day to meet their fate; nor was there any means of ſaving themſelves left, but putting you to death by way of prevention. You muſt either kill every one of your ſubjects, or elſe be merciful, and endeavour to be belov'd. When your people love you, you no longer ſtand in need of guards, but in the midſt of them, are like a father in the midſt of his children.

Dionyſius. I remember that you urg'd all theſe reaſons to me, when I was about to lay down my tyranny, and become a diſciple of thine, but a flatterer hinder'd me: and indeed 'tis a hard taſk to renounce all ſovereign power.

Plato. Had it not been much better to have renounc'd it of your own accord, and have become a philoſopher, than to have ſhamefully been driven from the throne, and obliged to get a living at Corinth, by keeping a ſchool?

Dionyſius. But I never thought that I ſhould have been driven from it.

Plato. How could you preſume that the power would be long left in your hands, at a place, where, for their own ſafety, they were obliged to work your deſtruction?

Dionyſius. I was in hopes that they would not dare attack me.

Plato. When men hazard leſs by attacking you,

you, than by letting you live, there are enow who dare do it. Your own guards in ſuch a caſe have no other way of ſaving their lives, but by ſacrificing yours: but confeſs the truth now, did not you live more happily whilſt poor and at Corinth, than you did in all your ſplendor at Syracuſa?

Dionyſius. You are in the right on't; the ſchool-maſter at Corinth could eat and drink pretty well, but the tyrant of Syracuſa was always fearful and jealous, perpetually deſirous of cutting ſomebody's throat, extorting money, or making new conqueſts! pleaſures were no longer ſuch to me, I had loſt the reliſh of them, and yet greedily coveted them: But you, who are a philoſopher, tell me, was your condition unhappy when I ſold you into bondage?

Plato. In my bondage I enjoy'd the ſame repoſe which you did at Corinth, with this difference however, that I had the ſatisfaction of ſuffering for the ſake of virtue, thro' the injuſtice of a tyrant; and you were a tyrant ſhamefully diſpoſſeſs'd of your power.

Dionyſius. Well I ſee that I get nothing by talking to you; if ever I return again upon earth, I'll either chuſe a private ſtation, or I'll make myſelf be beloved by the people who are in ſubjection under me.

DIALOGUE XXII.

PLATO, ARISTOTLE.

A critical diſſertation upon the philoſophy of Ariſtotle, and the ſolidity of Plato's eternal ideas.

Ariſtotle. HAVE you forgotten your *quondam* diſciple? do you not know me now?

Plato. How ſhould I ſee any thing of a diſciple of mine in you? you made it your whole buſineſs to ſeem the maſter of the whole ſchool of philoſophers, and endeavoured to deface the memory of all thoſe who preceded you.

Ariſtotle. That's becauſe I ſtarted ſome new notions, and explained them very diſtinctly; I never entered into a poetical ſtyle in ſearching for the ſublime, nor ran into fuſtian: I never talked of your eternal ideas.

Plato. All that you advanced was taken out of other books, which you endeavoured to ſuppreſs. I muſt confeſs that you writ in a neat, cloſe, and pure ſtyle, but at the ſame time dry, and incapable of making any one ſenſible of divine truths. As for my eternal ideas, you may laugh at them as much as you pleaſe, but you can't do without them, if you wou'd draw any certain concluſions. How can you affirm or deny any one thing of another, unleſs you have fixed unchangeable ideas of both theſe things? What is our reaſon but our ideas? if our reaſon may be altered, ſo may our ideas too: to-day the whole would be bigger than a part, to-morrow the faſhion

of

of that notion would be changed, and then a part would be bigger than the whole. Theſe eternal ideas, which you now would ridicule, are the firſt principles of reaſon; which are ſtill the ſame. Far from being able to form any judgment of theſe firſt truths, we are judged by them, and they ſet us to rights whenever we err. If I ſay any thing that is extravagant, other men immediately laugh at it, and I am aſhamed. The cauſe of this is, that my reaſon, and that of my neighbours, in ſpite of me, ſets me to rights, and which, like a ſtraight rule, amends a crooked line which might have been drawn thus for want of tracing things back to their ideas, which are the firſt and plain notions of every thing. You never had any principles ſolid enough, and therefore always walked in the dark.

Ariſtotle. Is there any thing more plain than my morals?

Plato. I own that they are plain and fine; your logick is ſubtle, methodical, exact, and ingenious, but your phyſicks are nothing but a heap of abſtruſe terms of art, and empty names, fit to ſatisfy thoſe minds which can be ſatisfied with bare words, and will fancy that they underſtand that which they know nothing of. On this occaſion you would ſtand in need of clear ideas, to avoid that fuſtian which you upbraid others with: an ignorant man of ſenſe will acknowledge that he does not know what your *firſt matter* is, but one of your diſciples thinks that he has

told us wonders, and certainly ſatisfied us, when he tells us 'tis *neque quid, neque quale, neque quantum*, &c. With ſuch a jargon a man fancies himſelf a great philoſopher, and deſpiſes the vulgar. The Epicureans, who came after you, have argued with more reaſon than you, upon the motion and form of thoſe little bodies, which by their uniting, frame the compoſed bodies. In their natural philoſophy you find ſeveral probable hypotheſes: true, they never traced things back to the idea and nature of theſe particles, or little bodies; they never prove any thing, but draw all their concluſions from hypothetical poſitions. This philoſophy, in its principles, is indeed a mere fiction, yet does it explain the nature of many things; your phyſics do not deſerve the name of philoſophy, they are only an out of the way jargon. Tireſias threatens you, that the day ſhall come when other philoſophers ſhall turn you out of the ſchools in which you ſhall have reigned for many ages, and your reputation at once will fall from its towering height.

Ariſtotle. I was willing to conceal the elements of my natural philoſophy, that made me wrap it up thus.

Plato. And you have ſucceeded ſo very well, that few underſtand you; and thoſe few that do, ſay you have no meaning.

Ariſtotle. I had not time to ſearch into the truth of every thing, and to make all the experiments myſelf.

Plato. No ſoul ever had ſo fair an opportunity

tunity as yourſelf; you could make uſe of Alexander's money and authority: had I had the ſame advantage, I ſhould have made ſome curious diſcoveries.

Ariſtotle. You ſhould have been complaiſant to Dionyſius the tyrant, and then you might have had the ſame advantages.

Plato. But I was neither a courtier nor a flatterer; but did not you, who think that princes ought to be managed by complaiſance, loſe the favour of your diſciples by your ambitious enterprizes?

Ariſtotle. Alas, I did! and even here below, though ſometimes he uſes me with the ſame confidence as he did one while on earth, yet at other times he does not know me, and will ſcarce condeſcend to look upon me.

Plato. That is becauſe he did not meet with the ſame morality in your conduct, which he did in your writings. Confeſs the truth, you did not bear the leaſt reſemblance to the magnanimous hero which you deſcribe.

Ariſtotle. And did not you treat of the contempt we ought to have for all earthly fleeting things, when at the ſame time you lived ſplendidly.

Plato. I confeſs it; but then I was a man of note, yet I lived with moderation and honour, and though deſtitute of authority, and free from ambition, yet revered by the Grecians: but the Stagyrite philoſopher, who came to confound and turn every thing topſy turvy in his diſciples kingdom, is, conſidered in a philoſophical light, a very odious fellow.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

ALEXANDER, ARISTOTLE.

Let the natural endowments of a young prince be never ſo great, he is always in danger, unleſs he drives all flatterers far from him, and accuſtoms himſelf betimes to govern his own paſſions, and to love thoſe who have courage enough to tell him the truth.

Ariſtotle. I AM heartily glad to meet with my diſciple; how glorious a thing it is for me to have inſtructed the conqueror of the whole world?

Alexander. Dear Ariſtotle, I am heartily glad to ſee you again; I had not ſet eyes upon you ſince I left Macedon: but you know very well that I never forgot you even in the midſt of my conqueſts?

Ariſtotle. Do you remember the time when you was ſo lovely a youth?

Alexander. Yes; methinks I am ſtill at Pella, or at Pydne, and your coming from Stagyra to inſtruct me in philoſophy.

Ariſtotle. But you forgot my precepts, when your heart was ſwelled with your too great proſperity.

Alexander. I confeſs it, and you are not unacquainted with my ſincerity; now that I am only the ſhade of Alexander, I can plainly ſee that Alexander was too proud and too haughty for a mortal.

Ariſtotle. You did not take my hero for a pattern.

Alexander. No, indeed, your hero was a mere pedant, nothing true or natural in his character, but in every thing affected and over-ſtrained.

Ariſtotle. And was not you over-ſtrained in your heroiſm? when you were told that there was a plurality of worlds, you wept becauſe you had not as yet conquered one of them; you ſubdued large kingdoms, only to reſtore them to their own monarchs, and ravaged the whole earth that you might be talked of; alone you ſcaled the walls of an hoſtile town, and wou'd fain have paſſed for a deity: was not this being overſtrained?

Alexander. So, I am come to ſchool again, and you ſet every truth before me, as you were wont to do at Pella; it had not been ſafe to have talked thus to me on the banks of Euphrates, but on the Stygian ſhore, we can with patience hear a cenſor ſpeak. But tell me, Ariſtotle, for I think you know every thing, how comes it about that ſeveral princes ſhould have ſomething ſo wonderous in them during their infancy, yet when the time comes that they ſhould make uſe of all thoſe good maxims which they have learnt, they then forget them? Of what profit is it that in their youth they ſhould talk like parrots, to approve of every thing that in itſelf is good: but as they grow up, and come into the world, reaſon, which ought to grow up with them, ſeems to fly far from them!

Ariſtotle. Such a wondrous youth was you; with how much politeneſs did you converſe with the ambaſſadors in your father Philip's court! you were then a lover of learning, you took delight in poetry. Homer charmed you, and your heart was inflamed when you met with the virtuous and glorious actions of heroes. When you made yourſelf maſter of Thebes, you reſpected the houſe of Pindarus, and when you entered Aſia, you went to viſit the tomb of Achilles, and the ruins of Troy. All theſe are demonſtrations of a humane and laudable inclination, which again you ſhew'd, when you truſted your life in the hands of Philip the phyſician; but eſpecially when you uſed the family of Darius with ſuch tenderneſs, the dying king comforted himſelf with the hopes of your being a father to his family. This is what a good natural diſpoſition, improved by philoſophy, made you do; the reſt of your actions I'll paſs over.

Alexander. No, no, ſpeak them, ſpeak them boldly, Ariſtotle; complaiſance would now be ridiculous.

Ariſtotle. Your luxury and ſoftneſs, your ſuſpicion and cruelty, your rage, and the violent paſſion you flew into againſt your friends, your liſtening ſo credulouſly to flatterers who would perſuade you that you was a God—

Alexander. Oh! forbear. Wou'd to heaven I had died after having conquer'd Darius.

Ariſtotle. What before you had overcome the reſt of the Eaſt?

Alex-

Alexander. I acquired leſs honour by the victory, than I did ſhame in ſinking beneath the weight of proſperity, and forgetting that I was a man. But tell me, why are we ſo wiſe during our infancy, and ſo unreaſonable when we ought to be wiſe?

Ariſtotle. Becauſe that whilſt young, you are inſtructed, encouraged, and corrected by juſt and honeſt men; but when you grow up, you abandon yourſelves to the mercy of the three worſt enemies, preſumption, paſſion, and flatterers.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

ALEXANDER and CLITUS.

The fatal weakneſs of princes will not ſuffer their loyal ſervants to ſpeak ſincerely to them, when they would admoniſh them of their faults.

Clitus. SAVE you, great king, how long have you been come down to theſe dark abodes?

Alexander. For heaven's ſake, Clitus, retire; I cannot bear thy ſight which thus upbraids me with my fault.

Clitus. Pluto has ordered that I ſhould ſtill remain before thy eyes as a puniſhment for your having unjuſtly ſlain me: I am ſorry for't; for ſpite of what you have done, I ſtill love you, bnt I never more muſt leave you.

Alex-

Alexander. O cruel company! muſt I always behold a man who upbraids me with a fault, the remembrance of which fills me with confuſion?

Clitus. I can look on my murderer, and cannot you look upon the man whom you have ſlain? I find that great men are nicer than others, they would ſee no one but ſuch as look pleaſed, can flatter, and pretend to admire them; 'tis in vain to be nice upon the Stygian ſhore: you ought to have forgot this quality, when you were deprived of royalty; you have nothing left to beſtow here, and conſequently you'll meet with no flatterers.

Alexander. Curſed misfortune! on earth I was a God; here, nothing but an empty ſhadow, and mercileſs ghoſts upbraid me with my crimes.

Clitus. Why did you commit them then?

Alexander. When I ſlew you, I was overcome with wine.

Clitus. A fine excuſe for a hero and a God! that he who ought to have ſenſe and reaſon enough to govern the whole world, ſhould by drunkenneſs loſe his reaſon, and make himſelf like a ſavage brute! But confeſs the truth, you were more intoxicated by paſſion and vain-glory, than you were by wine; you could not bear me, becauſe I condemned your vanity, for ſuffering divine honours to be paid you, and for forgetting the ſervice that had been done you? Anſwer me, I am not afraid of being murdered by you now.

Alex-

Alexander. Ye cruel Gods! why cannot I be revenged of you? but alas! I cannot even be revenged of the ſhadow of Clitus, which brutally inſults me.

Clitus. You are as paſſionate, and as fiery, as when upon earth; but nobody fears you here below; I can only pity you.

Alexander. Gods! and is the great Alexander fallen ſo low, as to be pitied by that ſlave Clitus? why is it not in my power to kill either him or myſelf?

Clitus. They are both out of your power; ſhades never die: you are now immortal, but not in the ſame manner as you pretended to be; you are now a ſhadow like myſelf, and like the pooreſt of mankind: here are no provinces to ravage, no kings to trample under foot, no palaces to burn in your drunken fits, and no credulous fools to believe the ridiculous fables you might tell them, when you boaſt of being the ſon of Jupiter.

Alexander. You uſe me as you would the worſt of wretches!

Clitus. Far from it; I look on you as a noble conqueror, whoſe natural diſpoſition was excellent in itſelf, but corrupted by the greatneſs of your ſucceſs. Are you offended, becauſe I tell you the truth? if truth be ſo offenſive, return on earth, and ſeek your flatterers.

Alexander. Of what ſervice is all my glory, if Clitus himſelf can rail at me?

Clitus. 'Twas your paſſions that caſt a blemiſh on your glory, whilſt you were alive; would

would you recover it here, be modeſt amongſt the ſhades, who can be neither gainers nor loſers by you.

Alexander. But you told me that you loved me.

Clitus. I did your perſon, but not your faults.

Alexander. If you love me, ſpare me!

Clitus. 'Tis becauſe I love you that I do not ſpare you. When you appeared ſo chaſte before the wife and daughter of Darius, when you ſhew'd ſo much generous compaſſion for that conquer'd prince, you were praiſe-worthy, and then I praiſed you: but your proſperity has made you unmindful of your true glory.

DIALOGUE XXV.

ALEXANDER and DIOGENES.

Flattery is deſtructive to princes.

Diogenes. IS that Alexander, whom I ſee amongſt the dead?

Alexander. The ſame indeed, Diogenes.

Diogenes. How! and do Gods then die?

Alexander. Not Gods, Diogenes, but men do who are by nature mortal.

Diogenes. And do you then believe yourſelf a mere man?

Alexander. And do you think it poſſible that

that I could entertain any other thought of myſelf now?

Diogenes. You are very modeſt after death; had you been ſo in your life-time, your glory would have been unſully'd.

Alexander. Wherein did I ever ſo far forget myſelf?

Diogenes. Can you aſk the queſtion, who when ſprung from a glorious king, who conquered all Greece, you pretended that you were the ſon of Jupiter; thoſe only were welcome, who told you that Olympias had embraced a ſerpent, and you rather choſe to have that monſter for your father, than to be deſcended from a long race of Macedonian kings, becauſe in ſuch a race there was nothing but what was human. Did not you ſuffer the groſs and infamous flattery of the prieſteſs of Jupiter Ammon, when ſhe anſwered, that you blaſphemed in ſuppoſing that your father could be murder'd? you made uſe of the wholeſome advice, and took great care never more to be guilty of the like impiety. You had not ſtrength enough to bear the weight of all thoſe bleſſings, which heaven had beſtowed upon you.

Alexander. And can you think, Diogenes, that I was mad enough to believe all theſe ridiculous fables?

Diogenes. Why then did you authorize them?

Alexander. Becauſe they authorized me. I deſpiſed them, yet made uſe of them, becauſe

cauſe they gave me an abſolute power over mankind. Thoſe who would not have car'd a pin for the ſon of Philip, trembled before the ſon of Jove. The people muſt be deceiv'd. Truth has but a very ſlender power over their minds: fiction, an almighty one. The anſwer of that prieſteſs which you now deride, has been of more ſervice to me, in my conqueſts, than my courage or prudence. We muſt know mankind, fit ourſelves to their tempers, and lead them thro' thoſe paths in which they are able to walk.

Diogenes. Men of the character you are now deſcribing deſerve to be deſpis'd, as much as the fiction of which they are ſo fond. That you might be eſteem'd by ſuch vile men, you have had recourſe to falſhood, which has made you more worthleſs than any of them.

DIALOGUE XXVI.

DIOGENES and the ELDER DIONYSIUS.

A prince, whoſe happineſs conſiſts in the gratification of his appetites and pleaſures, can neither be truly bleſs'd in this world, nor in the next.

Elder Dionyſius. I Am glad to meet with a man of your fame. Alexander, ſince his coming hither, has talk'd to me about you.

Diogenes. As for you, I had heard too much

of your fame upon earth; you made the ſame noiſe as an impetuous torrent, which bears down all before it.

Elder Dionyſius. And is it poſſible that you could be happy in your tub?

Diogenes. A certain mark of my being happy there, was my never ſeeking for any thing farther, and even my deſpiſing the offers which the young Macedonian, whom you juſt now mention'd, made me. But confeſs the truth, you was not happy in the poſſeſſion of Syracuſe and Sicily, ſince you endeavour'd to make yourſelf maſter of all Italy.

Elder Dionyſius. Your moderation was nothing but vanity and diſſembled virtue.

Diogenes. Your ambition, folly, and a towring pride which could not act with juſtice, either towards yourſelf or others.

Elder Dionyſius. You grow bold.

Diogenes. Do you imagine that you can ſtill play the tyrant here?

Elder Dionyſius. Alas! I am but too ſenſible that I cannot. I held the people of Syracuſe, as I have often made my boaſt, in diamond chains; but the cruel fates cut thoſe chains with the thread of my life.

Diogenes. I hear you ſigh, and am perſuaded that you alſo ſigh'd when in the height of all your glory. As for my part, I never ſigh'd whilſt in my tub; nor need I do it now, ſince I have left nothing on earth worth ſighing for. O poor tyrant! how much have you loſt by being rich! how much has Di-

ogenes

ogenes gain'd by being in poſſeſſion of nothing!

Elder Dionyſius. All kinds of pleaſures offer'd themſelves to me; my muſic was wonderous fine, my table exquiſite, and my ſlaves without number. I had perfumes, gold and ſilver furniture, pictures, ſtatues, ſhews of all kinds, men of wit to converſe with and flatter me, and armies to overcome all my enemies.

Diogenes. Add to this ſuſpicions, fears, alarms, jealouſy and rage, which prevented your enjoying all thoſe things you have named.

Elder Dionyſius. I confeſs it; but would you have had me liv'd in a tub?

Diogenes. Could not you live like other men, peaceably in your own houſe, and delight in the ſtudy of philoſophy? But is it true, that in the midſt of your pleaſures you always fancied that you ſaw a naked ſword hanging over your head?

Elder Dionyſius, Let's talk no more on't; you want to inſult me.

Diogenes. Will you permit me to ask you another queſtion, more home than the former?

Elder Dionyſius. I muſt permit it as far as I ſee; for I know no means which I am now maſter of, that will prevent you.

Diogenes. Did you promiſe rewards to all thoſe who ſhould invent new pleaſures? ſurely you muſt be violently greedy after pleaſure; but how ſtrangely were you deceiv'd! you turn'd every thing topſy-turvy in your own kingdom, with a deſign to make yourſelf happy;

happy; yet were miſerable at the ſame time for want of new delights.

Elder Dionyſius. I was obliged to have new ones invented, when the old ones grew inſipid, and loſt their reliſh.

Diogenes. And thus all nature was not able to ſatisfy you. Where then could you hope to meet with any thing that could content your violent paſſions? but tell me, could theſe new pleaſures cure you of your ſuſpicions, and ſtifle the remorſes of conſcience, which upbraided you with your crimes?

Elder Dionyſius. No; but thoſe who are ſick, ſeek any means of aſſuaging their pains; they try the efficacy of new remedies to cure them, and to reſtore their loſt ſtomachs.

Diogenes. So you had loſt your ſtomach, and was half-ſtarv'd at the ſame time; you loath'd what you had, and was greedy after what you could not come at. A fine ſtate indeed, and which you labour'd hard to acquire and preſerve! an excellent recipe this, to make one happy! how can you preſume to laugh at my tub, where a little bread and water, and the ſunſhine ſatisfied me? when we know how to reliſh theſe plain and natural pleaſures, we are never without ſuch delights as cannot grow loathſome; but when we deſpiſe them, in vain we poſſeſs riches and power, for we can enjoy nothing.

Elder Dionyſius. This truth is very afflicting, when I reflect on my ſon, whom I have left to tyrannize after me. I had better have

bred him up a poor tradeſman, ſatisfy'd with a very little, and able to bear the ſtrokes of adverſe fortune; then would he have met with ſome ſolid pleaſures, which nature affords thoſe who are placed in a mean ſtate.

Diogenes. To give him a good ſtomach, he ſhould be obliged to faſt; and to rid him of the trouble which his ſumptuous palace gives him, he ſhould be ſent to live in the tub, which ſince my death ſtands empty.

Elder Dionyſius. And he'll never be able to maintain that power which has coſt me ſo much trouble in procuring.

Diogenes. How is it poſſible that a man bred up in the midſt of effeminate pleaſures, and a too great proſperity, ſhould know any thing? ſcarce is he capable of taſting any delight, even when it falls in his way; every body muſt torment themſelves to divert him.

DIALOGUE XXVII.

PYRRHO and his Neighbour.

The falſity and abſurdity of Pyrrhoniſm.

Neighbour. A Good day to you, Pyrrho! they ſay that you have a great number of diſciples, and that your ſchool is grown very famous; will you receive me in it, and inſtruct me?

Pyrrho. I think I will.

Neighbour.

Neighbour. What makes you ſay *I think?* don't you know your own mind? If you don't I can't imagine who ſhould; or pray now, what is it that you do know? you, who paſs for ſo very learned a man?

Pyrrho. Who I; I know nothing.

Neighbour. What do people learn then, by attending your lectures?

Pyrrho. Nothing at all.

Neighbour. Why do they attend them then?

Pyrrho. To be convinced that they know nothing. Is not that an excellent piece of knowledge, to be ſatisfy'd that one knows nothing?

Neighbour. Indeed I think not: the ignorant unpoliſh'd peaſant is ſenſible of his ignorance; yet is he neither a philoſopher nor a wiſe man; He is convinced of his ignorance, far more than you are of yours, ſeeing that by this affectation of ignorance, you ſet yourſelf above the reſt of mankind. This pretended ignorance of yours does not hinder your being preſumptuous; whereas, the clown, ſenſible of his ignorance, really and ſincerely miſtruſts himſelf in every thing.

Pyrrho. The clown thinks himſelf ignorant of thoſe things only which are too ſublime for his underſtanding, and which require application and ſtudy; but he does not know that he is ignorant of his walking, ſpeaking, or living: I, for my part, am ignorant of all theſe things, and this ignorance is founded on elementary principles.

Neighbour. And are you really ignorant of all theſe things? fine principles, indeed, to have none at all!

Pyrrho. Yes, I do not know that I live, or have a being; in ſhort, I am ignorant of every one thing without exception.

Neighbour. But don't you know that you have the faculty of thinking.

Pyrrho. I do not know it.

Neighbour. To be ignorant of every thing, is always to be in doubt, and never certain in any thing: is not that true?

Pyrrho. It is, if any thing can be ſo.

Neighbour. To be ignorant, and to doubt, you acknowledge are the ſame thing; and again, to doubt, and to think, are the ſame: from whence I conclude, that your ignorance, and doubt, are certain proofs of your having the faculty of thinking: And there is ſomething certain, ſeeing that your very doubt of it proves the certainty of your thinking.

Pyrrho. But I am ignorant even of my ignorance; now you are finely caught.

Neighbour. If you are ſo, why do you talk of it then? why defend, why teach it your diſciples, and endeavour to perſuade'em out of every thing they have hitherto believ'd? If you are ignorant even of your ignorance, you muſt never read lectures upon it, nor deſpiſe thoſe who think themſelves acquainted with truth.

Pyrrho. Our whole life can be nothing but one continued dream: perhaps at the inſtant

of

of death, we ſhall awake, and then ſee all that we believ'd real, was nothing but a dream: as a man who awakes on the ſudden, finds all thoſe phantoms vaniſh'd, which during his dream, he fancy'd that he ſaw and touch'd.

Neighbour. You are afraid then that you ſleep and dream with your eyes open; when you talk of any thing, you ſay perhaps, but even this perhaps denotes a thought. Here nightly viſions muſt be the viſions of a dreaming man; 'tis therefore certain that you dream, and dreaming cannot be the action of a thoughtleſs being. A thing which does not exiſt, can neither ſleep, dream, doubt, deceive it ſelf, be ignorant of every thing, nor ſay perhaps: thus ſpite of yourſelf you muſt know ſomething, and let the worſt come to the worſt, muſt acknowledge that you are a thinking dreaming being.

Pyrrho. This ſubtlety is perplexing: you may be gone, I'll admit no ſuch ſubtle troubleſome diſciple into my ſchool.

Neighbour. You will, and then you will not. Every thing, indeed, that you ſay, or do, gives the lye to your affected doubt. Your ſect is a ſect of lyars; and I can aſſure you, that if you won't have me for a diſciple, I am even with you, and would by no means have you for a maſter.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

PYRRHUS and DEMETRIUS-POLIORCETES.

Temperance and virtue, not conqueſt and ſucceſs, make the hero.

Demetrius. I Am come to ſalute the greateſt hero, Alexander excepted, that ever Greece produced.

Pyrrhus. Is not that Demetrius, it ſhould be he by the picture that has been given me of him.

Demetrius. Have you heard any mention made of the great wars which I have been oblig'd to carry on?

Pyrrhus. Yes; but I have at the ſame time heard mention made of your ſoftneſs, and effeminacy during the time of peace.

Demetrius. My great actions have made ſufficient amends for that fault.

Pyrrhus. In all the wars that I waged, I was ſtill the ſame: I ſhew'd the Romans that I knew how to aſſiſt my allies; for when they attack'd the Tarentini, I went to their aſſiſtance, with a formidable army, and made the Romans feel the weight of my arm.

Demetrius. But Fabricius at length overcame you with eaſe enough; and the whole world might ſee that your troops were not to be compar'd to the Roman forces. Your elephants gain'd you the victory in the firſt battle,

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by ſpreading confuſion amongſt the Romans, who were not accuſtom'd to this manner of fighting: of the ſecond combat, you made a drawn battle; but in the third the Romans gain'd a compleat victory; you were obliged to return to Epirus, and at laſt you dy'd by a woman's hand.

Pyrrhus. I died in combat; but for your part, your gormandizing and debauches, brought you to the grave. I own that you have carried on many a dangerous war, in which you came off with advantage; but you were follow'd to theſe wars by a company of courtezans, as a ſhepherd is by his flock. For my part, I always appear'd unmov'd even in my misfortunes; and in this I think I excell'd Alexander.

Demetrius. And would you compare your entering into Italy, and being obliged to leave it ſhamefully, to his paſſing the Danube upon goat-ſkins, forcing his paſſage over the Granicus, with a few ſoldiers, againſt an innumerable hoſt of oppoſing enemies; to his always over-coming the Perſians, whether in defiles, or open pitch'd battles, and taking their towns; and in ſhort to his penetrating even into India, and making himſelf maſter of all Aſia.

Pyrrhus. Theſe great conqueſts of Alexander were the cauſe of his death: for 'tis ſaid, that Antipater, whom he had left at Macedon, in hopes of inheriting all his dominions, had him poiſoned at Babylon.

Demetrius. His hope proved vain, and my father ſhewed him that he had to do with better men than himſelf.

Pyrrhus. I muſt confeſs, I ſhewed Alexander a bad example; my deſign was to conquer Italy, and his, to make himſelf maſter of the whole world: but he had been far happier, had he ſtayed at Macedon, than he was, when like a madman he over-ran all Aſia.

DIALOGUE XXIX.

DEMOSTHENES, CICERO.

A parallel drawn between thoſe two orators, wherein the character of true eloquence is given.

Cicero. AND ſo you would have it, that I was but an indifferent orator?

Demoſthenes. I do not ſay an indifferent one; for 'tis not an ordinary perſon that I would boaſt of having excelled: doubtleſs, you were a famous orator, a man of excellent parts; but you often wandered from your purpoſe, which to keep cloſe up to, is the greateſt degree of perfection in oratory.

Cicero. I ſuppoſe that you had no faults at all.

Demoſthenes. In oratory, I think, I can be upbraided with none.

Cicero.

Cicero. And would you compare the richneſs of your genius, to mine? your diſcourſes were always dry and unadorned, confined to narrow limits: you never enlarged on any ſubject. You uſed ſo ſhort, or if I may be allowed the expreſſion, ſo hungry a way of talking, that one dares not retrench a word from your diſcourſes; whereas the copiouſneſs of mine, ſhews a richneſs and fertility of genius, which was the occaſion of its being juſtly ſaid, that nothing could be added to my works.

Demoſthenes. Where nothing can be retrenched, nothing but what was abſolutely neceſſary has been ſaid.

Cicero. And where nothing can be added, nothing certainly is omitted, that can embelliſh the work.

Demoſthenes. Your works abound with more flaſhes of wit than mine, and that's the reaſon you value yourſelf above me; is it not?

Cicero. Yes, my diſcourſes are infinitely more adorned than yours; there's much more wit, turn, art, and eaſe in them; I can dreſs the ſame thing up in twenty different forms. Whilſt the people were liſtening to my orations, they were continually admiring my wit, and ſurpriſed with my art; they ſhouted and often interrupted me, to applaud and praiſe me: I ſuppoſe that you were liſtened to with attention, and probably your hearers never interrupted you.

Demoſthenes. What you ſay is true, and you are miſtaken only in the concluſion you draw:

you

you filled the aſſembly with thoughts of yourſelf; I, with thoughts of the buſineſs I was talking of. Your hearers admired you, mine were taken up with reſolutions of doing what I was perſuading them to. Your flaſhes of wit pleaſed, my words like thunderbolts bore every thing down before them. Your audience cryed out, how nobly he talks! Mine, come, let us march againſt Philip. They praiſed you, but were too elevated to praiſe me. Your orations were adorned, mine without any ornament. I had nothing in my diſcourſe but ſtrong, plain and cloſe reaſons, from whence I drew concluſions, as piercing as the lightning which cannot be reſiſted. When you were plain, grave, auſtere, without any apparent art; in ſhort when you were Demoſthenick, you were a perfect orator: but when wit, turns, and art appeared in your diſcourſes, you were then barely Cicero, and you erred from perfection, whenever you ſtrayed from my character.

DIALOGUE XXX.

DEMOSTHENES, CICERO.

The difference between an orator and a true philoſopher.

Cicero. IN my opinion you are but little the better for having lived in Plato's days, and been his diſciple.

Demoſthenes. Did you never obſerve any thing in my orations, you have read them ſo carefully, that ſavoured of Plato's maxims, and his manner of perſuading?

Cicero. You miſtake my meaning: you were certainly the greateſt orator that ever Greece produced, but then you were nothing but an orator. As for me, who never knew any thing of Plato but in his writings, and who lived three hundred years after his time, I endeavoured to imitate him in his philoſophy: I brought the Romans acquainted with it, and was the firſt who introduced that manner of writing amongſt them. In ſhort, I endeavoured as much as poſſibly I could to join eloquence and philoſophy together in the ſame perſon.

Demoſthenes. And ſo you believe that you have been a very great philoſopher?

Cicero. He is a philoſopher who loves wiſdom, and endeavours to make himſelf learned and virtuous; and, without vanity, I think that I deſerve the title.

Demoſthenes. Of an orator, you do; for you have been the moſt famous of your nation, and even the Greeks who lived in your time admired you: but for that of a philoſopher, you muſt pardon me, 'tis not ſo eaſily acquired.

Cicero. You don't know how much trouble it coſt me, my daily toils, and nightly watchings, my meditations, the books which I have read, the maſters whom I have attended, and the treatiſes which I have written.

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Demoſthenes. All this does not make you a philoſopher.

Cicero. What will then?

Demoſthenes. You muſt do what you fleeringly ſaid of Cato, ſtudy philoſophy, not barely with a deſign to diſcover the truth of things, and to be able to argue as moſt men do, but to practiſe it alſo.

Cicero. And did I not do it? did I not live up to the doctrines of Plato and Ariſtotle, which I had embraced.

Demoſthenes. Let Ariſtotle alone; perhaps I cannot allow of his being a philoſopher; I can entertain no great opinion of a Grecian always engaged to a king, nay to Philip; and as for the maxims of Plato, I'll maintain that you never followed them.

Cicero. During my youth, and even the greateſt part of my days, I muſt confeſs that I led the active and laborious life of thoſe whom Plato calls politicians; but when the ſtate of my country was changed, and I could no longer be uſeful to it by being at the helm of affairs, I endeavoured to ſerve it by my knowledge of the ſciences; and for that purpoſe retired to my country-ſeat, and ſpent my time in the contemplation and ſtudy of truth.

Demoſthenes. That is to ſay, philoſophy was your Piſ-aller, and when you could no longer have any ſhare in the adminiſtration, you endeavoured to diſtinguiſh yourſelf by your learning: ſo that 'twas your own glory, more than virtue, that you aimed at.

Cicero.

Cicero. To ſpeak the truth, I always loved glory as the neceſſary conſequence of virtue.

Demoſthenes. Rather ſay, you coveted a great deal of glory, and very little virtue.

Cicero. What grounds have you for judging ſo ill of me?

Demoſthenes. Your own orations; for at the ſame time that you ſet up for a philoſopher, did not you make thoſe fine ſpeeches, in which you flattered your tyrant Cæſar more groſly, than ever Philip was flattered by his ſlaves? and yet it is very well known how little you loved him: and this, your letters written during his life-time to Atticus, and produced after his death, ſufficiently ſhewed.

Cicero. 'Tis abſolutely neceſſary to ſuit one's ſelf to the times, and to ſooth a tyrant, leſt he ſhould grow more tyrannical.

Demoſthenes. Spoken like an excellent orator, but very poorly for a philoſopher! But, pray now what came of your philoſophy after Cæſar's death? What was it that obliged you to engage yourſelf in ſtate-affairs again?

Cicero. The Roman people, who looked on me as on the only prop and defence of their country.

Demoſthenes. Your vanity perſuaded you ſo, and made you at laſt the bubble of a young fellow. But to return to the point; you have always been an orator, never a philoſopher.

Cicero. And was you ever any thing elſe?

Demoſthenes. No, nor never pretended to it, I deceived no body; for I was ſoon ſenſible

that I must take to the study of rhetorick or philosophy; either of them was sufficient to employ a man's time. A thirst of glory always swayed me, and I thought it a fine thing to govern a whole people by my eloquence; and when I was only a citizen, and a tradesman's son, to be able to resist the power of Philip: I had a value for the liberty of Greece, and for the public weal; but I must confess that I had a greater value for myself, and was very sensible of the pleasure of receiving a garland on the public theatre, and of having my statue erected with a beautiful inscription. Now I can behold things in a quite different light, and am convinced of the truth of what Socrates said to Gorgias, "That eloquence was not so fine a "thing as he thought, should it even gain its "end, and make a man absolute master of the "commonwealth." This is a pitch we both arrived at, yet acknowledge the truth, we neither of us were the happier for it.

Cicero. Our lives, I own, have been filled with toils and dangers; scarce had I pleaded for Roscius, when I was obliged to fly into Greece to avoid Sylla's anger. The accusation of Verres also raised me up a great many enemies. During my consulship, the time of my greatest glory, I was exposed to the greatest toils, and greatest dangers. Several times my life was manifestly hazarded, and the hatred that I then drew upon me, ended in my exile. In short, my eloquence caus'd my death, and had I not employed it so much against Anthony,

thony, I ſhou'd ſtill be alive. I make no mention of your misfortunes, 'twou'd be in vain to recal 'em to mind; but I think we may both blame the deſtinies, or rather our hard fortunes which brought us into the world in ſo corrupt an age, that we cou'd neither reform our republicks, nor prevent their ruins.

Demoſthenes. Our judgments, not our fortunes, are to be blamed, we undertook an impoſſible thing; for it was not the people who forced us to take the adminiſtration of affairs upon ourſelves, nor did our births engage us in it. I can forgive a prince who is born to the throne, for governing a ſtate which the Gods have entruſted to his care, as well as poſſibly he can, becauſe by his birth he is obliged to do it: nor can he diſengage himſelf, let the ſtate be in never ſo bad a condition. But a private man ought to think of nothing but governing himſelf and his family; he ought never to covet public offices, or endeavour to attain them. If they force them upon him, he may accept of them for the love he bears his country. But as ſoon as his hands are tied up from doing good, and that his citizens will neither be governed by law nor reaſon, he ought to return to his own private ſtation, and deplore thoſe publick misfortunes which we cannot prevent.

Cicero. So in your reckoning my friend Pomponius Atticus was wiſer than myſelf, or even than Cato whom we have ſo much cry'd up.

Demoſthenes. Doubtleſs Atticus was a true philoſopher: Cato was too obſtinately bent up-

on the redreſſing the grievances of a people who at the ſame time were reſolved to loſe their liberties, and you too eaſily yielded to the fortune of Cæſar; at leaſt you did not preſerve your dignity as you ought to have done.

Cicero. But is not eloquence a fine thing, and a noble gift of the Gods?

Demoſthenes. If you conſider it in itſelf, it is a fine thing, but often corrupted in the uſe of it, when employed in flattering the paſſions of the people, and gratifying our own: and what elſe did we, when we declaim'd with ſo many bitter invectives, I againſt Midias or Eſchinus, and you againſt Piſo, Vatinius, or Anthony? How often have our paſſions and intereſts obliged us to ſin againſt juſtice and truth? the true uſe of elegance is to ſet truth in its faireſt light, and to incline others to follow their greateſt intereſt; that is, to cultivate juſtice and all other virtues. This is the uſe that Plato has made of his eloquence, in which neither of us has follow'd his example.

DIALOGUE XXXI.

CORIOLANUS and CAMILLUS.

Men are not born independant of, but ſubject to the laws of the country in which they are born and bred, and have, during their infancy, been protected.

Coriolanus. YOU have been ſenſible of the ingratitude of your country, as well as myſelf: How fooliſh a thing is it

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to ſerve a uſeleſs people? confeſs this freely, and excuſe thoſe who grow impatient.

Camillus. I cannot excuſe thoſe who riſe up in arms againſt their own country; we may retire, give way to injuſtice, and wait for more favourable times, but 'tis impious to take up arms againſt our mother.

Coriolanus. Thoſe fine names of mother, and of country, are nothing but mere names; men are born free and independent. Societies, with their ſeveral ſubordinations and polities, are nothing but human inſtitutions, which never can deſtroy man's eſſential liberty. If the ſociety to which we belong grow unjuſt and faithleſs, we no longer depend upon it, but are again reſtored to our own natural freedom, and are at liberty to chuſe another ſociety more reaſonable than the former, where we may enjoy ſome repoſe, as a traveller who goes from town to town as his humour and convenience directs him. All theſe fine ideas of one's country, were firſt implanted by inſinuating ambitious minds, who are deſirous of lording it over others. Our legiſlators would perſuade us ſtrange things, but for all this we muſt ſtill have recourſe to natural right, which makes every man free and independent; for each man, being born in this ſtate of independence on any other, pawns his liberty, and enters into a ſociety of men upon condition that he ſhall be juſtly dealt by. When the ſociety fails in the execution of this condition, that private man is again reſtored to his freedom, and the whole

earth belongs to him as well as to any other; he has nothing to do, but to preſerve himſelf from the invaſion of any ſuperior power, and to enjoy his liberty.

Camillus. So, ſince your deſcent hither, you are grown a ſubtle philoſopher; they ſay, that whilſt among the living, you were not ſo much addicted to arguing: but are you not ſenſible of your error? This covenant with a ſociety may be ſomewhat probable, when a man chuſes a country to live in; and yet he is liable to be puniſhed by the laws of that nation, provided he be admitted into the ſociety, and deviates from the cuſtoms and morals of their republic: but children who are born in a country, are not at their liberty to chuſe one; the Gods have given them one, or rather have given them to ſuch a ſociety of men, which is their country, that this country may poſſeſs them, govern them, reward them, or puniſh them, as her own children. 'Tis neither choice, polity, art, nor any arbitrary inſtitution which makes children ſubject to their fathers, 'tis nature's work. The parents, join'd together, form this country, and they have an abſolute authority over the children whom they have brought into the world. Dare you doubt of this truth?

Coriolanus. Yes, I dare; tho' a man be my father, I am a man as well as he is, and by the eſſential rules of humanity, as free as he is: I ought to be grateful to him, and bear him reſpect; but however nature has not made me dependent on him.

Camillus. Fine rules you lay down here for virtue; every one must live according to his fancy, and there will no longer be any polity, safety, subordination, fixed society, or stable principles for the establishing of morals upon earth.

Coriolanus. There will still be reason and virtue impressed by nature upon the hearts of men; if they make an ill use of their liberty, so much the worse for them: but tho' their liberties, once abused, may turn to licentiousness, yet it is very certain that by nature they are free.

Camillus. That I acknowledge; but you must own at the same time, that the wisest of men, having been made sensible of the inconvenience of such a liberty, and that there would be as many fantastical governments, as ill contrived head-pieces, have thought it absolutely necessary to the peace of mankind, that the people every where should be subject to laws. Is it not true that there is a regulation which wise men, in all countries, have made for the foundation of society?

Coriolanus. All this is true.

Camillus. And such a regulation is necessary.

Coriolanus. This too is true.

Camillus. And this regulation is not only wise, just, and necessary in itself, but also authorized by the universal consent, or at least, by the major part of mankind. If it be thus necessary to human life, there are none but untoward and unreasonable men who will offer to reject it.

Coriolanus. I own it, but however 'tis arbitrary.

Camillus. Whatever is eſſential to ſociety, to the public peace, and to the ſafety of mankind; whatever reaſon neceſſarily requires, muſt be founded in the reaſonableneſs of nature, and is not arbitrary: this ſubordination is not therefore an invention fit only to amuſe weak minds, but on the other hand is a neceſſary band, which reaſon ſupplies us with for regulating, pacifying, and uniting men together. Reaſon, therefore, which is the true nature of reaſonable creatures, requires that we ſhould be ſubject to laws, and to certain men, who ſupply the place of the firſt legiſlators, whom they muſt obey, and with whom they ought to concur for the common intereſt; and to ſupply the public neceſſities, and never to make uſe of their liberty but according to the dictates of reaſon, to eſtabliſh and confirm ſociety: ſuch a one is what I call a good citizen, loves his country, and is firm to the intereſt of the commonwealth.

Coriolanus. You accuſe me of ſubtlety, and yet argue more ſubtilly than I did.

Camillus. Indeed, I don't; but we'll return, if you pleaſe, to particulars. By which of my propoſitions did I over reach you? I ſaid that reaſon was the nature of man; is that true?

Coriolanus. Doubtleſs it is.

Camillus. Man is not at liberty to act againſt the dictates of reaſon. What have you to object to that?

Coriolanus. Nothing at all.

Camillus. Reaſon obliges us to live in ſocieties, and conſequently in ſubordination; does it not?

Coriolanus. I am as ſenſible of that as you are.

Camillus. We muſt therefore have fixed rules for the behaviour of ſuch ſocieties, which rules are called laws; and we muſt have men for the guardians of theſe laws, called magiſtrates, to puniſh thoſe who violate them, otherwiſe we ſhould have as many arbitrary governments, as there are different humours in a ſtate; and the moſt ill-contriv'd headpieces would be the firſt that ſhould endeavour to overturn laws and morals, and to govern, or at leaſt to live, according to their own fantaſtic inclinations.

Coriolanus. All this is evident.

Camillus. 'Tis but reaſonable, therefore, in nature, that we ſhould make our liberties ſubject to the laws and magiſtrates of that ſociety in which we live.

Coriolanus. This is undeniable; but then we may quit this ſociety.

Camillus. If every one has the liberty of quitting that of which he was born a member, in a very little time there would be no ſuch thing as a well diſciplin'd ſociety left.

Coriolanus. Why ſo?

Camillus. I'll tell you: the number of miſchievous heads is much the greater, and if they could ſhake off the yoke of their country, they would go ſomewhere where they

might live without laws or rules: and this greater number thinking themſelves independent, would ſhake off all authority wherever they came; nay, they would go out of their country to ſeek aid and aſſiſtance againſt their own country, and from that time forwards, there would be no ſuch thing as a conſtant and ſettled ſociety of people; and thus you would deſtroy all laws, and even ſociety itſelf (which, as yourſelf confeſs, reaſon inclines us to) that you might indulge an immoderate liberty, or rather the licentiouſneſs of fools and villains, who never think that they are free, unleſs they may unpuniſhed bid defiance to reaſon and the laws.

Coriolanus. I now perceive the ſcope of your argument, and begin to reliſh it.

Camillus. Add to this, that the foundation of laws, and of a republic, were afterwards authorized by the common conſent and univerſal practice of mankind, ſome few wild and barbarous people excepted: and thus mankind in general have, for theſe ſeveral ages, found themſelves under an abſolute neceſſity of ſubjecting themſelves to the laws; and even fools and villains, who are not entirely hardened in their folly and villainy, are ſenſible of this neceſſity of living in ſocieties, and being ſubject to the laws.

Coriolanus. I underſtand you; you would have this right of your country ſo ſacred and inviolable, that we muſt not dare to take up arms againſt her.

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Camillus. 'Tis not I alone, but even nature's ſelf that would have it. What motions did you feel in your heart, when Volumnia your mother, and Vetturia your wife, ſpoke to you in behalf of Rome?

Coriolanus. Nature pleaded for my mother, but not for Rome.

Camillus. But your mother pleaded for Rome, and nature for your mother. Theſe are the natural bands which binds us to our country. Could you attack the city of your mother, of your friends and relations, without violating the rights of nature? I don't deſire that you ſhould enter into any argument upon the matter, but tell me your opinion without ſo much as taking time to reflect upon it.

Coriolanus. True, we act againſt the dictates of nature, every time we take up arms againſt our country; but if it be not permitted us to attack it, at leaſt you muſt acknowledge, that we may leave it whenever it proves unjuſt and ungrateful to us.

Camillus. No, that's what I'll never acknowledge: if ſhe caſts us out from her boſom, we may go ſeek an aſylum ſomewhere elſe. If ſhe commands us to leave her, we muſt obey; yet when at a diſtance from her, we muſt reſpect her, wiſh for her welfare, and be ready to return, whenever ſhe recals us, and to die in her defence.

Coriolanus. Pray now, where did you get all theſe ideas of heroiſm? when my country has forſaken me, the contract betwixt us is

broke of courſe, I may forſake her alſo, and no longer owe her any thing.

Camillus. You have forgotten that we take our country for our parents, and that the laws have an authority over us, without which there would be no ſuch thing as a fix'd and ſettled ſociety upon the face of the earth.

Coriolanus. True, I acknowledge that this ſociety in which we were born, nouriſhed, and educated, and which in its boſom bears our friends and relations, ought to be looked upon as our true mother. I will own that we ought to pay her the ſame reſpects we would do to a mother; but ——

Camillus. If my mother had forſaken me, and uſed me ill, muſt I find her out, and beat her!

Coriolanus. No, but you might ——

Camillus. What? forſake her, and deſpiſe her, though ſhe ſhould return and ſhew a hearty ſorrow for her ill uſage?

Coriolanus. No.

Camillus. We ought always then to be ready to re-aſſume the natural love for our country, or rather we ought never to loſe it, but fly to her ſervice, as often as ſhe gives us an opportunity.

Coriolanus. I own that what you ſay is very juſt; but when a man has been highly provoked, nor pride, nor a deſire of revenge will permit him ſeriouſly to reflect. The haughty Roman people trod on the necks of the Patricians; this was an affront I could not bear with,

with, and the people being enraged, forced me to ſeek a refuge amongſt the Volſcii; there my own reſentment, and a deſire of being eſteemed by theſe enemies of the Romans, forced me to take up arms againſt my own country: but now you have convinced me, that I ought quietly to have ſuffered my misfortunes.

Camillus. We have the ſhades of ſeveral heroes amongſt us, who have done what I tell you. Themiſtocles having offended ſo far as to go into Perſia, choſe rather to poiſon himſelf by drinking the blood of bulls, than to ſerve the king of Perſia againſt the Athenians. Scipio having overcome all Africa, and being ill uſed at Rome, becauſe his brother was accuſed of having been corrupted in the war againſt Antiochus, retired to Linternum, where he ſpent the reſt of his days in ſolitude, not able to live in the midſt of his ungrateful country: yet reſolved never to violate that fidelity he owed her. This he himſelf has informed us of, ſince his coming down here.

Coriolanus. You quote the examples of other men, and take no notice of your own, which is the moſt beautiful of them.

Camillus. I own that the injuſtice of the Romans had rendered me entirely uſeleſs, the other generals were alſo deprived of authority; nothing was thought of but how to flatter the people, and you know how dangerous 'tis for a government, that its rulers ſhould always be fed

fed up with flattering and imaginary hopes. Suddenly the Gauls, with whom the Romans had broke their words, roſe up, and defeated them in the battle of Alia; had they made uſe of their victory, and purſued our ſoldiers, Rome had been no more. You know how the youth retired to the capitol, and the ſenators ſeating themſelves in their Sedes Curiales were ſlain. I need not tell you the reſt of the ſtory, which you have ſo often heard. Had not I at that time ſtifled all my reſentment, to ſave my country, it had infallibly periſhed. I was at Ardea, when the fatal news was brought me, and I perſuaded the Ardeatæ to take up arms. By my ſpies I was informed that the Gauls believing themſelves maſters of every thing, were buried in riot and drunkenneſs. I ſurprized them by night, and made an horrid ſlaughter amongſt them. Then the Romans, like men awakened out of a long dream, ſent to me, deſiring that I would be their general; to this I anſwered, that they could not repreſent their country, nor would I acknowledge them as ſuch, and that I muſt wait for the orders of the young Patricians, in the capitol, who were the true body of the commonwealth, without whoſe commands I could not put myſelf at the head of their forces. Upon this, thoſe who were in the capitol choſe me their dictator. Mean while, the Gauls were waſted by contagious diſtempers, before the capitol, for the ſpace of ſeven months, and at length a peace was concluded, and the beſieged

ſieged were weighing the money they were to give the beſiegers, on condition that they ſhould withdraw. Juſt at that inſtant I arriv'd; "'tis with our ſteel, not our gold, that we preſerve our towns, cry'd I, avaunt, begone." They were ſurpriſed, and the next day rais'd their ſiege; I fell upon them in their retreat, and cut them to pieces.

DIALOGUE XXXII.

CAMILLUS and FABIUS MAXIMUS.

Generoſity and punctual honeſty are of more ſervice in polities, than any ſubtlety and evaſion.

Fabius. THE three judges muſt now decide our rank, ſince you are reſolved not to give way to me. They muſt decide, and I believe them juſt enough to prefer the heroic actions of the Punic war, when the republic was powerful, and admir'd by the moſt diſtant nations, to all thoſe little combats fought in the infancy of Rome, juſt at the city-gates.

Camillus. 'Twill be no difficult matter for them to decide between a Roman who has been five times dictator, though never conſul, who has triumph'd four times, and deſerv'd the name of the ſecond founder of Rome; and another Roman, who has never done any thing, but artfully ſpun out his time, and fled before Hannibal.

Fabius. I have deſerv'd that title of ſecond

founder of Rome, far better than ever you did; for Hannibal, and all the Carthaginian powers, from which I deliver'd Rome, was far more to be fear'd than the incurſions of a few barbarians, whom you have ſcatter'd. You'll ſcarce find yourſelf able to make the taking of the village of the Veii, equal to the ſubduing Tarentum, that ſecond Lacedæmon, and of which it was a colony.

Camillus. The ſiege of the Veii was of more importance to the Romans, than that of Tarentum; we muſt not judge of it by the bigneſs, but the miſchief it was able to do: beſides, the Veii were ſtronger in proportion for Rome, in its infancy, than thoſe of Tarentum were for Rome, when ſwell'd with proſperity and power.

Fabius. But you were ten years in taking this little village, the ſiege laſted as long as that of Troy; and therefore after its being ſubdued, you enter'd Rome in a triumphant chariot drawn by ſix white horſes: you was obliged too to make vows to the Gods for your ſucceſs; you promiſed them a tythe of the booty. Upon this promiſe they deliver'd it up to you; but as ſoon as 'twas taken, you forgot your vows, and your benefactor, and order'd the ſoldiers to plunder the town, tho' the Gods had the firſt right to it.

Camillus. Such faults are not committed with any deſign, but in the hurry and heat of victory we are apt to forget: however, the Roman ladies paid my vow; they gave all their

their gold and jewels to have a golden cup made of the weight of eight talents, which was offer'd up in the temple of Delos, and for this reaſon the ſenate order'd, that when any of theſe ladies died, their panegyric ſhou'd be publicly pronounced.

Fabius. Their panegyric, I grant; but not yours, for you broke the vow, and they paid it.

Camillus. No body can object any thing to my honeſty; I have given too good a proof of it.

Fabius. So, the ſchoolmaſter ſo often and ſo often talk'd of, is a going to be brought in now.

Camillus. You need not make a jeſt of it; the action redounds very much to my honour. The Phalerians, after the manner of the Greeks, had a learned man to inſtruct all their children together, that ſociety, emulation, and the ſtate-maxims which were taught, might make them as much, or more the children of the commonwealth, than they were of their own parents. This treacherous maſter came and deliver'd all the Phalerian youth into my hands. How eaſy had it been for me to have conquer'd this people, having ſuch precious pledges in my power! but I did not act in this caſe, like thoſe, who have but a ſmall ſhare of honeſty, and love the treaſon tho' they hate the traitor: I loath'd 'em both, and ordering the lictors to tear the ſchoolmaſter's clothes from off his back, and tye his hands behind him; I fill'd the children's hands with rods, and made them whip their maſter back again into their city.

Fabius. I muſt confeſs that this was a noble action, and a greater glory to you than the conqueſt of your little village.

Camillus. But the conſequence of this action proves the utility of virtue, and ſhews that generoſity is often of greater ſervice than policy and cunning.

Fabius. What, I ſuppoſe that the Phalerians, mov'd with this action, ſent you ambaſſadors, yielding themſelves and their city to your diſcretion, ſaying, that they could do nothing more for the advantage of their country, than ſubmitting it to ſo juſt a man, and who deteſted every thing that was criminal.

Camillus. True, they did; but I ſent the ambaſſadors to Rome, that the ſenate might give what orders they pleaſed in this affair.

Fabius. You apprehended the jealouſy and envy of your fellow-citizens.

Camillus. Had not I reaſon ſo to do? the greater our virtues, the ſooner people are jealous of us; beſides, ſuch a deference was due to the republic, but they refus'd to make any deciſion, and ſent the ambaſſadors to me, that I might end the buſineſs as generouſly as I had begun it. I left the Phalerians the liberty of governing themſelves, according to their own laws, and concluded a peace with them, which in itſelf was juſt and honourable for them.

Fabius. I have heard that your army was highly provoked at this peace, for the ſoldiers were in hopes of a large plunder.

Camillus.

Camillus. Was it not my buſineſs to prefer the glory of Rome, and my own honour, to the ſordid avarice of my ſoldiers.

Fabius. Certainly it was; but to return to our purpoſe; you don't know perhaps that I have given greater proofs of my honeſty than ever you did in the ſchool-maſter's buſineſs?

Camillus. Why really I neither know it nor believe it.

Fabius. I covenanted with Hannibal for the exchange of priſoners, and that of which ſide ſoever the greater number ſhould be, the other party ſhould pay two hundred and fifty drachmas for the ranſom of each man. The exchange finiſh'd, the Carthaginians had two hundred and fifty Romans, whoſe ranſoms were to be paid; the ſenate diſlik'd the treaty, and refus'd the payment: upon this, I ſent my ſon to Rome, to ſell my eſtate, and with my own money paid the ranſom. Your generoſity the whole commonwealth ſtood to, mine was at my own coſt? what you did, you did with the conſent of the ſenate; what I did, was done in oppoſition to it.

Camillus. 'Tis an eaſy matter for a man, with the leaſt ſpark of generoſity, to purchaſe ſo much glory for ſuch a trifling ſum; my generoſity was ſhewn, in ſaving my ungrateful country; had it not been for me, the Gauls would not have left you a Rome to defend. But let us go, and ſeek for Minos, he'll decide our rank, and put an end to this conteſt.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXXII.

FABIUS MAXIMUS, and HANNIBAL.

A general ought to ſacrifice his own reputation to the public ſafety.

Hannibal. I Have made you ſpend many an unquiet day and reſtleſs night.

Fabius. I own it, but I have had my revenge.

Hannibal. Not too much of that neither, you did nothing but fly before me, encamp'd your ſelf in inacceſſible places, and on the tops of mountains which reached the clouds. Such ſhews of fear did not at all add to the Roman honour.

Fabius. The main chance is always to be minded: after the loſs of ſo many battles, to hazard another combat, was to hazard the whole commonwealth: our troops wanted to take breath, and freſh courage; they muſt be accuſtomed to your arms, to your elephants, and to your ſtratagems; and you muſt be left to waſte your ſtrength, and ſoften in the pleaſures of Capua.

Hannibal. But this cowardice of yours was a diſhonour to you; a fine ſhift for a general to ſave himſelf on the top of the moſt craggy rocks, and make his troops climb up to the clouds! becauſe he has been unfortunate, muſt he, like a hare, fly from his own ſhadow? This was encreaſing the cowardice of your ſoldiers, and giving new courage to mine.

Fabius

Fabius. It was far better by this shew of cowardice to dishonour myself, than to have the flower of the Roman youth cut to pieces, as Terentius Varro had at Cannæ: but nothing dishonours a general which can be of service to the safety of his country, or the rendring an enemy's victory useless to him. The world will see that he has preferred the public safety to his own honour, which is far dearer to him than life; and this sacrifice of his honour is the greatest honour he can acquire. Nor, after all, is his honour here called into question, 'tis only exposed by a few superficial critics, who are so short sighted, that they cannot see the advantage of this dilatory way of carrying on a war. Let those who can only see just what is present, talk as they please. When your patience shall have met with its desired success, those who before condemned you most, will be the first and loudest in your praise; for they judge of things by their success only.

Hannibal. But what would you have had your allies think of the matter all this while?

Fabius. Just what they pleased, provided I saved Rome; I was sure then, at length, when I had prevailed over you, I should be cleared again.

Hannibal. Over me! you never had that honour yet; I shewed that in stratagems of war I was yet able to undermine you: for tying some fire upon the horns of a great number of oxen, I broke up my camp by night, whilst you imagined that it almost joined yours.

Fabius. Such ſtratagems may ſurpriſe the world, but cannot decide this buſineſs: however, you dare not diſown but that I weakened you, took our towns again, and raiſed the Roman forces from their ſinking ſtate; and had not the younger Scipio robbed me of the glory, I would have driven you out of Italy: but Scipio could not have done it, had not Rome been ſaved by the prudence of Fabius. Then do not any longer laugh at a man, who, by withdrawing a little from you, has made you abandon Italy, and ruined Carthage. There is no neceſſity for ſurprizing people with a ſplendid and advantageous beginning. The main of the buſineſs is to make a good end.

DIALOGUE XXXIV.

RHADAMANTHUS, CATO the Cenſor, and SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

The greateſt virtues are tainted by a moroſe and burning temper.

Rhadamanthus. WHAT old Roman art thou? I do not like thy phyz at all, your looks are hard and crabbed, and I believe you were carotty-pated whilſt young; certainly you muſt be above a hundred years old when you died.

Cato. I was but fourſcore and ten, and thought my life very ſhort, for I was pleaſed with life, and enjoy'd my health perfectly well: my name is Cato, didyou never hear any mention

tion made of my wiſdom, and of my courage againſt the wicked?

Rhadamanthus. You are the ſame, I believe, by the deſcription that has been given me of you, always ready to boaſt yourſelf, and to ſnarl at other men. But there is a diſpute between you and the great Scipio, who conquer'd Hannibal. Scipio come forward, I intend to decide your old controverſy, and let each man plead his own cauſe.

Scipio. I have reaſon to complain of Cato's miſchievous jealouſy, unworthy a man of his character. He made himſelf Fabius's friend, only with a deſign to thwart me, and they oppoſed my paſſing into Africa. In their polities they were both cowards, and Fabius was for his old way of lingering out a war, ſhunning the combat, encamping in the clouds, and waiting till the enemies had conſumed themſelves. Cato, who through a pedantic humour lov'd old folks, ſtuck to Fabius, and grew jealous of me, becauſe I was young and bold. His avarice too, in a great meaſure, prejudic'd him againſt me: he was for having a war carried on frugally, as he planted his cabbage; whilſt on the other hand, I was for having it waged vigorouſly, that we might ſoon ſee it gloriouſly concluded, and the coſt over-look'd, the advantages acquired be only minded. This was a great grief to Cato, who was always for governing the commonwealth, as he did his cottage, and gaining cheap victories. He could not ſee that Fabius's deſigns would never have

ſucceeded, and that Hannibal was not to be driven out thus from Italy. That general knew how to live there, at the expence of the country, and could even preſerve allies in it; he would always have been tranſporting troops from Africa. Had not Nero defeated Aſdrubal before he joined his brother, Fabius the lingerer had been undone, and Rome, ſo narrowly preſſed by ſo powerful an enemy, muſt in proceſs of time have fallen. But Cato then could ſee no neceſſity of carrying that war before Carthage, which Hannibal had brought before Rome. I therefore demand juſtice on Cato, for the wrongs he has done me and all my family.

Cato. And I claim the rewards due to juſtice, for having preferred the public good, to your brother Lucius, who was a villain. Let us paſs over this African war, in which your good fortune exceeded your wiſdom, and return to the purpoſe. Was it not baſe in you, to extort the command of the army for your brother who was incapable of it? You promiſed to ſerve under, and follow him, and in the war againſt Antiochus, you was his tutor. How many violent and unjuſt actions was he then guilty of? but you ſhut your eyes, leſt you ſhould ſee them; fraternal fondneſs had blinded you.

Scipio. But was not this war glorioufly concluded? Antiochus was defeated, and driven from the coaſts of Aſia. He was the laſt enemy who could diſpute the ſupreme power with us.

us. Antiochus overcome, all the kingdoms of the earth came and ſubmitted themſelves to the Romans.

Cato. Antiochus might have been very deſtructive to us, had he followed the counſels of Hannibal; but he loſt himſelf in infamous pleaſures, and in his old age he married a young Grecian girl. Philopæmenes was wont to ſay, that had he been the Achaian protector, he would have cut all the army of Antiochus to pieces, in the taverns, where he would have ſurpriz'd them. 'Twas no great difficulty for your brother aud you, to overcome thoſe enemies whom pleaſures and effeminacy had already ſubdued.

Scipio. However, the power of Antiochus was formidable.

Cato. To return to our purpoſe, did not your brother plunder and take away by force? dare you ſay, that he acted like an honeſt man?

Scipio. After my death, you were cruel enough to lay a fine upon him, and would have had him arreſted by the lictors.

Cato. He deſerved it, and ſo did you too, for———

Scipio. I, for my part, knew well enough how to behave myſelf; for when I ſaw the people beginning to be byaſs'd againſt me, inſtead of anſwering the accuſation, I cried out, Come, let us go to the capitol, and return the Gods thanks, for that on a day like this, I overcame Hannibal and the Carthaginians. After this, I no more expoſed myſelf to the incon-

ſtancy of fortune; but retiring from an ungrateful country, I liv'd at Linternum, in a peaceable ſolitude, and reſpected by all honeſt men, and, like a philoſopher, waited for the day of my death: This is what the implacable cenſor forc'd me to do, and of which I demand juſtice.

Cato. You upbraid me with what redounds moſt to my honour. I was ſo juſt, that I never ſpar'd any body, but made the moſt illuſtrious Romans tremble. I ſaw how much their manners were daily corrupted, by pomp and luxury. Do I not deſerve immortal honours, for having driven Lucius Quintius out of the ſenate-houſe, who had been conſul, and was brother to T. Q. Flaminius, who overcame Philip king of Macedon, by reaſon of his cruelty, in having a man kill'd, before a little boy he lov'd, to ſatisfy the curioſity of this child?

Scipio. This action, I own, was juſt, and you have often puniſh'd the guilty; but you were too violent againſt every body, and when you had done ſomething that was good, boaſted of it in too groſs a manner. Do you remember your having formerly ſaid, that Rome ow'd you more than you ow'd her? Were theſe words worthy a man of your gravity?

Rhadamanthus. What can you anſwer, Cato, to theſe reproaches?

Cato. That I upheld the Roman commonwealth, againſt the ſoftneſs and luxury of the women who corrupted it; that I made the

greateſt men ſtand in awe of the laws, and that whatever I taught, I alſo put in practiſe: but that the common-wealth did not take my part, thus againſt thoſe whom I had made my enemies, only for her good. As my eſtate in the country was adjoining to that of Manius Lucius, I ſet his ſimplicity of manners before me, for an example for my actions, and Demoſthenes for eloquence; and indeed I was ſoon call'd the Roman Demoſthenes. I was daily ſeen to walk naked with my ſlaves, in tilling my land; but do not imagine that this application to husbandry and eloquence prevented my being a warrior: at ſeventeen years of age I ſhew'd my courage in the war againſt Hannibal, and when I return'd, my body was cover'd with ſcars. When I was ſent prætor into Sardinia, I aboliſh'd that luxury which the prætors before me had introduc'd. I made it my buſineſs to eaſe the people, to eſtabliſh a good diſcipline, and to refuſe preſents. Being choſen conſul, I gain'd a victory in Spain, on this ſide the Boetis, againſt the Barbarians. After this victory, I took more towns in Spain than I remain'd days in that kingdom.

Scipio. Intolerable vanity! but this piece of boaſting ſeveral ſhades have already jeſtingly told me. However, you ought not to talk thus before me, I am acquainted with Spain, and your fine conqueſts there.

Cato. Nothing's more certain than that four hundred towns ſurrender'd much about the ſame time; and this is more than ever you did.

Cato. I feared that they would teach us more of their arts than their wiſdom, and of their diſſolute manners than their ſciences. I was no friend to their muſicians, painters, poets and ſtatuaries, whoſe arts would ſatisfy curioſity, and encreaſe voluptuouſneſs. I thought it much better for us to preſerve our plain ruſtic and laborious life, till our lands, talk leſs of virtue, and practiſe it the more,

Scipio. Why in your old age then did you take ſo much trouble in learning the Greek tongue?

Cato. I was at length enchanted by the ſyrens ſongs, as well as others, and liſtned to the Grecian muſes; but I am afraid, that all thoſe little Greek ſophiſters, who come half-ſtarved to Rome, will make an end of corrupting the Roman morals.

Scipio. Nor is your fear groundleſs; but you ought to have apprehended the ſame corruption from your avarice.

Cato. My avarice! I was a good husband, and loth to waſte any thing; but my expences were always too great.

Rhadamanthus. The true language of a miſer, who ſtill believes himſelf prodigal.

Scipio. Were you not aſhamed, in your old age, to leave your husbandry, becauſe your fields and flocks did not bring you a ſufficient income, and to turn uſurer? was this fit for a cenſor to do! why don't you anſwer me?

Rhadamanthus. You dare not ſpeak, and I plainly ſee that you are guilty. This is a nice

caſe

caſe to pronounce ſentence in, how ſhall I reward and puniſh you at once? but be this my ſentence: the ſervices you have done the common-wealth are meritorious, but 'twould be ſcandalous to place an uſurer in the Elyſian fields; you ſhall therefore remain at the gate, and hinder others from entering, controul all that ſhall come, and be the cenſor of hell, as you was of Rome: your pleaſure ſhall be placed in criticiſing mankind. Vent your ſpleen upon L. Scipio, and L. Quintius, and the reſt of the dead, who ſhall come hither from all parts of the univerſe; Roman citizens, great generals, Barbarian kings and tyrants; but beware of Lucius Scipio, I commiſſion him to cenſure you without mercy. Here's money for you, lend it the dead, who ſhall not have wherewith to pay Charon's fare; but if you lend money in uſury, Scipio will give me notice of it, and I will puniſh you as the moſt infamous of villains.

DIALOGUE XXXV.

HANNIBAL and SCIPIO.

So great the ſolid pleaſure which accompanies virtue, that 'tis of itſelf a ſufficient reward.

Hannibal. WE now meet again, as we did in Africa, ſome few days before the battle of Zama.

Scipio. True, we do: but our now conference is far different from our former; we can

no longer acquire glory, or gain victories. There is no part of us, but a vain empty shadow remaining, and a remembrance of things past, something like the remembrance of a dream. The same Gods who have reduced Carthage have also reduced the conqueror of Carthage to dust.

Hannibal. Doubtless, 'twas at your Linternum retirement, you learnt to make all these philosophical reflections.

Scipio. Had I not learned it there, I should here; death, the most of any thing, undeceives us in our notions of worldly grandeur.

Hannibal. Solitude and disgrace have taught you abundance of wisdom.

Scipio. True, they have; but your adverse fortune has given you the same opportunity of improving. You have seen Carthage fall, been forced to abandon your country, and after having made Rome tremble, have been *reduced to seek relief from court to court, and wander up and down a vagabond in Africk.*

Hannibal. I have indeed; but I did not abandon my country, 'till I could no longer be of service to her, or she protect me. I left her in order to save her from a total ruin, and to spare my eyes the pain of seeing her enslaved. On the other hand, you have been forced to leave your country, when in the height of her glory? a glory! for which she was indebted to you: how ungrateful this was!

Scipio.

Scipio. 'Tis what we muſt expect from mankind let us ſerve them never ſo well. Thoſe that do good, through an ambitious motive, are always diſſatisfied; ſooner or later, fortune will betray them, and men prove ungrateful: but when for the ſake of virtue we do good, that virtue will ſtill reward us, thro' the ſolid pleaſure ſhe affords thoſe who follow her paths, and we can deſpiſe all other rewards.

DIALOGUE XXXVI.

HANNIBAL, SCIPIO.

Ambition is boundleſs.

Scipio. METhinks we are now conferring as before the battle of Zama, but the caſe is altered, we have no quarrel to decide. All our wars are drowned in Lethe's ſtreams, and after having conquered ſo many provinces, one urn has held us both.

Hannibal. Very true. Our paſt glory is like a dream; we can make no conqueſts here, and I grow weary of this idle life.

Scipio. You were always very reſtleſs and very greedy.

Hannibal. I think now, that I was always very moderate.

Scipio. Moderate! as how? at firſt the Carthaginians endeavoured only to preſerve themſelves in the weſt-part of Sicily, and there

the wiſe king Gelon and Dionyſius the tyrant gave them work enough.

Hannibal. They did, indeed; but even then we thought of ſubduing all thoſe flouriſhing towns, which governed themſelves as republics, ſuch were Leontium, Agrigentum, and the reſt.

Scipio. The Romans and Carthaginians being oppoſite to each other, with the ſea between; and jealous of each other's glory, contended for the iſland of Sicily, ſituated betwixt them; this was the ſummit of your ambition, I hope.

Hannibal. No, indeed, we had our pretenſions in Spain alſo: our new Carthage gave us an empire there, almoſt as great as that in Africa.

Scipio. This I own; but a few ports for the convenience of your merchants, gave you the firſt colour for ſettling there: the eaſe with which you obtained them, made you think of conquering thoſe vaſt regions.

Hannibal. At the time of our firſt wars with the Romans, we were powerful in Spain; and had it not been for your republic, we had ſoon been maſters of it.

Scipio. But the peace we made with the Carthaginians obliged you to renounce all that was between the Pyreneans and the Evora.

Hannibal. This diſhonourable peace was extorted from us; we had ſuffered vaſt loſſes both by ſea and land, which my father was wholly intent upon repairing. At nine years of age he made

made me ſwear upon the altars, that I would ever be a foe to the Romans. I ſwore it, and kept my oath, followed my father into Spain, and after his death, commanded the Carthaginian army: what followed there, you know.

Scipio. I do ſo, and you know it too, to your coſt. If you made any progreſs 'twas becauſe fortune was over favourable. The hopes of joining the Gauls our antient enemies, made you paſs over the Pyrenean mountains. The victory you gained upon the banks of the Rhone, made you paſs the Alps alſo, in which you loſt many men, horſes, and elephants; and you with eaſe defeated our aſtoniſhed troops, whom you ſurpriſed at Tircinum. One victory generally follows another, and procures the conqueror many allies; for the people will ſide with the ſtrongeſt.

Hannibal. But what do you think of the battle of Trebia?

Scipio. That victory being the ſequel of ſo many others, coſt you but little; you there made yourſelf maſter of all Italy. The combats at Thraſimenes and Cannæ, were rather ſlaughters than battles; but you little hoped for ſuch ſucceſs at firſt.

Hannibal. I knew not how favourable my fortune might be, and I was reſolved to try. The unforeſeen blows I gave the Romans, confounded them. I made uſe of my good fortune, and my ſucceſs far exceeded all my hopes and deſigns.

Scipio.

Scipio. And is not this what I was saying? Sicily, Spain and Italy, were nothing to you at last, and your allies, the Greeks muſt ſoon have bowed their necks to your yoke.

Hannibal. You have been guilty of the very ſame thing you now upbraid me with; Spain, Sicily, Carthage, and even all Africa, were nothing to you. Greece, Macedon, the iſlands, Ægypt, and Aſia itſelf, fell before you; nor could you bear to ſee the Parthians and Arabians free: the whole world was too little for theſe Romans, who had been employed five hundred years in conquering that little tract of ground round their city, belonging to the Volſcil, the Sabines, and the Sammites.

DIALOGUE XXXVII.

SYLLA, CATALINE, and CÆSAR.

Though corrupted princes ſee the fatal conſequences that attend vice, yet will not the example prevail upon them to mend.

Sylla. I Am come in haſte, Cæſar, to give you a piece of advice, and I have brought Cataline with me, to help perſuade you: you know him well, and did belong to his cabal, don't be afraid of us, we ſhades cannot hurt you.

Cæſar. I could have excuſed this viſit, your looks are cloudy, your counſels may probably be ſo in a greater degree; but pray, what haſty piece of advice have you to give?

Sylla.

Sylla. You muſt not aim at a tyrannic power.

Cæſar. Why ſo, did not you aim at it?

Sylla. I did, and therefore when I renounce it, ought the more eaſily to be believ'd.

Cæſar. I am reſolved to follow your example in every thing; I'll aim at abſolute power, as you did, and after my death, my ſhade ſhall come to undeceive thoſe tyrants who ſhall ſucceed me.

Sylla. Jeſting is out of ſeaſon, we ſhades are always ſerious; but to the purpoſe: I willingly renounced tyranny, and found myſelf much the better for it; Cataline aimed at it, and unfortunately periſhed in his attempt: our two examples ought to inſtruct you.

Cæſar. Indeed they cannot. You held the commonwealth in chains, but were fool enough to degrade yourſelf; after having laid down the ſupreme power, you remained debaſed, obſcure, uſeleſs, and caſt down, and the once fortunate man was forſaken by fortune: here's one of the examples that I don't comprehend. As for the other, Cataline endeavoured to make himſelf abſolute maſter: ſo far I commend him; but he took wrong meaſures; why ſo much the worſe for him; I'm certain, that I'll never undertake any thing but with caution.

Cataline. I took exactly the ſame meaſures you do, flattered the youth, ſoftened them in pleaſures, engaged them in criminal actions, and ſunk them over head and ears in debt;

ſettled my authority by the help of women who could intrigue, and ſpread confuſion and diſcord: can you take better meaſures?

Cæſar. You tell me things here that I never heard of before.

Cataline. I tell you, that you may avoid thoſe evils which proved my deſtruction, and I came on purpoſe to forewarn you.

Sylla. Once more I tell you, that I found myſelf much the better for having renounced all public employments.

Cæſar. Renounce all public employments! Muſt we abandon the commonwealth in time of need?

Sylla. This is not what I aim at, there is a vaſt difference between ſerving and tyrannizing over her.

Cæſar. Why then did you give over ſerving her?

Sylla. I ſee you are reſolved that you won't underſtand me; I tell you we muſt ſerve our country to the day of our death, but we muſt never aim at tyranny; nor when we have attained, maintain ourſelves in it.

DIALOGUE XXXVIII.

CÆSAR and CATO.

Deſpotic and tyrannic power, far from inſuring the happineſs and authority of princes, makes them miſerable, and in the end proves their ruin.

Cæſar. ALAS, my dear Cato, what a terrible wound you have!

Cato. I gave it myſelf at Utica, that I might not ſurvive the liberty of Rome: but, pray, how came you, who are pitying me, to follow ſo ſoon after me? ha! what wounds are thoſe? Hold, let me reckon them, there are three and twenty.

Cæſar. You'll be amazed when you hear that I received them in the midſt of the ſenate, received them from my moſt intimate friends. How black their treaſon!

Cato. I am not at all amazed at it: were you not the tyrant of your friends, as well as of the other citizens? and were not they obliged to revenge their oppreſſed country? In ſuch a caſe we muſt not only ſacrifice a friend, but, like Timoleon, a brother; or, like old Brutus, a ſon.

Cæſar. One of his deſcendants has had theſe fine precepts too well infuſed into him; Brutus, whom I loved ſo well, who paſſed for my own ſon, was at the head of this conſpiracy.

Cato. Happy Brutus! thou haſt freed Rome, and conſecrated thy hands in the blood of a

new Tarquinius, more haughty and more impious than he who was driven out by Junius.

Cæſar. You were always prejudiced againſt me, and in your notions of virtue overſtrain'd.

Cato. And what is it that has prejudiced me? your ſoft, inſinuating, prodigal, diſſolute life; your debts, intrigues, and boldneſs: this has prejudiced Cato againſt the man, whoſe girdle, trailing robe, and effeminate air, promiſed nothing worthy of the antient Romans; you never did deceive me, I found from your very youth what you would prove, and had I been believed ——

Cæſar. You would have involved me in Cataline's conſpiracy, and deſtroyed me.

Cato. Then you lived like a woman, and ſhewed yourſelf a man only againſt your country, what means of convicting you did I not uſe? but Rome was then haſtning to her deſtruction, and would not know her enemies.

Cæſar. I muſt own that your eloquence frightened me, and I was forced to have recourſe to authority; but you muſt confeſs that I drew myſelf out of the ſcrape like a wiſe man.

Cato. Like a ſubtle villain, you mean; your moderate and inſinuating diſcourſe dazzled the wiſeſt, and you favoured the conſpirators under the colour of not puſhing the rigour of the law too far. I was the only one who in vain reſiſted you, and even then I ſaw the Gods were incenſed againſt Rome.

Cæſar. Confeſs the truth; you feared at Utica

Utica to fall into my hands, and did not know how to appear before me: but my deſign was to conquer and to pardon.

Cato. 'Twas the pardon of a tyrant, the life of Cato ſpared by Cæſar, that I feared, 'twas far better to die than to ſee you.

Cæſar. I would have uſed you generouſly, as I did my ſon; was it not better to live and aſſiſt the commonwealth?

Cato. When liberty was gone, the commonwealth was no more.

Cæſar. But muſt you be enraged againſt yourſelf?

Cato. My own hands, ſpite of the tyrant's power, ſet me free, and *I diſdained a life which I had power to offer*; but as for you, your friends were obliged to tear you to pieces as they would a monſter.

Cæſar. If after my victory to live was ſhameful, why did you ſend your ſon to me? was you willing he ſhould degenerate?

Cato. In ſuch a caſe of life and death every one follows the dictates of his heart. Cato was obliged to die; his ſon, who had not reached his father's honours, might live, and by reaſon of his youth, hope to ſee better days, and far more happy times. Alas! what pangs did I not ſuffer, when I let my ſon go to the tyrant?

Cæſar. But why the tyrant? I never took the title of king.

Cato. I always look upon the reality, not the name of a thing; beſides, how many ſtra-

tagems did you use to accustom the senate and the people to your royalty? Did not Anthony at a feast, in a pretended jest, put a diadem upon your head? but this jest look'd too much like earnest, and rais'd the horror of the people; you perceiv'd it, and gave that honour to Jupiter, which you did not dare to accept: but it was this at last that made the conspirators resolve to give the blow.

Cæsar. Your informations here, I see, are good; but you do me injustice: my government was moderate, and I behaved myself like the true father of my country, which might be read in the grief of the people after my death; a time, you know, when flattery is out of season. When my bloody robes were presented them, they were willing to revenge me: what tears were shed! what pomps used at my funeral in the field of Mars! what can you answer to this?

Cato. That the people are always credulous, blind, inconstant, enemies to their own true interest. What have not the people suffer'd by favouring the tyrant's successors, and persecuting their deliverers. How much pure blood of the best citizens has been shed, how many of them proscribed? the Triumviri were more barbarous than the Gauls who took Rome. Happy those who never saw the day of desolation! but tell me, tyrant, why did you tear the entrails of your mother Rome? what are you the better for having enslaved your country? did you aim at glory? a far greater

greater might have been acquir'd by preſerving the liberties and grandeur of this ſeat of empire, as Fabius, Fabricius, Scipio, and Marcellus did. Or was it a peaceable and happy life you aim'd at? you never could expect to find it in tyranny: every day of your life you ran as much danger as on that in which ſo many good citizens made themſelves immortal by ſacrificing you. Whenever you ſaw a true Roman, you might have trembled. Is this a peaceful and happy life which is acquir'd at the price of ſo many crimes? but what do I ſay? you had not ſo much as time to reap the fruit of your impieties. Speak, tyrant, ſpeak? my looks are as ſhocking to you now, as yours would have been to me in Utica before I ſlew myſelf. Say, if you dare, that you were happy.

Cæſar. I confeſs I was not, but my happineſs was diſturbed by ſuch as you.

Cato. Rather ſay, by yourſelf: had you lov'd your country, it would have lov'd you. He whom his country loves, has no need of guards, every body watches about him; the only means of ſafety is to do good, and make it every body's intereſt that we ſhould live. But you choſe to reign, and to be fear'd; you did ſo, and men deliver'd themſelves from the tyrant, and their fear at once. This is the end of all thoſe, who, wanting to be fear'd, make it the people's intereſt to prevent them.

Cæſar. But this power, which you call tyrannical, was become neceſſary; Rome could

no longer maintain its liberty, but wanted a maſter: Pompey was making himſelf ſuch, and that I could not bear.

Cato. You ſhould have quell'd the tyrant, but not have aim'd at his tyranny: if Rome did want a maſter, 'twas better to let another be guilty of the crime, than to commit it yourſelf. If a traveller be falling into the hands of highwaymen, muſt you haſten to rob him firſt? but the too great authority of Pompey was a colour for you. Do we not know what you ſaid as you were going into Spain, when you paſs'd thro' a little town where ſeveral citizens were making intereſt to be choſen magiſtrate? Have we forgotten the Greek verſes you uſed ſo often to repeat? but after all, when you became ſenſible of the miſery and infamy of tyrannic power, why did you not lay it down?

Cæſar. How muſt that be done? the aſcent to it is dangerous and craggy, but there is no path by which we can return; if we come out of it, we muſt inevitably fall into the precipice.

Cato. Wretched man! why did you aſpire at it then? why overturn every thing to reach it; no blood was ſpared, not even your own, which was ſhed, but too late: you are fumbling for ſome ridiculous excuſe.

Cæſar. And you don't anſwer me; I aſk you how 'tis we muſt lay down our power.

Cato. Go aſk Sylla; his example will make you bluſh. Farewel, I fear that the ſhade of

Brutus

Brutus will ſee me talking to you, and be offended at it.

DIALOGUE XXXIX.

CATO and CICERO.

The character of theſe two philoſophers, wherein the auſtere ſeverity of one's virtue, with the weakneſs of the other's, is ſhewn.

Cato. I Have expected you, great orator, this long while, but you are come as late as poſſibly you could.

Cicero. I am come after an heroic death, and have been the victim of the commonwealth; for ſince Cataline's conſpiracy, at which time I ſav'd Rome, nobody could be an enemy to the commonwealth without declaring himſelf mine.

Cato. And yet I have been inform'd that by your ſubmiſſion you found favour with Cæſar; that you beſtow'd your greateſt praiſes on him; was intimately acquainted with his baſe favourites, and by your letters perſuaded people to have recourſe to his clemency, that they might live peaceably in the midſt of Rome, tho' enſlaved. This is the uſe you made of your eloquence.

Cicero. I own I harangued Cæſar to obtain the pardon of Marcellus and Ligarius.

Cato. Would it not have been much better to have held your tongue, than to uſe your elo-

eloquence in flattering a tyrant. O Cicero, I have done more than you could do; I held my peace, and died.

Cicero. You never saw perhaps a fine observation I made in my Offices, That every man is to keep up to his own character. There are men by nature fierce and untractable, who must maintain this auſtere virtue till death: they muſt not bear the ſight of a tyrant, and have no relief but death. On the other hand, there is a ſofter and more ſociable virtue practiſed by moderate people who love the commonwealth better than their own glory: ſuch ought to live, and be complaiſant to a tyrant for the public good they owe themſelves to their fellow-citizens; and it is not lawful for them to kill themſelves, leſt their country alſo ſink into ruin for want of them.

Cato. This laſt duty you have fulfilled, and Rome is very much obliged to you, if we may judge of your love to her, by your fear of death: but thoſe who can talk ſo eloquently, ſhould take care never to contradict themſelves. With what face could Cicero, who extoll'd Cæſar to the very heavens, and begg'd the Gods not to envy mankind ſo great a bleſſing, call the murderers of this Cæſar the deliverers of their country? How baſe, how infamous is ſuch a contradiction! can we truſt the honour of a man, who thus changes with the times?

Cicero. We muſt ſuit ourſelves to the neceſſities of the commonwealth: this ſhift was much

much better than the African war undertaken by Scipio and you, contrary to all rules of prudence: but you were born to be always in extremes.

Cato. And you always to be in fear, as you yourself have often confessed: you were not able to foresee events: those who were uppermost could at any time make you contradict yourself. Did we not see you admiring Pompey, and exhorting all your friends to deliver themselves up to him? Did not you afterwards believe that Pompey would enslave Rome, if he conquered Cæsar? "How, say "you, will he believe honest men when he "shall be a conqueror, seeing that he will "hearken to none of us, now that he stands "in need of our assistance?" In short, did you not admire Cæsar, and afterwards praise Octavius?

Cicero. But I attacked Anthony. Can any thing be more vehement than my orations against him, like those of Demosthenes against Philip.

Cato. They are excellent; but Demosthenes knew better than you how to die, neither his life nor death were in the power of Antipater. Was you not ashamed to fly, as you did, without knowing where you were going, and at last be slain by Pompilius? 'Twas far more glorious for me to slay myself in Utica.

Cicero. And I prefer my having had hopes of the commonwealth to the day of my death, and having assisted it by my moderate counsels, to your waging an imprudent war, which you finish'd by a desperate blow.

Cato. Your negociations were no better than my African war; for Octavius, young as he was, has mock'd this Cicero the light of Rome; he made uſe of you to ſettle his authority, and then deliver'd you to Anthony. But now you talk of war, did you ever know how to carry one on? I have not yet forgot your conqueſt of Pindemiſſus, a little town in Silicia: a flock of ſheep, grazing in a field, might have been as eaſily taken; and yet you wanted a triumph for this fine expedition. The ſupplications order'd by the ſenate were not ſufficient for ſuch an exploit. Do you remember what I anſwered you, when you made ſuch preſſing inſtances to me about it? you ought, ſaid I, to be more pleaſed with the thanks of the ſenate, which by your conduct you deſerved, than with a triumph, which more denotes the bleſſings of the Gods upon an enterprize, than the virtue of him that triumphs. Thus we endeavour to amuſe men who are vain and incapable of doing themſelves juſtice.

Cicero. I acknowledge that I was always over fond of praiſe; but is this ſo wondrous? Did I not by my conſulſhip, by my love for my country, and by my eloquence, as well as by my reliſh for philoſophy, deſerve them? For when I could no longer be of ſervice to Rome in her misfortunes, I comforted myſelf by arguing and writing upon virtue.

Cato. It would have been far better to have practiſed it in time of need, than to have writ upon it; but own it freely, you were a poor copier

copier of the Greeks, you mingled Plato with Epicurus, the antient academy with the modern; and after having written the hiſtory of their precepts in dialogues, where one man talked alone almoſt all the while, you ſcarce ever drew any concluſion. You were a ſtranger to philoſophy, and thought of nothing but adorning your mind with its beauties: in ſhort, you was ſtill wavering between philoſophy and politics.

Cicero. Cato farewel, you are in a very ill humour; I fancy that you regret life. As for my part, I am contented with the loſs of it, without having made ſo great a piece of work of it. Indeed, you take too much upon you, for an action which many ſlaves have done, with as much courage as ever you did.

DIALOGUE XL.

CÆSAR and ALEXANDER.

The character of a tyrant, and of a prince, who endowed by nature with excellent qualities, gives himſelf up to his pride and paſſions; they are both ſcourges to mankind, but the one is to be pitied, the other abhorred.

Alexander. WHO is this new-come Roman, ſo covered with wounds? Cæſar is it? I was told, great Roman, that you were going to conquer the Parthians, and ſub-

due

due all the East; how comes it about that you are here?

Cæsar. My friends assassinated me in the senate-house.

Alexander. Why did you become their tyrant, who were only born a citizen?

Cæsar. This language suits you well, who conquer'd Asia, and enslaved all Greece.

Alexander. Yes, but the Greeks were strangers to me, and enemies to Macedon; I did not enslave my own country, as you did: on the other hand, I gave immortal honour to the Macedonians, with the empire of the East.

Cæsar. You conquered effeminate men, and became as effeminate as they were. You deprived the Persians of riches, and the riches of the Persians subdued you, by corrupting you. Have you brought that towering pride with you here, which made you fancy yourself a God?

Alexander. I confess my errors and my faults; but dare you upbraid me with effeminacy? do we not know how infamously you lived in Bithinia, how corrupted at Rome, where you shamefully caballed for every honour you obtained? Had you lived without being dishonest, you would have been but a private citizen; but then you would have been still alive.

Cæsar. The poison given at Babylon has had the same effect on you as the sword at Rome on me.

Alexander. 'Twas criminal in my generals to poison me, but those who stabbed you, are become

come the deliverers of their country; so that our deaths are very different, and so are our youths, in a far greater degree; mine was chaste, noble, and ingenuous, yours without honesty or modesty.

Cæsar. You shew the same passionate pride now, as when alive.

Alexander. I have been swayed by my pride, I must confess, and your conduct has been more regular than mine; but you never were benign and open, as I was. You should have been an honest man, before you aimed at being a great man; I have often been weak and vain, but I was still more just to my country than you were.

Cæsar. You make a great noise about justice, without ever having practised it. For my part, I think that the ablest man ought to make himself the master of the commonwealth, that he may govern it wisely.

Alexander. I was too positively persuaded of this, as well as you; Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus, have severely reprimanded me for it, and censured my conquests; yet in the midst of my follies, I never had a thought of violating justice, which, you have suffered for doing.

Cæsar. The Romans, by killing me, have lost very much: I had formed some projects for the making them happy.

Alexander. The best project would have been to follow the example of Sylla, who having been the tyrant of his country, made her

free

free again; you would have finiſhed your days peaceably as he did: but I ſee you do not believe me, I'll go and expect you at the judgment-ſeet, where you muſt be tried by the three judges.

DIALOGUE XLI.

POMPEY and CÆSAR.

Nothing is more fatal to a free ſtate, than the corruption of their women, and the prodigality of thoſe who aim at tyrannic power.

Pompey. I Ruin myſelf by my expences, in order to pleaſe the Romans, and I can ſcarce compaſs it. At five and twenty years of age I had triumphed. I overcame Sertorius and Mithridates. I am always making large preſents. I give the people public ſhews, and by my benefactions have acquired an innumerable company of clients, and yet can I not appeaſe the envious. Cato refuſes my alliance, and a thouſand others thwart my deſigns. What do you think of this matter, my good father-in-law?

Cæſar. I think you take but bad meaſures for governing the commonwealth.

Pompey. How do you mean? can better be taken than by large donations to private men, to acquire their votes, and by gladiators, combats of wild beaſts, and meaſures of corn and wine, to gain the favour of the people? In ſhort, to have many clients zealous for the

ſhews

ſhews which I give? Could Marius, Cinna, Fimbria, Sylla, or the reſt of them take better meaſures?

Cæſar. By this you'll never hit your aim; Cataline underſtood his buſineſs much better than any of theſe.

Pompey. Cataline! do you talk ſeriouſly?

Cæſar. Never more, I'll aſſure you.

Pompey. And what is this mighty ſecret, pray now, for appeaſing envy, diſpelling ſuſpicions, and charming the patricians and plebeians?

Cæſar. Would you know? do as I do, I adviſe you nothing but what I practiſe my ſelf.

Pompey. You would have me flatter the people by an appearance of juſtice and liberty, pretend to be a zealous tribune, a very Gracchus.

Cæſar. This is ſomething, but not all; there is a more ſure way left.

Pompey. Is it magic, invocations of the genii, or knowledge of the ſtars?

Cæſar. Old women's tales, all theſe you name.

Pompey. You have then ſome commerce with the Gods, as Numa, Scipio, and others had.

Cæſar. All theſe are worn-out artifices.

Pompey. Pray now tell me, and keep me no longer in doubt.

Cæſar. Theſe are the two fundamental points of my doctrine; debauch all the women you can, to be let into the greateſt ſecrets of their families; and ſecondly, ſpend profuſely, and run in every body's debt: then it is every creditor's intereſt to have you make your for-

tune, that you may be able to pay them. They give you their own votes, and leave nothing untry'd, to get thoſe of their friends. The more creditors you have, the ſtronger your party. To make myſelf maſter of Rome, I get in every body's debt. The nearer I am to ruin, the more powerful I grow. Let us but ſpend profuſely, and riches like a torrent will break in in upon us.

DIALOGUE XLII.

CICERO and AUGUSTUS.

When we ſerve an ungrateful man, we work our own ruin.

Auguſtus. SAVE you, great orator, I am heartily glad to ſee you again; I have not forgotten the many obligations you laid upon me.

Cicero. O! you can remember them here, but could not in the other world!

Auguſtus. After your death, I found one of my grand-children reading your works; he was ſurpriſed, and feared that I would chide him: but far from it, I took up your book, and ſaid, he was a great man, and a lover of his country; you ſee I could ſpeak well of you even in my life-time.

Cicero. A fine reward truly, for my trouble of educating you! when you were young, you made uſe of my counſels, my friends, and my intereſt.

Auguſtus. You gave them me, not ſo much for my ſake, as to balance the authority of Anthony, whoſe tyranny you feared.

Cicero. True, I was not ſo much afraid of a child, as of that powerful and violent man; but I was deceived, you were the more dangerous of the two: however, I made your fortune; what did I not ſay to the ſenate, in your behalf, whilſt you were at the ſiege of Modena, where the two victorious conſuls Hirtius and Panſa periſhed? by their victories you had the command of the army given you. By my Philippicks, I prejudiced the commonwealth againſt Anthony. Inſtead of fighting for thoſe who had ſupplied you with arms, you baſely made a league with Anthony, and that worſt of men, Lepidus, to enſlave Rome. When the horrid triumvirate was formed, each one ſtickled a while for his friend; but every man made himſelf criminal, that his companion might be ſo too. Anthony was obliged to give up his own uncle L. Cæſar to you, that he might obtain my life, which you baſely yielded to.

Auguſtus. I could not deny that man any thing, whoſe aſſiſtance I ſtood in need of, to make myſelf maſter of the whole world; ſuch a temptation makes the fault excuſeable.

Cicero. Such foul ingratitude can never be excuſed; had it not been for me, you never would have had any ſhare in the public adminiſtration. I heartily regret the praiſes I be-

ſtowed upon you; you were a falſe friend, and became a cruel tyrant.

Auguſtus. By this load of injuries, I fancy you are going to make Philippicks againſt me, more vehement than thoſe againſt Anthony.

Cicero. No, I left my eloquence on the other ſide the Styx: but poſterity will know, that I made you what you are, and you ſacrificed me to gratify the paſſion of Anthony: but what vexes me the more, is, that you have not only render'd yourſelf odious, but me contemptible. They will ſay that I have been bubbled by a young man, who made uſe of me as a tool for attaining his own ambitious ends. Serve an ungrateful man, and you will reap nothing but ſhame, grief, and confuſion.

DIALOGUE XLIII.

SERTORIUS and MERCURY.

Fables and illuſions will prevail more with the credulous vulgar, than truth and virtue.

Mercury. I Muſt make haſte back to Olympus, and I am ſorry for it, for I want ſadly to know how you ended your life at laſt.

Sertorius. I'll tell you in two words: neither the old woman, nor the 'prentice, could conquer me; but the traitor Perpenna ſlew me. Had it not been for him, I would have given my enemies work enough.

Mercury. Who do you call the old woman and the 'prentice?

Sertorius. Metellus and Pompey; the former was grown heavy, doubtful, and in ſhort, worn out with age; by his ſlowneſs he would loſe the moſt critical opportunities. On the other hand, Pompey was without experience, at the head of ſome barbarians, whom we had got together: I ſported with both theſe captains and their legions.

Mercury. I don't wonder at that, they ſay you was a magician, and had a hind, that came to your camp, to give you notice of all the enemy's deſigns, and of all the advantages you could take.

Sertorius. Whilſt I could make uſe of my hind, I never diſcover'd the ſecret; but now I may venture to tell the whole truth on't

Mercury. Well; and pray now was there any inchantment in it?

Sertorius. None at all; however, it was of greater ſervice to me than my money, my forces, or the defeated remains of Marius's party againſt Sylla, whom I pick'd up in the mountains of Spain and Luſitania: a ſeaſonable illuſion will have a great ſway over a credulous people.

Mercury. But was not the illuſion a very groſs one?

Sertorius. It was, but not ſo groſs as the people for whom it was prepared.

Mercury. And did theſe barbarians believe all that you told of your hind?

Sertorius. All, and as much more, if I would have told it 'em. Had I by my ſpies, or out-ſcouts, diſcover'd the enemy's march; 'twas the hind that had whiſper'd it to me. Had I been beaten, the hind told me that the Gods would ſoon raiſe my ſinking party. The hind ordered that the inhabitants of the country ſhould ſend me in all their forces, leſt they ſhould be deſtroy'd by plague and famine. Had my hind been loſt ſome days, and privately found again, I would hide her, and make ſome preſage foretel the return of my hind, then bring her into the camp, where, to be ſure, ſhe brought ſome news from you Olympians. In ſhort the hind was the only one who could repair our misfortunes.

Mercury. That creature ſerved you better than you did us, for ſuch impoſtures leſſen the credit of, and prejudice our myſteries; to be free with you, you were an impious wretch.

Sertorius. Not more impious than Numa with his nymph Egeria; than Lycurgus and Solon with their ſecret commerce with the Gods; than Socrates with his familiar ſpirit: and in ſhort, than Scipio with his myſterious way of going to the capitol, to conſult Jupiter, who inſpir'd his warlike enterprizes againſt Carthage. All theſe were impoſtors as well as myſelf.

Mercury. But they were ſuch only for the ſake of eſtabliſhing good laws, or making their country victorious.

Sertorius. And I for the ſake of defending

myſelf againſt the tyrant Sylla, who had oppreſs'd Rome, and ſent citizens, diſguis'd like ſlaves, to ſlay me.

Mercury. And ſo you reckon the whole commonwealth as Sylla's party; for you were the only Roman who oppoſed it: however, you deceived theſe poor barbarians with religious myſteries.

Sertorius. True, I did; but when we have to do with fools, we muſt amuſe 'em with follies, if we would gain our ends. Tell 'em ſolid truths, they'll not believe you: Make uſe of fables, flatter 'em, amuſe 'em, and the whole country, great and ſmall will run after you.

DIALOGUE XLIV.

Young POMPEY, and MENAS the Freeman.

The character of a man who does not love virtue for its own ſake; and tho' he is not wicked enough to make uſe of vitious means, is not good enough to contemn 'em.

Menas. SHALL I ſtrike a glorious blow?

Pompey. As how? ſpeak quickly, what ails thee to look thus like a Sybil in her cave, when ſhe is inſpir'd and foams?

Menas. 'Tis with joy. O happy opportunity! was the buſineſs mine, it ſhould already have been ended; but, in a word ſhall I do it, ay or no?

Pompey. Do what? How can I anſwer before I know what you aſk? tell me your meaning.

Menas. Do you ſee Anthony and Octavius at that table in your ſhip, who think of nothing but regaling themſelves?

Pompey. See 'em! ay, doſt think me blind?

Menas. I hope you are not deaf neither; a fine ſtroke might be ſtruck there.

Pompey. Ha! wou'd you have me betray 'em? violate the faith given my enemies? the ſon of the great Pompey, turn villain? Menas, thou doſt not know me.

Menas. You don't comprehend me; you need not do it; my hand is ſufficient for the blow, do you be a great man ſtill, and keep your word, Menas has promiſed nothing.

Pompey. But you would have me, in whom they confided, ſuffer you to do it, tho' acquainted with it. Ah! Menas, Menas, why did you tell me of it? you ought to have done it without giving me any notice beforehand.

Menas. Why you ſhall know nothing of it now: I'll cut the cables of the anchors, and we'll put out to ſea; the two tyrants of Rome are in your power. Let not a fooliſh ſcruple hinder you from revenging your father's ghoſt upon the heirs of Cæſar, and ſetting Rome free. Pompey may ſtill keep his word, be generous, and cover'd with glory; Menas alone ſhall commit the crime, and the virtuous Pompey reap the benefit of it.

Pompey.

Pompey. But Pompey can't be acquainted with the crime, and permit it without being equally guilty: Wretch, why did you tell me of it? O how I regret the loſs of what was in your power!

Menas. If you regret it, why will you not permit it? and if you cannot permit it, why ſhou'd you regret it? If the thing in itſelf be good, dare boldly do it; if it be evil, why do you wiſh it done, yet will not ſuffer me to do it? You contradict yourſelf; a ſhadow of virtue makes you apprehenſive, and me ſenſible of the truth of what I have often heard, that it muſt be a great ſoul that dares commit great crimes.

Pompey. True, Menas, I am neither good enough to reject a crime, nor wicked enough to dare commit it myſelf. I am placed between virtue and vice. 'Tis not true honour, but a ſhameful fear, that keeps me from it: I cannot authorize a traytor, or glory in the treaſon, tho' it ſhould make me maſter of the whole univerſe.

DIALOGUE LXV.

CALIGULA, NERO.

The danger of deſpotic power in a monarch who has but a weak head-piece.

Caligula. I Am glad to ſee you; they wanted to make me jealous of you here, by aſſuring me, that in the greatneſs of your

actions you excelled me, but I believe nothing of the matter.

Nero. A fine compariſon indeed! I ſported with all mankind, and made them ſee things they never had ſeen. I deſtroyed my wife, my mother, my governor, and my tutor, and ſet my country in flames. Theſe are the actions of an heroic courage, that ſoars above human weakneſs; the vulgar call this cruelty, I call it an entire contempt of all nature, and greatneſs of ſoul.

Caligula. A pretty hectoring blade! but did you like me ſtifle your dying father? did you like me careſſing your wife, ſay, Pretty little head, that I'll have cut off whenever I pleaſe.

Nero. This was nothing; but what I advance is ſolid: hold, I had forgot one of the fineſt actions of my life, my putting my brother Britannicus to death.

Caligula. This is ſomething I confeſs: doubtleſs you did it in imitation of the great founder of Rome, who, for the public good, ſhed his own brother's blood; but you were nothing but a muſician.

Nero. You had higher pretenſions, you wanted to be a God, and to ſacrifice all thoſe who ſhould doubt it.

Caligula. Why not? could the lives of men be better employed than in being ſacrificed to my deity? they were ſo many victims ſlain on my altars.

Nero. I never gave into any of theſe viſions, but I was the greateſt muſician, and the moſt perfect

perfect comedian of the empire; I was a good poet too.

Caligula. At leaſt you believed ſo, though others did not; every body laughed at your verſes and your voice.

Nero. They did not laugh at them unpuniſhed; Lucan repented his having endeavoured to excel me.

Caligula. A fine honour for a Roman emperor, to mount the ſtage like a buffoon, to grow jealous of the poets, and make himſelf the public laughing-ſtock!

Nero. 'Twas my voyage into Greece that fired me thus for the ſtage, and all other repreſentations.

Caligula. You ſhould have ſtaid in Greece then, to have earned your living like an actor, and left another to poſſeſs the empire of Rome, who would have maintained himſelf in it with more majeſty.

Nero. Had I not my gilt houſe that was larger than the largeſt cities? I knew how to be ſumptuous and magnificent.

Caligula. Had this houſe been finiſhed, the Romans muſt have went and lived out of Rome. The houſe was made proportionable to the coloſſus that repreſented you, and not to you who were no bigger than another man.

Nero. But I endeavoured to appear great.

Caligula. Rather gigantic and monſtrous; but all theſe fine projects were deſtroyed by Vindex.

Nero. And yours by Chereas, as you were going to the theatre.

Caligula. To ſpeak the truth, both our ends were unhappy, and we were cut off in the flower of youth.

Nero. And few there were who would make verſes in praiſes of us, and wiſh us long lives. He who always fancies himſelf in danger, lives in miſery.

Caligula. You ſpeak as if you would change your manner of living, could you return upon earth.

Nero. No; I never could moderate myſelf. You know as well as I do, how dangerous it is for a weak head to have every thing in its power; an unlimited authority makes us grow giddy, and a man, who, in a mean ſtation, would have been prudent, runs mad when he ſees himſelf maſter of the whole world.

Caligula. 'Twou'd be a pretty piece of folly however, was it attended by no ill conſequence; but conſpiracies, troubles, remorſes, and cares, come crouding in: beſides, the comedy is ſhort, and often concludes with a tragick cataſtrophe. We muſt now give an account to theſe three ſevere old men, who are not to be trifled with, but will puniſh thoſe as the worſt of villains, who ſet up for Gods on earth. I ſee Domitian, Commodus, Caracalla, and Heliogabalus, laden with chains, coming this way, whoſe fate will prove as unhappy as ours.

DIALOGUE XLVI.

ANTONIUS PIUS, MARCUS AURELIUS.

We muſt love our country, better than our own family.

Marcus. I Stand in need of your comfort, my dear father, I never thought that I ſhould have felt ſo lively a grief, having been educated in the Stoic opinions, and being deſcended to theſe peaceful manſions.

Antonius. Alas, my ſon, whence all this grief? thoſe tears but ill become a Stoick; what is the matter?

Marcus. I juſt now ſaw my ſon Commodus; he has diſhonoured my name, ſo cheriſhed and reſpected by the people; an infamous woman has had him ſacrificed by way of prevention, becauſe her name was in a liſt of thoſe whom he was to put to death.

Antonius. I know that he has led an infamous life; but wherefore did you neglect his education? you yourſelf caus'd his misfortunes, and he has more reaſon to complain of your negligence than you of his diſorder.

Marcus. I was ſo taken up with the affairs of the empire, and foreign wars, that I had ſcarce time to think of my child, yet did I take ſome care of him. Alas, had I been a private man, I ſhould have inſtructed him myſelf

ſelf, and made him honeſt; but I left him too much power, to leave him fraught with virtue and moderation.

Antonius. If you were ſenſible that power would ruin him, you ought never to have made him emperor both for the ſake of the empire, and of your ſon, who in a meaner ſtate might have done much better.

Marcus. I never foreſaw his corruption and degeneracy.

Antonius. You ought to have foreſeen it; but did not paternal fondneſs blind you? In you I choſe a ſtranger for my ſucceſſor, without the leaſt regard to the intereſt of my family. Had you done the ſame thing, you would not have been thus grieved now; but your ſon has diſhonoured you, as much as you honoured me. But confeſs the truth, did you never ſee any thing unpromiſing in that young man?

Marcus. I did ſee ſome faults in him, but hoped that he would mend.

Antonius. And you reſolved to make the experiment, tho' the empire ſuffered by it. Had you ſincerely loved your country better than your family, you would not have hazarded the public good for the ſake of maintaining the grandeur of your family.

Marcus. To deal ingenuouſly with you, my deſign was always to prefer the empire to my ſon; but the love I bore him, hindered me from watching him as narrowly as I ſhould have

have done: I doubted and flattered myſelf, till my hopes prevailed over my fears.

Antonius. How unhappy it is, that the beſt of men ſhould be imperfect, and that without deſigning it, they ſhould often do more miſchief than can be repaired?

Marcus. He was well made, ſkill'd in all bodily exerciſe, and ſurrounded by wiſe counſellors, in whom I had confided, and who were able to moderate his youth: true, he was by nature inconſtant, paſſionate, and addicted to pleaſure.

Antonius. Did you know no man in Rome more worthy of the empire of the world?

Marcus. I knew ſeveral, but thought that I might prefer my ſon, provided he was qualified for it.

Antonius. What then did you mean by that heroic language, when writing to Fauſtina, you ſaid, that if Aridus Caſſius was more worthy of the empire than you, and your family, you muſt ſuffer him to prevail, and let your family periſh? Why did not you follow theſe maxims, when the choice of a ſucceſſor was in queſtion? Ought you not for the ſake of your country to have preferred the worthieſt?

Marcus. I confeſs my fault; but the wife you had given me with the empire, and whoſe diſorders, in complaiſance to you, I ſuffer'd, never permitted me to follow the purity of my maxims. When you gave me this wife with the empire, you committed two faults, for you made me two preſents, of which the one hin-

hindered me from making a good uſe of the other. I am loth to excuſe myſelf, by blaming you, but you force me to it. Were you not as blind towards your daughter as I towards my ſon?

Antonius. Tho' I upbraid you with yours, I do not diſown my fault; but I gave you a wife without aothority, who had nothing but the name of empreſs: when ſhe behaved herſelf ill, you might, and ought to have been divorced according to law; at leaſt you ought to have been above liſtening to ſuch a woman: beſides, ſhe was dead when you left the empire to your ſon; you was ſenſible of his violence and inconſtancy; he thought of nothing but giving public ſhews, ſhooting arrows, piercing wild beaſts, and making himſelf as ſavage as they are, becoming a gladiator, going without clothes, and covering himſelf with a lion's ſkin, as Hercules did: in ſhort, nothing but plunging himſelf into the moſt horrid vices, and indulging his ſuſpicions and monſtrous cruelty. O my ſon, go not about to excuſe yourſelf; 'twas impoſſible that ſo ſenſeleſs, and ſo wicked a man, ſhould have deceived one of your underſtanding, had not your fondneſs prevailed over your prudence and virtue.

DIALOGUE XLVII.

HORACE and VIRGIL.

The characters of these two poets.

Virgil. HOW happy and sedate we live upon the flow'ry banks of this silver stream, so near this odoriferous grove!

Horace. Take care, or you'll make an eclogue presently, a work unfit for a shade; behold Homer, Hesiod, and Theocritus crown'd with laurel? they hear their verses sung, but compose no more.

Virgil. With joy I hear that yours are still the delight of learned men, though many ages are past since they were written: you was not mistaken when in your Odes you said you could never entirely die.

Horace. Time indeed has not defaced my works, but I must love you as tenderly as I do, to be free from jealousy, on your account; you are placed immediately after Homer.

Virgil. Our muses ought not to be jealous of one another, they are so very different in their kinds. Your great beauty is your variety, your odes are sometimes soft and tender, often rapid and sublime. Your satyrs are plain, short, ingenuous, and full of salt. We find in them a true knowledge of mankind, a serious philosophy, a pleasing turn, which, as they instruct,

and redreſs the morals of mankind, at the ſame time divert them. Your art of poetry ſhews, that you had all the extent of acquired knowledge, all the ſtrength of genius neceſſary for the greateſt works, the epick poem, or the tragick drama.

Horace. And can you talk thus, who in your eclogues have made uſe of the natural tenderneſs of Theocritus? Your Georgicks are full of the moſt lively deſcriptions. You enrich and beautify all nature; and in ſhort, the order, ſtrength, magnificence and ſublimity of Homer, appear in every line of your Æneids.

Virgil. But I followed him ſtep by ſtep.

Horace. You did not follow him in your fourth book, when you ſing the loves of Dido; this whole book is an original, nor can it be denied, but that Æneas's deſcent into hell is far more beautiful than the evocation of ſouls in the Odyſſey.

Virgil. My laſt books are incorrect, I did not think of leaving them ſo imperfect; you know I ordered that they ſhould be burnt.

Horace. What pity 'twould have been! this was an exceſs of modeſty. But we plainly ſee, that the author of the Georgicks could have finiſhed the Æneids as carefully. I don't look upon this laſt correction, ſo much as upon the tow'ring genius, the conduct of the whole work, and the ſtrength and boldneſs of the ſtrokes. To deal ingenuouſly with you, if any thing hinders you from equalling Homer, 'tis your being more polite, and more correct; but not

not so plain and sublime as he is: for at once he lays Nature open before our eyes.

Virgil. I own that sometimes I have wanted a little from Nature, to suit myself to the taste of a magnificent, nice, and polite people. Homer seems often to have forgot the reader, when he is describing Nature in her simplicity; in this I yield to him.

Horace. You are still the same modest Virgil, who was so backward in introducing himself in the court of Augustus. I have told you freely what I think of your works; be as free with me, and shew me the faults of mine. Do you think me incapable of acknowledging them?

Virgil. There are, I think, some verses in your odes that might be omitted, without prejudice to the subject, and which are something foreign to the purpose: I am sensible that extasy becomes an ode, but it is not to introduce superfluous things. In some sublime verses you shall also find words wanting, either to make the lines more harmonious, or to express the simplicity of the passions; never was man more happy in his turns, or in his words to express his meaning, with more brevity and politeness; the words whilst you use them, become new, but all is not equally smooth, there are some things I should fancy too forced.

Horace. No wonder that you should criticize upon their harmony, seeing that your own verses are so soft and smooth, that they force tears from the eyes.

Virgil. The harmony of an ode ſhould be very different from the other, and more various than mine; and this you ſhewed, that you was ſenſible of.

Horace. However, I have compoſed but little trifling pieces. I have cenſured faults, and given rules for the avoiding them, but I never wrote any thing like your heroic poem.

Virgil. I think, dear Horace, that we have been beſtowing praiſes upon one another a little too long; prithee let us have done.

DIALOGUES

OF THE

MODERN DEAD.

DIALOGUE I.

LEGER and EBROIM.

A plain and ſolitary life has no charms for an ambitious mind.

Ebroim. THE greateſt comfort to me, in my misfortunes, to find you in this ſolitude.

Leger. And I am ſorry to find you in it; for when 'tis againſt our will, that we are obliged to ſeek a ſolitude, it will be of no profit to us.

Ebroim. But why ſhould you deſpair of my converſion? your counſels and examples may mend me; and ſeeing that you are ſo charitable, can you not beſtow ſome of your leiſure hours upon me?

Leger. I am ſent hither that I may meddle with no buſineſs, and I find it work enough to correct myſelf.

Ebroim. Have you, in entering this ſolitude, renounced all charity?

Leger. By no means, I'll pray for you.

Ebroim. So, I ſee you abandon me as a man unworthy of your inſtructions, but you wrong

me. I own I came hither againſt my will, but am now contented to lead this ſolitary life. This deſart is the moſt beautiful I ever ſaw: do you not admire theſe rivulets, falling from the mountains; theſe craggy rocks, partly covered with moſs; theſe trees, which appear as ancient as their baſis, old earth itſelf? Nature has ſomething frightful and ſavage here, but at the ſame time melancholy and pleaſing.

Leger. The ambitious mind, which is ſtill in love with the vanities of the world, has but little reliſh for theſe things: the ſoul muſt be in an innocent and peaceful ſtate, before it can be ſenſible of theſe rural beauties.

Ebroim. But I was weary of the world, and its toils, when I was ſent hither.

Leger. And yet you was ſent hither by force.

Ebroim. I ſhould not have had the courage to leave the world, but yet was out of conceit with it.

Leger. As out of conceit as you were, you would return to it with joy, and want only to find the means of doing it; I know you well, then prithee don't diſſemble, but deal ingenuouſly with me.

Ebroim. And ſhould we, holy prelate, be again at the helm of affairs, we ſhould do an infinite deal of good. We would ſtand by one another to protect the virtuous, and we might eaſily bear down all that ſhould oppoſe us.

Leger. You may truſt yourſelf, as far as you pleaſe, upon the knowledge of your paſt experience, and flatter your paſſions; as for me, who

who have been here longer than you, I have had more leiſure to ſtudy myſelf, and to miſtruſt both myſelf and the whole world; that ungrateful world, which has once deceived me, but never ſhall deceive me more. I have endeavoured to do it good, and in return it has done me a great deal of miſchief. I have tried to aſſiſt a queen, whoſe intentions were good, and ſhe has been diſgraced, and forced to retire. By endeavouring to impriſon me, they have ſet me free; I am happy now, for I have nothing to do but to die peaceably in this deſart.

Ebroim. But remember that if we are reconciled one to another, we may again be abſolute maſters.

Leger. Of what? the ſeas and winds? no, I have been ſhipwreck'd once, and will never embark more. Do you go and ſeek your fortune, torment yourſelf, be unhappy in this life, and be cut off in the flower of your youth; to be talk'd of, and to trouble this world, be damn'd in the next: you deſerve it, ſince you know not when you are well.

Ebroim. But is it true, that ambition is quite extinguiſhed in your heart?

Leger. Will you believe me, if I tell you ſo.

Ebroim. I really don't know whether I ſhould, for ——

Leger. Well; I will not tell you ſo then, and I ſee 'tis in vain to ſpeak to you; neither the toils of proſperity, nor the rigours of adverſe fortune, have been able to mend you: go, return to court, be at the helm of affairs again, and make both the world and yourſelf unhappy.

DIALOGUE II.

The prince of WALES, and RICHARD his ſon.

The character of a weak prince.

Prince. ALAS! my dear ſon, I am ſorry to ſee you ſo ſoon again; I was in hopes that your reign would be long and happy. What is it that has haſtened your death? have you been guilty of the ſame fault that I was, and ruined your health, by the fatigues you underwent in the war againſt France?

Richard. No, father, no, I always enjoyed my health, other misfortunes brought me to my grave.

Prince. Has ſome traitor imbrued his hands in your blood? If ſo, England that has not yet forgot me, will revenge your death.

Richard. Alas! my father, all England has joined together to diſhonour, degrade, and deſtroy me.

Prince. Heavens! who would have believed it? whom can you henceforth truſt? but did you do nothing to deſerve their hatred? confeſs the truth to your father?

Richard. My father! they denied it, and ſaid I was the ſon of a canon of Bourdeaux.

Prince. This is what no body can anſwer for; however, your mother's conduct could never inſpire ſuch a thought: but was it not yours that made them ſay ſo?

Richard. They ſaid that I prayed like a canon;

that I could not preſerve my authority over the people, nor exerciſe juſtice, nor wage war.

Prince. And is this true? Oh! my ſon! it had been far better for you to have led a monk's life at Weſtminſter, than to have been placed ſo contemptibly on the throne!

Richard. My intentions were good, I have given good examples, and have often acted with a great deal of vigour: as for inſtance, I had my uncle, the duke of Glouceſter, taken up and executed, for rallying the malecontents, with a deſign to dethrone me, had I not prevented him.

Prince. This was a bold ſtroke, and probably a neceſſary one; for I knew my brother to be crafty, diſſembling, enterpriſing, an enemy to lawful power, and a fit man for rallying a dangerous cabal. But had not you, my ſon, given them a handle againſt you? was the blow well weighed before you gave it? did not you droop after it?

Richard. The duke of Glouceſter accuſed me of being too zealous for the French, the ſworn enemies of our nation. My marriage with the daughter of Charles VI. of France, alienated the hearts of the Engliſh from me.

Prince. And did you make yourſelf ſuſpected by your ſubjects, for an alliance with their inveterate enemies? what did they give you for this marriage? did you join Poictou and Touraine to Guienne, and thus unite our dominions in France, as far as Normandy?

Richard. No, but I thought it was neceſſary

to

to have a foreign ally, able to take my part againſt the factious Engliſh.

Prince. Unhappy wretch! diſhonour of the royal family! you courted the aſſiſtance of thoſe enemies whoſe intereſt it was to leſſen your power; you endeavoured to eſtabliſh yourſelf on the throne, by taking meaſures contrary to the intereſt of your nation. Not ſatiſfy'd with the love of your ſubjects, you wanted to be feared by them, by making alliances with their enemies to oppreſs them. Alas! what are become of thoſe happy days, when I put the king of France to flight in the plains of Creſſy, fatned with the gore of 30000 French, and where I took another king of that nation, at the very gates of Poictiers? How are thoſe times changed! well might they take you for a canon's ſon; but who dethron'd you at laſt?

Richard. The earl of Derby.

Prince. By what means? did he gather an army together? did he overthrow you in battle?

Richard. No, a quarrel with the general had forc'd him to fly into France, there the archbiſhop of Canterbury went privately to him, and invited him to enter into a conſpiracy; he paſſed through Britany, arrived in London, whilſt I was abſent, and found the people ready to revolt: the greateſt part of the rebels took up arms, their number amounted to 60000, I was forſaken by every body, and forced to fly to a caſtle, where the earl came to me, and was impudent enough to enter it almoſt alone; I could eaſily have killed him there.

Prince.

Prince. Wretch, that thou art! why did'ſt not do it?

Richard. The people that were every where up in arms would have ſacrificed me.

Prince. And had it not been much better to die like a valiant man!

Richard. Beſides this, an ill omen diſcouraged me.

Prince. What was it?

Richard. My bitch, that never uſed to careſs any body, went immediately and fawn'd upon the earl; I was ſenſible of the meaning of this, and even told the earl my thoughts of the matter.

Prince. Prodigious folly! and thus a bitch decided thy authority, life, and honour, and even the fate of all England: but what did you do then?

Richard. I begg'd the earl to protect me from the fury of the incenſed people.

Prince. To compleat your infamy, nothing was wanting but your begging your life of the uſurper: however, did he give it you?

Richard. Yes, at firſt, and ſhut me up in the Tower, where I might have liv'd peaceably enough, had not my friends done me more miſchief than my enemies; they endeavoured to rally again, in order to deliver me out of priſon, and to dethrone the uſurper, who tho' he had always been unwilling to be guilty of my death, was now forc'd to get rid of me.

Prince. Here is a compleat misfortune; my ſon was weak and inconſiſtant, his want of virtue makes him contemptible, he enters into an alli-

ance

ance with his enemies, and his ſubjects revolt; he cannot foreſee the gathering ſtorm, but as ſoon as he is attack'd is diſcourag'd: he loſes the opportunity of deſtroying the uſurper, but, like a coward, begs his life, yet does not obtain it. O heavens! how do you mock the glory of princes, and the proſperity of ſtates! Is this the grandſon of Edward who overcame Philip, and ravaged his kingdoms? Is this the ſon of him who took king John, and made France and Spain tremble?

DIALOGUE III.

CHARLES VII. and JOHN DUKE of BURGUNDY.

Cruelty and treachery, far from leſſening dangers, increaſe them.

Burgundy. NOW, that our courſe is finiſhed, and we no longer have any intereſt amongſt the living, let us reaſon a little calmly: wherefore was I aſſaſſinated by your orders? muſt a dauphin be guilty of ſo henious a treachery to his own blood, to his couſin, who——

Charles. Who wou'd have turned every thing topſy turvy, and had almoſt ruined France. You wanted to govern me as you had govern'd the two dauphins, my brothers, before me.

Burgundy. But to have me aſſaſſinated, 'twas infamous.

Charles.

Charles. To aſſaſſinate was the ſafeſt way.

Burgundy. And that in a place to which you had drawn me by the moſt ſolemn promiſes. I enter'd the barrier with Noailles, (methinks I ſtill am there) when that traitor *Taniguy du Chaſtel* inhumanly murder'd us both.

Charles. You may declaim as long as you pleaſe, couſin, but I ſtill ſtand to my firſt maxim; when we have to do with a man as violent and as reſtleſs as yourſelf, to aſſaſſinate is the ſafeſt way.

Burgundy. The ſafeſt! You don't think of what you ſay.

Charles. I do think of it, and ſay again, 'tis the ſafeſt way.

Burgundy. Yes, to fall into all thoſe misfortunes into which you plunged yourſelf by my death. You did yourſelf more miſchief by having me murder'd than I could have done you had I lived.

Charles. I can't tell that; had you lived, I muſt have periſh'd with France.

Burgundy. Was it my intereſt to ruin France? I wou'd have govern'd, not deſtroy'd it; and it had been much better for you to have ſuffer'd ſome things from my jealouſy and ambition. After all, I was one of your blood, pretty nearly related to the crown, and therefore 'twas my intereſt to maintain its grandeur. I never ſhould have enter'd into a league againſt France with the Engliſh, its greateſt enemies: but your treachery, and my death, forced my ſon, as loyal as he was, to an abſolute neceſſity of revenging

revenging me, and joining himself to the English. The fruit of your treachery was an alliance between the house of Burgundy, the queen your mother, and the English, to overturn the French monarchy; for cruelty and treachery, far from lessening dangers, will abundantly increase them; this your own experience will teach you. My death deliver'd you from one enemy, but raised you many more formidable, and France was reduced to a condition far more deplorable than before. Your towns were plunder'd, your provinces burnt, and your fields ravaged; nor could you be delivered from this load of woes into which my horrid murder had plung'd you, but by miracles: then come and tell me again, with such a positive air, that to assassinate is the safest way.

Charles. I must confess that your arguments confound me; you are grown very subtile and politick since your coming hither, but I must have recourse to fact: if to assassinate been't safe, why had you my uncle, the duke of Orleans, murder'd? you was not so great a philosopher then, I suppose, but thought as I do.

Burgundy. Indeed I did; but however, by the success of that you may see 'tis not safe; had I let the duke of Orleans live, you never wou'd have meditated my death: but he who begins upon such things, ought to foresee where they will end; from the very hour he undertakes any thing against the life of another, his own is in danger.

Charles.

Charles. Well, couſin, I ſee we are both in the wrong; I was not indeed aſſaſſinated in my turn, but involved myſelf in ſtrange perplexities by your death.

DIALOGUE IV.

LEWIS IX. and CARDINAL BESSARION.

A ſcholar is not fit to be at the helm of affairs, and yet much fitter than a great wit, who is an enemy to juſtice and honeſty.

Lewis. CArdinal, a good morning to you! I'll receive you with more civility to-day, than when you came in the Pope's name to ſee me. The adjuſting of ceremonials will cauſe no breach between us now, the ſhades are all here incognito without diſtinction.

Beſſarion. I have not yet forgot the injuſtice you did me, when at the very beginning of my ſpeech, you took me by the beard.

Lewis. That Grecian beard ſurpriſed me; beſides, I was willing to cut the ſpeech ſhort, which otherwiſe would have been long and tedious.

Beſſarion. Why ſo? it was a very fine one, I can aſſure you, and compoſed upon the model of Iſocrates, Lycias, Hyperides, and Pericles.

Lewis. Thoſe are gentlemen I am not acquainted with; but you had been and paid a viſit to the duke of Burgundy, my vaſſal, before you came

came to me: you had better have ſpent leſs time in reading the authors of other ages, and more in ſtudying the cuſtoms of the preſent; you behaved yourſelf like a pedant, who knows nothing at all of the world.

Beſſarion. And yet I had fully ſtudied the laws of Draco, Solon, and Lycurgus, with thoſe of Plato's republick: all the remains of the antient orators who have govern'd any people; and in ſhort, the beſt commentators and ſchoolmen, who have treated of the polity of a republic.

Lewis. I never read any of theſe, but I know that a cardinal, ſent by the pope, to reſtore the duke of Burgundy to my favour, ought not to have viſited him, before he came to ſee me.

Beſſarion. I thought I might have follow'd the Hyſteron Proteron of the Greeks; and I knew that philoſophy taught us, that *the firſt thing in intention, is the laſt in execution.*

Lewis. Let us leave your philoſophy, and come to fact.

Beſſarion. I ſee in you all the barbarity of the Romans, in whoſe minds, Greece, after the taking of Conſtantinople, in vain endeavour'd to implant learning, and root out ignorance.

Lewis. Wiſdom conſiſts in good ſenſe, not in Greek; reaſon is to be met with in all languages; you ought to have obſerv'd more order, and placed the lord before the vaſſal: your Grecians were fools, if they did not know what the greateſt clowns know. But I can't forbear laughing when I reflect upon your way of

of negotiating buſineſs. When I did not approve of any of your maxims, you went to prove them by paſſages of Sophocles, Lycophron, and Pindar. I never ſhould have remembered their names, had not they been quoted by you many and many a time. Did a diſpute ariſe about any place, you came in with a verſe of Menander or Callimachus. I was for continuing my alliance with the Swiſſers and the duke of Lorrain, and you would prove from Plato and Gorgias, that it was not my intereſt ſo to do. I wanted to know whether the king of England would be for or againſt me, and you came up with the example of Epaminondas: you quite eaſed me of the grief I was under for not having ſtudied. I often ſaid within myſelf, happy thoſe who are ignorant of what others ſay, and know what to ſay themſelves.

Beſſarion. The badneſs of your taſte ſurpriſes me. I thought you had ſtudied much; I was told that your father had given you a pretty good preceptor, and that afterwards, at the duke of Burgundy's court in Flanders, you took a great deal of delight in diſputing with philoſophers every day.

Lewis. I was very young when I left both the king my father, and my preceptor; I went to the court of Burgundy, where trouble and diſquiet put me under a neceſſity of attending a few learned men; but I was ſoon weary of them; they were pedantic and crazy like yourſelf; they had no notion of buſineſs, were

ignorant of the different characters of men, could not diſſemble, hold their tongues, inſinuate themſelves, nor enter into the paſſions of others; could make no ſhift in time of danger, nor foreſee other men's deſigns; they were vain and indiſcreet arguers, made up of words, and unperſuaſive ſubtleties, incapable of learning how to live, and to conſtrain themſelves: ſuch animals are not to be borne with.

Baſſarion. I own that ſcholars are not over fit for action, becauſe they love the repoſe of the muſes; nor can they diſſemble and conſtrain themſelves, becauſe they are above the groſs paſſions of mankind, and the flatteries which tyrants require.

Lewis. Go you pedant; briſtling with your Greek, you forget the reſpect you owe me.

Beſſarion. The ſage, according to the Stoicks, is more a king than ever you was with all your dignity and power; you never, like the wiſe man, had the command of your paſſions. Beſides this, you are nothing now but the ſhadow of a king, and as a ſhadow I am as good as yourſelf.

Lewis. Do you ſee the impudence of this old pedant:

Beſſarion. I would rather be a pedant, than a knave, and the tyrant of mankind; I never put my brother to death, or detain'd my ſon in priſon; I never acquired any enemies by making uſe of poiſon and daggers, nor was my old age hideous, like that of the tyrants whom Greece ſo much deteſted: but we muſt excuſe you. Tho' very ſubtle and lively, you had ſomething

ſomething of a crazed imagination; nor did you wholly degenerate from a father who ſtarved himſelf, and from a grandfather who was locked up for many years; your ſon too is a little crack-brained, and it will be happy for France, if, after his death, the crown devolves to another branch.

Lewis. I muſt own that my head-piece was none of the beſt; I had weak and melancholy viſions, with violent paſſions, but at the ſame time I had courage, penetration, knew how to ſhift at any time, and was endowed with talents, that enabled me to inſinuate myſelf in the minds of men, and to encreaſe my authority. I knew how to overlook an uſeleſs pedant, and to diſcover any uſeful quality in the meaneſt of my ſubjects: even when I languiſh'd in my laſt ſickneſs, I preſerved preſence of mind enough to endeavour at a peace with Maximilian; and whilſt he deferr'd concluding it, in expectation of my death, by my emiſſaries I made thoſe of Ghent riſe up againſt him, and forced him to make a peace with me, by which he gave my ſon his daughter Margaret in marriage, with three provinces for her dowry. This was a maſter-piece in politicks, juſt before my death, at a time when I was thought mad. Go, you old pedant, go ſeek your Grecians, who never had ſo much policy in them; who can only read and write, but can neither act like, nor are fit to live with other men.

Beſſarion. And yet I love a ſcholar who is fit

for no kind of buſineſs, and knows nothing but what he has read, far better than a diſquiet, ſubtle, and enterprizing mind, who is an enemy to juſtice and humanity, and confounds all mankind.

DIALOGUE V.

LEWIS XI. the Cardinal *de la* BALUE.

A wicked prince teaches his ſubjects to be faithleſs and treacherous.

Lewis. HOW dare you, you wretch, appear before me, after having been ſuch a traitor?

Cardinal. Where wou'd you have me go and hide myſelf? or am I not ſufficiently hid in this throng of ghoſts? we are all equal here.

Lewis. This language becomes thee well, who wert a miller's ſon.

Cardinal. To you a mean extraction was meritorious; your companion the provoſt Triſtan, your phyſician Coctier, and your barber Oliver, were your favourites and firſt miniſters; and before my time, Janfredy had obtained the purple by your intereſt: my family was as good as any of theirs, I think.

Lewis. But none of them were ſuch horrid traitors as you.

Cardinal. I can't tell that, for had they been honeſt,

honeſt, you never would have uſed them well, or employed them.

Lewis. And wherefore do you believe that I did not make choice of them for their merit?

Cardinal. Becauſe you always hated and ſuſpected merit, virtue frightned you, as you could not uſe it; and you employed baſe and groveling ſouls who would enter into your intrigues, your knaveries, and your cruelties. An honeſt man, who abhorred deceit and evil, had not been fit for you, who thought of nothing but deceiving and hurting, that you might gratify your boundleſs ambition. We are now in the land of truth, and to ſpeak freely, I have been diſhoneſt, but that was the very reaſon why you preferred me to other men. Did not I ſerve you very dexterouſly in mocking the nobles and the people? Did you ever meet a more ſupple knave, and one fitter to act every part?

Lewis. That's true, but tho' you deceived others in obedience to me, you ought not to have deceived me alſo; the pope and you were agreed together upon perſuading me to aboliſh the Pragmatic ſanction, contrary to the true intereſt of France.

Cardinal. Piſh, yon never cared a-pin for France, nor its true intereſt, but minded your own only; you wanted to make a penny of the pope, and to ſell him your canons. I only ſerved you in your own way.

Lewis. But 'twas you filled my head with theſe viſionary projects, contrary to the intereſt

of my crown, to which my own true grandeur was join'd.

Cardinal. Not at all; I would have had you ſold the dirty ſcrowl dear enough to the court of Rome: but ſuppoſe I had deceived you, what could you ſay to it?

Lewis. Say, impudence! were we amongſt the living, I would put you in your cage again.

Cardinal. I had been there long enough; but if you grow angry, I'll hold my tongue: however, know that I do not dread the fury of the ſhadow of a king; or do you ſtill fancy yourſelf at *Pleſſis-lez-Tours*, with your ruffians?

Lewis. 'Tis well for you that I am not there; however, the ſubject is new, and I am willing to hear it out: prove now, by ſolid arguments, that you ought to have betrayed your maſter.

Cardinal. The paradox ſurpriſes you, but I'll prove it. Muſt not a miller's ſon, who never had any education but in a court, follow thoſe maxims which are there, by the common conſent, allowed to be the beſt and wiſeſt?

Lewis. There's ſome ſhew of reaſon in what you ſay.

Cardinal. But, without growing angry, anſwer me directly, yes or no.

Lewis. I cannot deny a thing that in itſelf ſeems ſo juſt, nor own it, leſt the concluſions drawn from it ſhould confound me.

Cardinal. I ſee that I muſt take your ſilence for conſent, and ſo I proceed; the fundamental maxim of all your counſels, was to do every thing for your own ends; you had no regard for the princes of the blood, nor for the queen, who was detained a captive at a diſtance from court; nor for the dauphin, who was educated in ignorance and in a priſon; nor for the kingdom itſelf, which you ruined by your cruel politics, and to whoſe intereſts you always preferred a tyrannical power; nor did you value your favourites, or moſt faithful miniſters, whom you employed in deceiving others. You never loved any of them, nor truſted them but in time of need; you endeavoured to deceive them, as well as the reſt of the world, and would ſacrifice them upon the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion; there was not a moment's ſafety with you; you trifled with the lives of men, and loved no body, though you would have had every body love you. Treachery was your intereſt, and how could you expect to meet with true friendſhip, or diſintereſted honeſty? Where could you have learnt thoſe virtues? Did you deſerve or hope to meet with them? Durſt any body practiſe them in your court? Could any body have lived there a week together with an open and ſincere heart? Was not one obliged to be a villain to obtain your favour? Whoever had a mind to preſerve honour or conſcience, muſt have got far out of your reach, on t'other ſide the ſun; for when a man is a villain to one, he is ſo to

the whole world. Would you have a ſoul, whom you have corrupted and taught to be treacherous to the whole world, be faithful and honeſt to you alone? Could you be fooliſh enough to expect any ſuch thing, or think they would not behave themſelves towards you as you towards them? Nay, had they been honeſt and ſincere to other men, you would have taught them to have become villains to you. Who then could have learnt any principle with you, but that of knavery? You would have deſpiſed a man that had any intereſt at heart but his own; I did not care to incur your ſcorn, and rather choſe to deceive you, than to be accounted a fool by you.

Lewis. I own that your argument confounds me; but wherefore did you enter into a league with the duke of Guienne, my brother, and my worſt of enemies, the duke of Burgundy?

Cardinal. Becauſe they were your moſt dangerous enemies, and therefore I formed an alliance with them, that I might be protected, in caſe you ſhould attempt my death: I knew that you would believe that I betrayed you, whether or no you had any grounds for your belief; I therefore rather choſe to betray you for my own ſafety, than to periſh upon the ſuſpicion of it, without doing it. In ſhort, I followed your maxims, made myſelf valued by both parties, and got a reward for my ſervices in a time of need, which you never would have willingly given me, when you did not want

want me. This is what an ungrateful, miſtruſting, treacherous prince, who loves no body but himſelf, muſt expect from his miniſters.

Lewis. And the traitor that ſells his king muſt meet with your fate; the dignity of cardinal protects him from death, but he is ſhut up in a priſon for eleven years, and ſtripped of all his ill-gotten wealth.

Cardinal. My only fault was not deceiving you with caution enough, by ſuffering my letters to be intercepted. Had I the ſame opportunity again, I would again deceive you as you deſerved, but ſo ſubtilly, that you never ſhould diſcover me.

DIALOGUE VI.

LEWIS XI. and PHILIP DE COMINES.

The crimes and weakneſs of a king can never be concealed.

Lewis. THEY ſay that you have written the hiſtory of my life.

Philip. Yes, Sir, and ſpoke of you as a loyal ſervant ſhould do.

Lewis. But they tell me that you have mentioned ſeveral things which might have as well been omitted.

Philip. Probably I have, but take it in general, the picture I drew of you was very much to

to your advantage: would you, inſtead of an hiſtorian, have made me an eternal flatterer?

Lewis. You ſhould have ſpoken of me, as a ſubject loaded with the favours of his maſter.

Philip. And ſo have been believed by no body: gratitude is what we do not look for in an hiſtorian, far from it, it would make us ſuſpect him.

Lewis. Why, are there people, who have ſuch an itching to writing? we ſhould not diſturb the dead, or endeavour to blacken their memories.

Philip. Yours was ſtrangely blackened, and I endeavoured to ſoften the impreſſions already made on the minds of men; I mentioned all your good qualities, and endeavoured to clear you of the odious crimes you were accuſed of: what more could I do?

Lewis. Or hold your tongue, or clear me in every thing; they ſay you repreſented all my grimaces, all my diſtortions of body, when I was talking alone; all my intrigues with mean people; you have expoſed my familiarity with my provoſt, my phyſician, my barber, and my taylor: they ſay too that you have not forgotten my ſuperſtition, even in my laſt days, my eagerneſs in gathering relics together; my being rubbed from head to foot with holy oil, and going a pilgrimaging, to which I always attributed my cures. You have taken notice of our lady of lead, which I was always wont to kiſs, when I had formed ſome bad deſign; and the croſs of St. Lo, by which I never durſt ſwear without

without keeping my oath, for fear of dying within the year; all this is very ridiculous ſtuff.

Philip. But is not all this true?

Lewis. What if it be, you need not have mentioned it.

Philip. You might then have left it undone.

Lewis. But as it was done, you might have hid it.

Philip. When once done, it could not be hid from poſterity.

Lewis. What, cannot ſome certain things be concealed?

Philip. And do you think that the actions of a powerful king can be concealed after death, as his intrigues are during his life-time? My ſilence would not have excuſed you, but would have diſhonoured me; be ſatisfied with this, I could have ſaid much worſe of you, and been believed, yet refuſed to do it.

Lewis. And ought not hiſtory to reſpect the memory of kings?

Philip. Kings ought to reſpect hiſtory, and poſterity, whoſe cenſure they never can eſcape. Thoſe who would not be ſpoke ill of have but one remedy left, to behave themſelves well.

DIALOGUE VII.

LEWIS XI. CHARLES duke of Burgundy.

Wicked men, who have no notion of virtue, are miſtruſtful of, and deceive others, till they are deceived themſelves.

Lewis. I AM ſorry, couſin, for the miſfortunes which happened to you.

Charles. You were the occaſion of them, by deceiving me.

Lewis. It was your pride and paſſions that deceived you; have you forgotten the notice I gave you of a man's offering me to ſlay you?

Charles. I could not believe it, for I fancied, that had the thing been true, you would not have been honeſt enough to have given me notice of it, but took it for an invention of yours to make me ſuſpect all thoſe who were about me; this treachery was ſuitable to your character, nor did I wrong you much by believing you guilty of it: who would not have been deceived in you, when you ſhewed yourſelf good and ſincere?

Lewis. I confeſs that it was not very ſafe to truſt to my ſincerity, and yet it had been better for you to confide in me, than in that traitor Campobache, who ſold you for ſix thouſand crowns.

Charles. Since policy is out of ſeaſon in Pluto's dominions, I will ſpeak freely to you; we were

were both wrong in our maxims, and neither of us had any notion of virtue: in this ſtate we often ſuſpected and perſecuted juſt and honeſt men, and then we were under a neceſſity of delivering ourſelves up to the firſt comer; and this firſt comer is generally a villain, who by his flattery inſinuates himſelf. However, in the main my temper was much better than yours; true, I was haſty and ſomething fierce, but I was not like you, cruel and deceitful. Do you remember the conference in which you acknowledged that I had all the gentleman in me, in which I made you of the ſame opinion I had before made the biſhop of Narbonne?

Lewis. Flattery all; ſpoken with a deſign to amuſe you and to take you off from the other chiefs of this league, for the common good; I was ſenſible that whilſt I praiſed you, I might bubble you.

DIALOGUE VIII.

LEWIS XI. LEWIS XII.

Generoſity and honeſty are ſurer maxims in polity, than cruelty and cunning.

Lewis XI. IF I am not miſtaken, that is one of my ſucceſſors; though ſhades loſe all their majeſty, yet I fancy this to have been a king of France, he talks French, and the other ſhades pay him a great deal of re-

ſpect: will you be ſo kind as to tell me who you are?

Lewis XII. The duke of Orleans, afterwards king, under the name of Lewis XII.

Lewis XI. How did you govern my kingdom?

Lewis XII. By ways far different from yours? you were feared, I beloved? you burdened, I eaſed the French, and preferred their repoſe to the glory of conquering my enemies.

Lewis XI. You were ignorant, I ſee, of the art of reigning; I left my ſucceſſors a boundleſs authority, I broke the leagues of princes and noblemen, I raiſed immenſe ſums of money, and diſcovered the ſecrets of others, yet always concealed my own. Subtlety, haughtineſs, and ſeverity, are the true maxims for governing; I am very much afraid that by your ſoftneſs, you have ruined my whole work.

Lewis XII. The ſucceſs of my maxims have ſhewn that yours were falſe and deſtructive. I was beloved, and lived peaceably, without ever forfeiting my word, without imbruing my hands in blood, and without ruining my people: your memory is odious, mine reſpected; during my life-time they were loyal to me, and after my death they deplored my loſs, and feared that they never ſhould meet ſo good a king; when generoſity and honeſty have ſuch good ſucceſs, we ought to contemn cruelty and cunning.

Lewis XI. A fine way of reaſoning this, which doubtleſs you learnt in that tedious priſon,

ſon, where, they tell me, you languiſhed before your aſcending the throne.

Lewis XII. This impriſonment was not ſo ſhameful as yours of Peronne. Of what ſervice are ſubtlety and deceit, if we are taken by our enemies at laſt? When we are honeſt and ſincere, we are not expoſed to ſuch dangers.

Lewis XI. But my cunning delivered me out of the hands of the duke of Burgundy.

Lewis XII. You delivered yourſelf by corrupting his ſervants with your money, and by ſhamefully following him to the deſtruction of your allies, the people of Liege, whoſe ruin you were obliged to go and ſee.

Lewis XI. Have you extended the limits of the kingdom as I did? Have you re-united the dutchy of Burgundy, the county of Provence, and even Guienne itſelf to the crown.

Lewis XII. I underſtand you; you knew how to get rid of a brother that you might inherit what he had: you took advantage of the duke of Burgundy's misfortune, and bribed the counſellor of the count of Provence, that you might ſucceed him. For my part, I am ſatisfied with having got Britany, and that by a marriage with the lawful heireſs of that houſe, with whom I was in love, and whom, after the death of your ſon, I eſpouſed. Nor was I ſo deſirous of acquiring new ſubjects, as I was of making thoſe whom I already had, loyal and happy; and by the wars of Naples and Milan, I have been made ſenſible how prejudicial diſtant conqueſts are to a ſtate.

Lewis.

Lewis XI. I ſee you had neither genius nor ambition.

Lewis XII. I had none of that falſe and deceitful genius which had cried you down ſo much, and was void of that ambition which makes it honourable to deſpiſe juſtice and ſincerity.

Lewis XI. You talk too much.

Lewis XII. It was you who often talked too much. Have you forgotten the Bourdeaux merchant ſettled in England, or king Edward, whom you invited to Paris? Farewel.

DIALOGUE IX.

The conſtable of BOURBON, and BAYARD.

'Tis not lawful for us to take up arms againſt our own country.

Conſtable. IS not that Bayard whom I ſee ſtretch'd on the graſs, beneath that oak? 'tis he himſelf, wounded thro' the body; alas! I pity him! Vandeneſſe and he both periſh by our arms to-day; two men, whoſe courage was the ornament of the French: my heart is griev'd for my country, let me draw near him; alas poor Bayard! with grief I ſee thee in this condition.

Bayard. And with grief I ſee you.

Conſtable.

Conſtable. I know thou art ſorry, that the chance of war has made thee fall into my hands; but far from uſing you like a priſoner, I'll uſe you like a friend, and take as much care of your recovery as I would of my brother's; why then do you grieve to ſee me?

Bayard. I am ſorry to be beholden to the greateſt enemy of France for any thing; for do not imagine that either my wound, or captivity grieve me; I ſhall not long be a captive, death will inſtantly ſet me free.

Conſtable. Dear Bayard! I hope there's no ſuch danger, but that our cares of thee may meet with their deſired ſucceſs.

Bayard. I deſire it not, but am contented to die.

Conſtable. And can you not be comforted at your ill fortune? conſider her inconſtancy; to-day is ours, to-morrow may be yours. Your glory is already fully eſtabliſhed, the Imperialiſts never will forget the vigorous defence of Meziers againſt them.

Bayard. And I never can forget that you are the greateſt conſtable, a prince of the moſt noble blood in the world, who is now endeavouring with his own hands to deſtroy his country, and to ruin the kingdom of his anceſtors.

Conſtable. Do you condemn me, Bayard, whilſt I praiſe you? inſult me, whilſt I pity?

Bayard. I return your pity, and think you need it moſt. I die without ſullying my honour, eſteem'd by the enemies, regretted by

the friends of France. My life is ſacrific'd to my duty, my country, and my king; I think my condition more worthy of envy than of pity.

Conſtable. And I have conquer'd an enemy that has injur'd me, drove him out of the Milaneſe, and made all France ſenſible of her fault in loſing me; and am I to be pitied?

Bayard. Every man is, who acts againſt his duty; 'tis far more glorious to die for our country, than to triumph over it: how horrid is the glory of him, who deſtroys his own country?

Conſtable. But after the ſervices I had done my country, it prov'd ungrateful; the dutcheſs of Orleans, through a rage of love, had me ill us'd by the king, who was weak enough to deal moſt unjuſtly by me. I was not only ſtript of what I had, but depriv'd of my moſt faithful ſervant, and to ſave my life, forced to fly away almoſt alone; what would you have had me done?

Bayard. Have ſuffer'd any thing, rather than have betray'd France, and the honour of your houſe. If the perſecution was too violent, you might have fled, but it would have been far better to have remain'd poor, unknown, and uſeleſs, than to have taken up arms againſt us: your poverty and your exile wou'd have made your glory compleat.

Conſtable. But don't you ſee that revenge induced me more to this, than ambition; I wanted to make the king of France repent of the evil he had done me.

Bayard.

Bayard. That you ſhould have done by your unexampled patience, which is as much the virtue of a hero as courage.

Conſtable. But did the king, who was ſo unjuſt, and ſo blinded by his mother, deſerve that I ſhould have ſuch regards for him.

Bayard. If the king did not, France did, as well as the dignity of the crown, of whoſe heirs you were one; you ought to have ſpared that country whoſe king you might probably have one day become.

Conſtable. Well, I confeſs myſelf in the wrong; but you know how difficult it is to the moſt generous ſouls to ſtifle their reſentments.

Bayard. I do ſo; but true courage conſiſts in ſtifling them. If you ſee your fault, make haſte to mend it; as for me, I die, and in my ſufferings think myſelf happier than you in your proſperity: tho' the emperor ſhould not deceive you, tho' he ſhould give you his ſiſter to wife, and with you divide France, he could never waſh out the ſtain of your life. Shame and confuſion! the conſtable of Bourbon a rebel! Hear what dying Bayard ſays to you, who, as during his life-time, at his death ſpeaks with truth and ſincerity.

DIALOGUE X.

LEWIS XII. and FRANCIS I.

A king had far better be the father of his country, by governing his kingdom peaceably, than be a great conqueror.

Lewis. DEAR couſin, tell me ſome news from France, I always loved my ſubjects as if they had been my own children, and I am under a great concern for them now; for when I left you the crown, I left you young every manner of way. How have you governed my poor kingdom?

Francis. I have met with ſome misfortunes; but to deal freely with you, my reign has made France far more ſplendid than yours.

Lewis. Gods! 'twas this ſplendor I always feared; from your infancy I dreaded that you would exhauſt the treaſury, hazard every thing in war, bear nothing patiently, but deſtroy all order in the ſtate to be talked of.

Francis. Old folks are always thus prejudiced againſt their ſucceſſors; but let me tell you, I maintained a horrid war againſt Charles V. emperor of Germany and king of Spain. In Italy I gained two famous victories, the one at Melignano, againſt the Swiſſers, the other at Ceriſoles, againſt the Imperialiſts: I have ſeen the emperor and the king of England join their forces together againſt France, yet all their attempts prove fruitleſs. I cultivated the

the ſciences, have deſerved to be immortalized by all men of letters, reſtored the Auguſtan age, made my court magnificent, polite, learned and gallant. Before my time, every thing was rough, poor, ignorant, and truly Gaul: in ſhort, I have acquired the name of the father of learning.

Lewis. All this is fine, nor will I now endeavour to cry it down: but I ſhould have rather choſe to be called the father of my people, than the father of learning: however, did you leave peace and plenty to the French?

Francis. No; but my ſon is young, able to carry on the war: and his buſineſs it muſt be at laſt to eaſe the exhauſted people: you ſpared them indeed more than I did; but then you carried your war but very faintly on.

Lewis. What great ſucceſs have you had in it? What conqueſts have you made? you took Naples, I ſuppoſe?

Francis. No, my expeditions were another way.

Lewis. At leaſt you maintained yourſelf in the poſſeſſion of the Milaneſe?

Francis. Some unforeſeen accidents unluckily befel me.

Lewis. What accidents? Has the emperor Charles taken it from you then? Have you loſt ſome battle? you dare not anſwer me.

Francis. I was taken myſelf at the battle of Pavia.

Lewis. Taken! alas! How many misfortunes have your evil counſels plung'd you into!

And is it thus you have outdone me in your wars? You have ſunk France into the ſame misfortunes ſhe laboured under in the time of king John. O France, France, I pitied thee when I foreſaw this —— Well; and you were obliged to give whole provinces, and to pay immenſe ſums of money for your ranſom. This is what your raſhneſs, pomp, haughtineſs, and ambition are come to. But as to the laws and courts of juſtice, how did you leave them?

Francis. They ſtood me in great ſtead, for I ſold all the offices.

Lewis. And the judges, to reimburſe themſelves, muſt ſell their ſentences. But was all this money you raiſed upon the people well employed, in levying and maintaining an army with œconomy?

Francis. Part of it was employed in making the court magnificent.

Lewis. I'll hold a good wager that your miſtreſſes had a greater ſhare of it than the beſt officers of the army; and now the people are ruined, a war muſt be carried on, juſtice is ſold, the court expoſed to all the follies of gallant women, and the whole ſtate in a miſerable condition. And this is the ſplendid reign which has effaced mine: had you uſed a little more moderation, you would have been far more honourable.

Francis. But I have done ſeveral great actions, for which I was deem'd a hero, and uſed to be called the great king Francis.

Lewis.

Lewis. That is, you have been flattered for your money, and you would be a hero at the expence of the ſtate, whoſe proſperity ſhould have been your greateſt glory.

Francis. The praiſes beſtowed upon me were ſincere.

Lewis. And is there any prince, be he ever ſo weak and ſo corrupt, but what has been praiſed as much as you? the moſt unworthy monarch will be extolled as much as ever you were: and can you then think it worth while to purchaſe praiſe at the price of ſo much blood, and ſuch ſums of money as have ruined your kingdom?

Francis. At leaſt I have the honour of having borne my misfortunes with conſtancy and courage.

Lewis. 'Twould have been much better for you to have wanted an opportunity of ſhewing this courage: that piece of heroiſm coſt the people dear: but did not the hero grow weary of his priſon?

Francis. Yes indeed, and my liberty coſt me very dear.

DIALOGUE XI.

CHARLES V. and a Young Monk.

Our uneaſineſs often obliges us to ſeek ſolitude, which people who are accuſtomed to the noiſe and hurry of the world can never reliſh.

Charles. COME, brother, 'tis time to riſe; you ſleep too long for a young

novice, who ought to be zealous and fervent.

Monk. When would you have me ſleep, but whilſt I am young? ſleep is not inconſiſtent with zeal.

Charles. But when people love the ſervice, they are ſoon awakened.

Monk. Yes, at your majeſty's age, but at mine people can ſleep without a feather-bed.

Charles. Well then, brother, it belongs to people of my age to awaken thoſe who oversleep themſelves.

Monk. And can you find no better employment? After having diſturbed the repoſe of the whole world, can you not leave me to mine?

Charles. I think that in this ſolitude we enjoy repoſe enough, though we ſhould riſe betimes.

Monk. Your majeſty rather means, that when you riſe betimes, you think the day long, you were accuſtomed to more noiſe than you have here; confeſs it freely, ſir, you are weary of having nothing to do but to ſay your prayers, wind up your clocks, and awake poor novices who are not guilty of your uneaſineſs.

Charles. I have twelve ſervants here whom I have retained.

Monk. A poor converſation theirs, for a man who correſponded with the whole world.

Charles. I have a little horſe to ride upon in this beautiful valley, adorned with orange, myrrh, pomegranate, and laurel-trees, round which

which there grow ſo many pretty flowers, and in which ſo many bleating flocks are grazing.

Monk. All theſe are fine things, but none of them talk; you want a little noiſe and hurry.

Charles. I have a penſion of a hundred thouſand crowns.

Monk. And poorly paid; the king your ſon, takes but little care of you.

Charles. We ſoon forget thoſe, who, for our ſakes, have ſtript and degraded themſelves.

Monk. Did not you expect this, when you reſigned your crown?

Charles. I foreſaw what would happen.

Monk. If you expected it, why are you ſurpriſed at it when it happens? Keep to your firſt reſolution, renounce every thing, forget every thing, deſire nothing, enjoy your reſt, and let others enjoy it.

Charles. But my ſon has made no good uſe of the victory he obtained at St. Quintin, he ſhould by this time have been before the gates of Paris. The chevalier d'Egmont has gained another victory for him at Craveling, but he loſes all advantages. Calais is retaken from the Engliſh by the duke of Guiſe; the ſame duke has alſo taken Thionville to ſecure Metz: my ſon governs very poorly, he deſpiſes my counſels, takes no care about paying my penſion, contemns my conduct, and the faithful ſervants whom I had employed; all this vexes and diſquiets me.

Monk. And did you come to ſeek repoſe in this ſolitude, only upon condition that the king

king your ſon ſhould gain victories, follow your counſels, and executeall your projects?

Charles. No; but I was in hopes he would behave himſelf better than he does.

Monk. As you abandoned every thing for the ſake of tranquillity, enjoy it, happen what will; and let the king your ſon behave himſelf as he pleaſes, but let not your peace depend upon his behaviour. You left the world that you might be freed from its cares; but I am afraid you ſcarce knew what ſolitude was, when you came to ſeek it, but your diſquiets forced you to come and look for ſome repoſe here.

Charles. Alas, my child, you are very much in the right on't, and I heartily wiſh that you may'nt be miſtaken in your deſign, when you renounced the world, to come and be a novice here.

DIALOGUE XII.

CHARLES V. FRANCIS I.

Juſtice, and happineſs conſiſt in honeſty, courage, and uprightneſs.

Charles. THE buſineſs of life is now over, and 'twould be but reaſonable that we ſhould come to an eclairciſſement, upon the diſquiets we have cauſed one another.

Francis.

Francis. You have dealt very unjuſtly and deceitfully by me, who never did you any hurt, but in fair and open war; but you, during my impriſonment, withdrew the allegiance of the inhabitants of Flanders from me, the vaſſal employed force to give laws to his maſter.

Charles. You had the liberty of not renouncing your title, if you pleaſed.

Francis. Has any man his liberty in priſon?

Charles. Cowards have not, but the valiant are at liberty every where: had I asked you to reſign your crown, would the diſquiet of your priſon have forced you to do it?

Francis. I would rather have choſen to die, than have been guilty of ſo baſe an action: as for the dependance of Flanders, I reſigned it to you through diſquiet, through a fear of being poiſoned, through a deſire of ſeeing my country again, where my preſence was very much wanted; and in ſhort, through an impatience of recovering my health, and ſaving myſelf from approaching death; and I really believe I ſhould have died, had not my ſiſter come to me.

Charles. Not only a brave king, but a true ſoldier, would rather chuſe to die than give his word where he was not fully determined, happen what will, to keep it; nothing is ſo ſhameful, as to have it ſaid of one, he had not courage enough to bear adverſity, but delivered himſelf by falſe promiſes. Had you been fully perſuaded that it was not lawful for you

you to ſacrifice your ſtates for your own liberty, you ought to have reſolved upon dying in priſon, have ſent your ſubjects word that they ſhould no longer reckon upon you, but crown your ſon, and you would then have confounded me indeed. A priſoner that has courage enough to do this ſets himſelf at liberty even in his priſon, and eſcapes out of the hands of thoſe who detain him.

Francis. Theſe maxims are true, and I muſt confeſs that diſquiet and impatience made me promiſe things directly contrary to the intereſt of my dominions, and which I could neither juſtly execute, nor honourably avoid. But how can you upbraid me with breach of promiſe, whoſe whole life was one continued ſcene of treachery; beſides, this my weakneſs is no excuſe for you. I own that a valiant man will rather chuſe to die, than to promiſe any thing he can't perform; but a juſt man will never take advantage of another's weakneſs to extort a promiſe from him, during his captivity, which he could not, nor ought not in juſtice to perform. What wou'd you have done, had I detained you in France, when, a little after my impriſonment, you paſſed through it in your way to the Low Countries? I could have inſiſted upon your yielding up the Milaneſe and Low Countries, which you had uſurped.

Charles. I had your promiſe that I ſhould paſs ſafely through France, you had not mine when you came into Spain.

Francis.

Francis. I had not, and ſo far the difference, I confeſs, is great; but as you had dealt unjuſtly by me whilſt in priſon, and forced me to ſign a very diſadvantageous treaty, I might have repaired this wrong, by forcing you to ſign one more juſt: beſides, I might have detained you till you had reſtored me the Milaneſe, which was lawfully my own.

Charles. Hold, if you pleaſe; you join ſeveral things together, which I muſt ſeparate: I never broke my word to you at Madrid, but you would have broken yours to me at Paris, had you ſtopt me under any pretence of reſtitution, though ever ſo juſt It was your buſineſs to have refuſed me a paſſage till I had ſigned the preliminaries of this reſtitution; but as you never had asked any ſuch thing of me, you could not require it when I was in France, without violating your promiſe. Beſides, do you think it lawful to repel fraud by fraud? If one deceit ſhould occaſion another, there would be no depending on any thing amongſt mankind, and the fatal conſequences of it would be endleſs. The ſafeſt way of revenging yourſelf upon the deceitful, is to repel all his ſtratagems, without deceiving him.

Francis. A fine philoſophical maxim! this is downright Platoniſm: but I ſee that you managed matters much more ſubtilly than I did: and I was in the wrong when I truſted you: but here the great conſtable Montmorency helped to deceive me, by perſuading

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me that I ought to outdo you in point of honour, and exact no conditions from you. You had already promiſed that you would inveſt the duchy of Milan in the youngeſt of my three ſons; but after your paſſage through France, you withdrew your promiſe. Had I not hearkened to Montmorency, I would have made you reſtore that dutchy, before I permitted you to go into the Low Countries. I never could forgive my favourite this piece of bad counſel, and I drove him from court for it.

Charles. Rather than to have reſtored the Milaneſe, I wou'd have croſſed the ſea.

Francis. Your own health, the ſeaſon of the year, and the danger of the voyage, would not have permitted you to do that: but wherefore did you ſo baſely mock me before the face of all Europe, and abuſe my generous hoſpitality?

Charles. I would have given the dutchy of Milan to your third ſon; and a duke of Milan of the houſe of France could not have hurt me more than any other prince of Italy; but you wanted it to be inveſted in your ſecond ſon, and he was too near the crown, no body being between them but the dauphin, who died: ſo that the king of France would ſoon have been duke of Milan, and by that means all Italy enſlaved.

Francis. One ſlavery would have been as good as another, and had it not been much better to have reſtored the Milaneſe to its lawful maſter, than to have retained it without

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the leaſt appearance of right? The French, who had not a foot of land in Italy, could not ſo much endanger the public liberty by poſſeſſing the Milaneſe, as the houſe of Auſtria, which poſſeſs'd Naples, and all the fiefs dependant on the empire in that country. To deal ſincerely with you, this was our chief difference: you had formalities on your ſide, but deceived me in the main; whilſt either thro' weakneſs, impatience, or lightneſs, I never was cautious enough of you, nor took care that any formality ſhou'd be on my ſide; ſo that you was the real deceiver, whilſt I was only ſuch in appearance: my faults have been puniſhed in the commiſſion of them. I hope that your ſon's falſe politicks will revenge me on you for your unjuſt ambition; he forced you to ſtrip and degrade yourſelf during your life-time, and you died miſerable, though you once aimed at enſlaving Europe. This ſon will finiſh the work; his jealouſy and diſtruſt will ſuppreſs the ambition and virtue of the Spaniards; there never will be a great general, a tow'ring genius, or good polity amongſt the people; and Spain preſſed down by its own weight, will fall, and nothing of it remain but a monument of the vanity of fortune. A little ſtate united in itſelf, whoſe polity is good, and its people induſtrious, governed by good laws, and by a prince who executes juſtice himſelf, and goes in perſon to his wars, is far more happy than the monarchy which has no good chiefs: if you can't believe

believe what I ſay of the matter, wait patiently for the coming of ſome of our grand-children, and they will better inform you.

Charles. Alas! I am but too ſenſible of the truth of your prediction; 'twas this foreſight that made me quit the empire, and diſquieted me even in my ſolitary retirement.

DIALOGUE XIII.

HENRY III. the Dutcheſs of MONTPENSIER.

Henry. A Good day to you, couſin: I hope we are friends now after death.

Dutcheſs. By no means, I never can forgive you all your maſſacres, and the blood of our family, which you ſo cruelly have ſhed.

Henry. You upbraid me with things which did you leſs miſchief than your confederacy in Paris did me; but let us ſet the one over againſt the other, and be friends.

Dutcheſs. I never muſt be friends with a man who counſelled the horrid maſſacre of Blois.

Henry. The duke of Guiſe reduced me to a neceſſity of doing it. Have you forgotten the time when he king'd it in Paris, and drove me from the Louvre? I was obliged to ſave myſelf through the Thuilleries, and the convent of the Feuillants.

Dutcheſs. But by the mediation of the queen mother he had been reconciled to you. They ſay that you received the ſacrament together, at

at which time you broke a hoſt between you, and then ſwore you would defend him.

Henry. My enemies have advanced many other things without ground, to give their league a ſanction; but had not your brother been ſacrificed, I could not ſafely have reigned.

Dutcheſs. That is, you could not reign without deceiving and butchering people, the moſt improper means of eſtabliſhing your authority. But wherefore did you ſign, and make every body ſign the union with the ſtates of Blois? The nobleſt way would have been to have reſiſted with courage. Royalty ſhould always continue true to reaſon, and reſolve to be obeyed.

Henry. But I was obliged to oppoſe cunning and policy to open force.

Dutcheſs. You wanted to ſooth both the Huguenots, and Catholicks; and inſtead of that, you made yourſelf contemptible to both parties.

Henry. I never did endeavour to ſooth the Huguenots.

Dutcheſs. Their frequent conferences with the queen, and the care you took to flatter them, every time you wanted to counterbalance the union party, made you ſuſpected by all the catholics.

Henry. But did I not, upon all occaſions, endeavour to ſhew my zeal for religion?

Dutcheſs. Yes, by a thouſand ridiculous grimances, which were belied by as many ſcandalous actions: Shrove-Tueſdays you were at the maſquerades, and Aſh-Wedneſdays at proceſſi-

ons, covered with ſackloath, and a whip in your hand; round your waiſt hung your beads an ell long, and made of little death's heads, and round your neck a baſket filled with little ſpaniel-dogs, whoſe maintenance ſtood you in a hundred thouſand crowns a year. One part of your life was ſpent in vows, pilgrimages, and devotions; the other with your minions, and in the ſtudy of the magic arts, and Machiavel's politics; one while running after holy anchorets, at another time feaſting with your minions, where you was waited upon by naked and diſhevelled women. How groſs theſe contradictions! for this reaſon they ſay that your phyſician declared that this black humour, which was the occaſion of ſo many whims, would ſhortly either kill you or make you run mad.

Henry. This art was neceſſary for the ſoothing of men's minds; with the godly I was pious, with the debauched addicted to pleaſure.

Dutcheſs. This made people ſay that you was fit for nothing, but to have your crown ſhaved, and be made a monk of; for know, that your weakneſs, diſſimulation, and hypocriſy, was far from ſoothing them.

Henry. I was forced to try all means, when I found ſo many ready to revolt.

Dutcheſs. Behold your couſin the king of Navarre, and ſee the difference between you. You found your kingdom entirely in ſubjection, and you have left it involved in a civil war. He, without diſſembling, butchering, or playing the hypocrite, has ſubdued the whole

kingdom, which refuſed to acknowledge him: he has kept the Huguenots, faithful to him, even in abjuring their religion, has won all the Roman catholicks, and broke the powerful confederacy. Farewel.

DIALOGUE XIV.

HENRY III. and HENRY IV.

III. WELL, couſin, you are fallen into the ſame misfortunes as I fell into.

IV. My death has been violent as well as yours, but then you have been regretted by no body but your minions, and by them only on account of the riches you uſed to beſtow ſo laviſhly upon them: but as for me, my loſs has been deplored by all France, as that of a general father. In after-ages I ſhall be propoſed as the model of a good and wiſe king; I began to eſtabliſh peace, plenty, and good order in the kingdom.

III. When I was ſlain at St. Cloud, I had already broken the confederacy, Paris itſelf was ready to yield, and I ſhould ſoon have recovered my former authority.

IV. But how would you have recovered your loſt reputation? you were accounted a deceitful, hypocritical, impious, effeminate man. When we have once loſt the name of honeſty, our authority is never very ſafely grounded: You had got rid of the two Guiſes

at Blois, but never could get rid of all thoſe who abhorred your deceits.

III. And don't you know that the art of diſſembling is the art of reigning?

IV. Fine maxims! inſtilled, I ſuppoſe, by Duguaſt. The abbot of Elbene, and ſome other Italians, had filled your head with Machiavel's politics: the queen your mother educated you in ſuch-like notions, but had ſoon cauſe to repent it, for ſhe taught you to be unnatural; and, as ſhe deſerved, you proved unnatural to her.

III. But how can we act ſincerely, and confide in men, ſeeing that they all are diſſembling and corrupted?

IV. Becauſe you never was converſant with, or ſought after honeſt men, they ſhunned you, and you thought there were no ſuch in the world; you wanted only villains who could invent new pleaſures, execute the greateſt villanies, and never remind you of that religion and charity which you were always violating. As for my part, I found honeſt men, and employed them in my council as well as in foreign negotiations, and offices; ſuch were Sully, Jeannin, Oſſat, and others.

III. Would we believe you, you would perſuade us that you were a Cato; whereas we all know that your youth was as irregular as mine.

IV. My love for women, I muſt confeſs, was intolerable; but in all my diſorders I never was deceitful, wicked, or impious, I could only be accuſed of weakneſs: but my misfortunes

tunes proved my greateſt friends, for I was naturally lazy and addicted to pleaſure; had I been born to the throne, I ſhould have diſhonoured myſelf; but having my own kingdom, and a great deal of adverſe fortune to overcome, I was obliged to ſoar even above myſelf.

III. How many opportunities of overcoming your enemies did you loſe, when, on the banks of the Garonne, you were ſighing for the counteſs of Guiche, and looked like Hercules handling a diſtaff for the ſake of Omphale?

IV. I cannot deny it, but then Coutras, Yvry, Arques, and Fontaine, make ſome amends for this.

III. Did not I win the battle of Jarnac and Moncontour?

IV. Yes; but Henry III. did not anſwer the hopes that had been formed of the duke of Anjou, whereas Henry IV. excelled the king of Navarre.

III. Then you think I never heard any mention made of the Dutcheſs of Beaufort, of the marchioneſs of Verneville, of —? but there are ſo many of them, I can't reckon them all up.

IV. I deny none of them, but yet I made myſelf beloved and feared; I abhorred that cruel and deceitful policy with which your mind was poiſoned, and which occaſioned all your misfortunes. I carried the war vigorouſly on, concluded a laſting peace with my enemies abroad, put the kingdom into a polite and flouriſhing condition, reduced the nobles, and even the moſt inſolent favourites to obedience:

and this without deceiving, butchering, or dealing unjuſtly by any one, but always confiding in honeſt men, and placing all my glory in eaſing my people.

DIALOGUE XV.

HENRY IV. the Duke of MAYENNE.

Adverſe fortune makes kings good, and heroes great.

Henry. I Have forgot all that is paſt, couſin, and am now glad to ſee you.

Mayenne. Your majeſty is too kind in paſſing over my faults thus, there is nothing but what I would willingly do to efface the memory of them.

Henry. The walk between theſe two canals ſeems pleaſant, let us go into it, andas we walk we'll talk of buſineſs.

Mayenne. With joy I will follow your majeſty.

Henry. Well, couſin, I am no longer that poor Berneſe, whom you was for driving out of the kingdom: do you remember the time when we were at Arques, and you ſent word to Paris that you had drove me to the ſea-ſide, and there was no means of eſcaping left for me, but by plunging into the waters?

Mayenne. True, I did; but at the ſame time it is alſo true, that you were about to ſubmit to your adverſe fortune, and fly into England, had not Biron made you ſenſible of the conſequences of ſuch a flight.

Henry. You ſpeak with freedom, couſin; but I am far from being offended at it; go on, and with the ſame freedom ſay whatever you think fit.

Mayenne I have perhaps already ſaid too much, kings do not love to hear things named by their right names; they are uſed to be flatter'd: that honeſt freedom with which we ſpeak to other men, is offenſive to them, and they would not have a word utter'd but in their praiſe and admiration; we muſt not uſe them like men; but always ſay that they are heroes.

Henry. You ſpeak ſo knowingly of this matter, that you muſt have experienced it; thus probably you were flatter'd and ador'd whil'ſt king of Paris.

Mayenne. I confeſs I have been amuſed by vain flatteries, which have filled me with falſe hopes, and made me commit ſome very great faults.

Henry. As for my part, I was inſtructed by my adverſe fortune; her leſſons are indeed ſevere, but this impreſſion of them I ſhall retain all my life long, to be able to hear the truth ſpoken of myſelf: therefore, if you love me, ſpeak it freely, couſin.

Mayenne. All our miſtakes proceeded from the idea we had formed of you: during your younger days, we knew that you were always hankering after women, that the counteſs de Guiche had made you loſe all the advantages you had gain'd at the battle of Coutras; that you were jealous of your couſin the prince of

Conde, whoſe genius and virtues were great, becauſe he was more ſedate, and more applied to buſineſs than yourſelf. We look'd on you as a ſoft, effeminate man, whom the queen-mother had deceived by a thouſand love-intrigues, and who at the time of the St. Bartholomew buſineſs, had changed your religion, and done every thing that was required of you, who, even after the conſpiracy of Mole, had ſubmitted to all that the court had inſiſted upon, and that we ſhould have a cheap bargain of you—But really, ſir, I can't go on, I'm out of breath, and all over of a ſweat; your majeſty is as thin and light as I am fat and heavy.

Henry I own, couſin, I endeavour'd to tire you, but 'tis the only miſchief I'll do you during my whole life; pray make an end of what you had begun.

Mayenne. You ſurprized us very much, when, night and day on horſeback, you perform'd ſeveral great actions with incredible vigour and diligence, as at Cahors, Lauſe, Arques, Yvry, before Paris, at Arnay-le-duc and Fontaine. You gain'd the confidence of the Catholics, without loſing that of the Huguenots; you made choice of people capable of the employments, and wortey of your truſt; you conſulted 'em without jealouſy, made uſe of their good counſels without being governed by any of them, prevented us every where, and in ſhort became quite another man, ſteady, vigilant, and laborious.

Henry.

Henry. I see that all these bold truths you were to utter, end in praises; but as I just now said, I am beholden to my adverse fortune for all this. Had I been born to the throne, surrounded with pomp, flatteries, and pleasure, I shou'd have sunk away in pleasing dreams, for I was by nature inclined to effeminacy; but I saw what the consequence of my faults would be; I must constrain, amend, and overcome myself, profit by my own faults, and follow good counsels. This is what was the making of me and must be so of every man.

DIALOGUE XVI.

HENRY IV. SIXTUS V.

Let their interests be ever so opposite, great men love and esteem one another.

Sixtus. I Have for this great while been desirous of seeing you, but whilst we were both alive the thing was scarce practicable; the fashion of popes and kings conferring together was out of date in our time: this was fit for Leo X. and Francis I. who met at Bologna, and for Clement VII. who met the same king at Marseilles, on account of the marriage of Catherina de Medicis. I should have been overjoyed to have such a conference with you, but I was not at liberty, nor would your religion have permitted me to do it.

Henry. So, you are very much softened; death,

death, I ſee, has reduced you to reaſon: but your ſentiments towards me were not the ſame whilſt I was a poor excommunicated Berneſe.

Sixtus. I'll open my mind freely to you now; I thought my buſineſs done if I could reduce you to the greateſt ſtraits: by this means I had confounded your predeceſſor, and made him dearly repent his having ſacrificed a cardinal; had the duke of Guiſe only been put to death, he would have come much cheaper off; but to touch the ſacred purple was an unpardonable crime, nor could I put up an action whoſe conſequences might prove ſo dangerous. I thought it abſolutely neceſſary, after the death of your couſin, to deal as rigorouſly with you as I had with him, to encourage the confederacy, and by no means to ſuffer an heretic to get poſſeſſion of the throne of France; but I ſoon perceived that you would overcome the confederacy, and your courage gave me a good opinion of you. There were two perſons in the world with whom I could not decently enter into a league of friendſhip, but both whom I naturally loved.

Henry. And pray who were theſe two perſons that had the happineſs of pleaſing you?

Sixtus. You and queen Elizabeth of England.

Henry. I don't at all wonder at her pleaſing you: in the firſt place, ſhe was a pope as well as yourſelf, ſupreme of the church of England; and let me tell you as brave a pope as your-

yourſelf; ſhe knew how to be fear'd, and could make heads fly off upon occaſion: this certainly was what acquired her your eſteem.

Sixtus. It was no hindrance to it, I love thoſe who are brave, and can make themſelves maſters of others! that merit of yours which won my heart, was your beating the confederacy, ſoothing the nobility, and holding an even balance between the Catholics and Huguenots. A man that can do this is really a man; nor could I deſpiſe ſuch a one as I did your predeceſſor, who loſt every thing by his effeminacy, and never retrieved it but by his treachery. Had I lived, I would have received your abjuration without delaying you; you ſhould have come off for a little ſcourging of yourſelf, and acknowledging that you received the crown of the moſt Chriſtian King from the holy ſee.

Henry. I would have begun the war again, rather than have made any ſuch acknowledgment.

Sixtus. I like this fierceneſs of yours; but for want of the aſſiſtance of my ſucceſſors, you have been expoſed to ſo many conſpiracies, that you at laſt periſhed in one.

Henry. Nor have you fared better than myſelf, and the Spaniſh cabal has been as dangerous to you; there is no great difference between a dagger and a bowl of poiſon: but let us go and ſee this good queen whom you love, ſhe has found the means of reigning much longer, and more peaceably than either of us.

DIALOGUE XVII.

Cardinal *Richlieu*, and Cardinal *Ximenes*.

Virtue is preferable to an illuſtrious birth.

Ximenes. NOW we are together, I conjure you, tell me if ever you endeavoured to imitate me.

Richlieu. No, I was too deſirous of true glory, ever to copy after another man; my character was always bold, and an original.

Ximenes. I heard that you had taken Rochelle, as I did Oran, and overthrew the Huguenots, as I the Moors of Granada, to convert them; protected learning, beat down the pride of the nobility, raiſed the royal authority, eſtabliſhed the Sorbonne, as I did the univerſity of Aleale and Hennare; and as I was raiſed by the favour of Iſabella of Caſtile, you made uſe of that of queen Maria de Medicis.

Richlieu. There is ſome reſemblance, I own, between us; but 'tis owing to chance, for I never propoſed any example to myſelf. I was ſatisfied in doing what time and the preſent ſtate of affairs would permit me to do for the honour of France: beſides, the caſe was very different between us: I was born in the court, and always brought up in it; I was biſhop of Luſſon, and ſecretary of ſtate in the intereſt of the queen and the marſhal of Ancre. This bears no reſemblance to an obſcure monk, who

who never came into the world till he was ſixty years old.

Ximenes. That's my greateſt honour; I never was ambitious nor impatient, my life was far ſpent, and I depended upon finiſhing it in the convent, but the archbiſhop of Toledo choſe me for the queen's confeſſor: and the queen, prejudiced in favour of me, made me the cardinal's ſucceſſor in that archbiſhopric againſt the king's will, who was for promoting his baſtard to it. In the queen's troubles, occaſioned by the king, I became her chief counſellor. After the conqueſt of Granada by Ferdinand, I undertook the converſion of its inhabitants: the queen died, and I found myſelf between Ferdinand and his ſon-in-law Philip of Auſtria. After the death of Philip, I was very ſerviceable to Ferdinand, and, ſpite of the grandees, I adminiſtered with ſeverity. I conquered Oran, being there in perſon, managing every thing myſelf, and having no king to ſhare the action, as you had at Rochelle and Suſa. After the death of Ferdinand, I was made regent in the abſence of young prince Charles; I then hindered the commonalties of Spain from revolting, which they did after my death; I changed the governor and the officers of the ſecond infant Ferdinand, who were for making him king to his brother's prejudice: at laſt I died in peace, having loſt all authority by the means of thoſe who had prejudiced king Charles againſt me. All this while I did not move one ſtep after for-

fortune, public buſineſs came to me without my ſeeking, and I always managed it with a view to the public good. This was more honourable than to be born at court, the ſon of the great provoſt, and a knight of the order.

Richlieu. An illuſtrious birth does not at all leſſen the merit of great actions.

Ximenes. It does not; but ſince you reduce me to a neceſſity of telling you ſo, to be moderate and diſintereſted, is better than to be high born.

Richlieu. Would you compare your government to mine? or have you changed the ſyſtem of all the European governments? I overthrew the houſe of Auſtria, brought a victorious king of Sweden into the heart of Germany, made Catalonia revolt, raiſed the kingdom of Portugal, which was uſurped by the Spaniards, and ruled all chriſtendom by my negociations.

Ximenes. I own that I cannot compare my negociations to yours; however, with conſtancy I managed the moſt difficult affairs of Caſtile, and without intereſt, ambition, vanity, or weakneſs, and that's more than you can ſay.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

Cardinal *Richlieu*, and Chancellor *Oxenſtierne*.

The difference between a miniſter who acts thro' pride, and one who acts for the love of his country.

Richlieu. THERE has been no miniſter like me in Europe ſince my death.

Oxenſtierne. No; none has had the authority you were poſſeſſed of.

Richlieu. You miſtake me, I ſpeak of genius for government, and I can ſay of myſelf without vanity, what I would have ſaid of any other in my place, that I have not left my equal behind me.

Oxenſtierne. When you talk thus, do you remember that I was neither a cit nor a yeoman, but underſtood politics as well as any other?

Richlieu. You! I confeſs you have given your king ſome counſels, but he never undertook any thing but what was grounded upon his treaties with France, that is, with me.

Oxenſtierne. True; but I engaged him to enter into thoſe treaties.

Richlieu. I was inſtructed, in fact, by father Joſeph, and took my meaſures from the obſervations of Charnacy.

Oxenſtierne. Your father Joſeph was a whimſical monk: as for Charnacy, indeed he un-

derſtood buſineſs pretty well, but without me nothing had been done. The great Guſtavus at firſt ſtood in need of every thing, and was forced to be obliged to France for money, but afterwards he beat the Bavarians and Imperialiſts, and throughout all Germany relieved the proteſtant party. Had he lived after the battle of Lutzen, he would have perplexed France, which was already alarmed at his progreſs, and would have been the chief potentate of Europe. You repented (tho' too late) that you had lent him any aſſiſtance, and people ſuſpected that you were guilty of his death.

Richlieu. I was as innocent of it as you were.

Oxenſtierne. I believe it; but 'twas a ſad thing that nobody could die in good time for you, but that you were ſuſpected. Your conduct was the occaſion of this jealouſy, in that; for the ſake of your grandeur, you made no ſcruple of taking men's lives away.

Richlieu. This policy is neceſſary in ſome certain caſes.

Oxenſtierne. Its neceſſity was always doubted by honeſt men.

Richlieu. Never more by you than by myſelf; but pray what great actions have you done in Europe, to make you compare your miniſtry to mine? You were the counſellor of a little Barbarian king, of a Goth, chief of a company of Banditti; but at the ſame time, a penſioner of the king of France, whoſe miniſter I was.

Oxen-

Oxenſtierne. My maſter's crown was not equal to your maſter's, but this was Guſtavus's and my glory: we came out of a ſavage and barren country without troops, without arms, and without money; we diſciplined our ſoldiers, made our officers, overcame the victorious Imperial armies, changed the face of all Europe, and left generals who have ſince inſtructed all the great men in the art of war.

Richelieu. There is ſome truth in what you ſay; but if one would take you at your word, you would perſuade us that you was as great a general as Guſtavus.

Oxenſtierne. Not ſo great; but I underſtood the art of war, and this I ſufficiently ſhewed after his death.

Richelieu. Had not you Tortenſon, Bannier, and the duke of Weimar, on whom every thing depended?

Oxenſtierne. I was not only employed in negociations for the keeping up the confederacy, but was alſo preſent at all the councils of war; and theſe brave men will tell you, that in all the campaigns I had the greateſt ſhare.

Richelieu. Probable you was in the council when the battle of Norlingen was loſt, by which the confederacy was broken.

Oxenſtierne. I was in the council, but the duke of Weimar loſt that battle by his own fault: after its loſs, I ſpirited up the ſinking party; the Swediſh army remained in Germany, and I ſhifted for its ſubſiſtence there; by my cares a little conquered ſtate was formed

ed there, which the duke of Weimar would have remained in poſſeſſion of, had he lived, but which you baſely uſurped after his death. You have ſeen me in France ſeeking aſſiſtance for my maſter, without ever minding your haughtineſs, which wou'd have been prejudicial to the intereſts of your maſter, had not I been more zealous for my country, than you were for yours. You were the averſion of your nation, I the delight of mine. I returned at laſt to that ſavage country, and amongſt thoſe rocks from whence I firſt came, there I died in peace, and Europe now rings of my name as it did of yours. I had neither your honours, your riches, your power, nor your poets and orators to flatter me. I had nothing on my ſide but the good opinion of the Swedes, and of all wiſe politicians and hiſtorians; according to the dictates of my religion, I acted againſt the Roman Catholic Imperialiſts, who ſince the battle of Prague lorded it over all Germany. You, like a falſe prieſt, by our means, relieved the Proteſtants, and oppreſſed the cathplics of Germany; now judge of the difference between us.

Richelieu. This was an inconvenience that could not be avoided, without leaving all Europe under the yoke of the houſe of Auſtria, which aimed at univerſal monarchy; but I can ſcarce forbear laughing to hear a chancellor ſetting himſelf off for a brave general.

Oxenſtierne. I do not pretend to have been a general, but to have been very ſerviceable to

the generals in all the councils of war. I leave you the honour of having appeared armed on horſeback, and in a ſoldier's dreſs before Suſa. They ſay too that you have had your picture drawn at Richelieu in a buff-coat, a ſcarf, and leading ſtaff.

Richelieu. Your reproaches grow very ſatirical. Farewell.

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DIALOGUE XIX.

Cardinal RICHELIEU, and cardinal MAZARIN.

The character of theſe two miniſters, and the difference between true and falſe politicks.

Richelieu. SO you are come here, lord Julius; they ſay that you govern'd France after me; how did you do it? did you make an end of uniting all Europe againſt the houſe of Auſtria, and deſtroy the Huguenot party; I had weaken'd and humbled the great men?

Mazarin. You had begun all theſe things, but I had other buſineſs to mind; I had a ſtormy regency to weather.

Richelieu. A king who will not apply himſelf, and is jealous even of the miniſter who ſerves him, cauſes a vaſt deal more of trouble, than the weakneſs and confuſion of a regency. The queen you ſerved had courage, and it was much eaſier for you to manage matters under her, than for me under a difficult king, whom

ſome growing favourite was always egging againſt me: Such a prince can neither govern himſelf, nor will he ſuffer others to govern; we muſt ſerve him ſpite of himſelf, and by doing it we daily expoſe our lives. Mine has been made unhappy by him from whom I derived my power. Amongſt all the princes who oppoſed the ſiege of Rochelle, the king, my maſter, thwarted me the moſt; notwithſtanding this, I irrecoverably overthrew the Huguenots, tho' they had ſo many brave chiefs and ſtrong places. The houſe of Auſtria has felt my power; never will the revolting Catalonians be forgot, nor the wonderful ſecreſy with which the Portugueſe ſhook off the Spaniſh yoke. Holland, by our alliance, was enabled to carry on a war againſt the ſame power: all the allies of the North, Italy, and the Empire, were attach'd to me only, as a perſon who never would fail 'em; and the nobility at home were kept in obedience. At firſt I had found 'em intractable, glorying in their cabals againſt all thoſe whom the king had entruſted with any authority: nor did they believe themſelves bound to the king, but whilſt he was flattering their ambition, and giving 'em a boundleſs power in the government.

Mazarin. As for me, I was a ſtranger, every thing was againſt me, nothing but my own induſtry for me: I firſt found the means of inſinuating myſelf with the queen, and removing all thoſe in whom ſhe confided; I defended myſelf againſt all the cabals of the courtiers,

tiers, of the parliament, and of a party ſpirited up by a factious cardinal, jealous of my glory: in ſhort, and againſt a prince, who every year was crown'd with new laurels, and made uſe of the reputation of his victories only to deſtroy me. I ſcattered my enemies, was twice driven out of the kingdom, and twice I return'd in triumph: I govern'd the ſtate, drove the cardinal of Retz to Rome, and forced the prince of Conde to fly into Flanders. In ſhort, I concluded a glorious peace, and dying, left a young monarch capable of giving all Europe laws. All this was done by the help of my genius, ſo fruitful in expedients, by my ſupple negotiations, and my wondrous art in feeding men up with new hopes; and, obſerve this, I never ſpilt a drop of blood.

Richelieu. No, you were too weak and too fearful to do it.

Mazarin. Fearful! had not I the three princes impriſon'd at Vincennes? The prince ſtaid long enough there to grow weary of his priſon.

Richelieu. Even that proceeded from your fear; you did not know whether you had beſt detain him, nor did you dare to let him go. But to return to the buſineſs: to quell the haughty nobles, always ready to riſe up in arms, I was obliged to ſhed ſome blood; but it is not at all amazing, that he who ſuffer'd the courtiers, and all the officers of the army, to re-aſſume their former pride and power, ſhou'd ſhed no blood in ſo feeble a government.

Mazarin. A government is not feeble because it compasses its ends by subtle, instead of cruel means; one had better put on the fox than the lion or tyger.

Richelieu. It is not cruelty to punish the guilty, whose bad examples will make others so; impunity will foment civil wars, lessen the king's authority, ruin the state, and be the occasion of the death of thousands; instead of that, I established peace and authority, by sacrificing the lives of a few guilty men; nor had I ever any enemies, but the enemies of the state.

Mazarin. That was because you thought yourself the state, and could believe no one a true Frenchman, but such as were in your pay.

Richelieu. Did you spare the first prince of the blood, when you thought he would oppose your interest? to be in favour at court, 'twas necessary to be a Mazarinian. I never carried my jealousies to a greater height than you did; we both served the state, and in serving it, we were both desirous of governing it. You overcame your enemies by a cowardly subtlety, I by open force; and I sincerely thought their intent in destroying me was only to plunge France again into the same calamities and confusion, from which I had with such trouble deliver'd it: but however, I always kept my word; I was a sincere friend or open enemy: with courage and honour I maintain'd my master's authority; and those whom I reduc'd to the last extremities, might,

if

if they pleased, have been loaded with favours. I made advances towards them, always lov'd and sought after merit, I only desired that they would not thwart my government, which I thought necessary to the safety of France; they served the king to their best, according to my orders, they should have been my friends.

Mazarin. Rather say your servants, tho' I must own well paid; but they must suit themselves to the humour of an imperious master, always implacable where he once grew jealous.

Richelieu. To be jealous and imperious are great faults, I must confess; but how many qualities had I that shew'd an extended genius, and a towering soul? as for your part, lord Julius, you never shew'd any thing but your subtlety and avarice; you have dealt worse by the French than spilling their blood, you corrupted their morals, and made their honesty ridiculous. I only quell'd the pride of the nobility, you dispirited and degraded them; you were afraid of merit, and there was no way of insinuating one's self with you, but by shewing a base and compliant soul, capable of the most villainous intrigues. You never had a true knowledge of men, and could believe nothing but evil of them; all the rest that could be said was mere fiction; your creatures were all base souls, or such as had bought their offices: so that your name is contemned and abhorred, mine grows every day more and more honourable in France.

Mazarin. Your inclinations were more noble than

than mine, and you had more grandeur in you; but at the ſame time, ſomething of a falſe vanity, which I always endeavoured to avoid. You had your poets, orators, and comedians about you, was a poet and orator yourſelf, and Corneille's rival; without godlineſs you wrote godly books, dabbled in gallantry, meddled with every trade, and endeavour'd to excel in all; ſuck'd in the praiſe of every author: is there a door, or a pane of glaſs in the Sorbonne, upon which your coat of arms is not painted.

Richelieu. Your ſatire is very home, and has ſomething of a foundation in it. True glory ought to ſhun ſome certain honours, which vanity is always aiming at, and we diſhonour ourſelves by wanting to be too much honoured; however, I loved learning, and ſtirred men up with a deſire of excelling in it. As for you, you never minded either the church, learning, arts, or virtue; and can we wonder that ſo hateful a conduct ſhould exite all the nobles of the kingdom, as well as all honeſt men, againſt ſuch a ſtranger?

Mazarin. You talk of nothing but chimerical heroiſm; for the government of a ſtate there is no need of generoſity, honeſty, or courage, but of a mind fruitful in expedients, whoſe deſigns cannot be fathomed, which never gives itſelf up to its paſſions, but always to its intereſt, and is never at a loſs for the means of extricating itſelf out of difficulties.

Richelieu. True policy conſiſts in never deceiving, but always acting fairly and openly; thoſe

thoſe who deviate from the right way, do it through weakneſs, and for want of knowing it. True policy does not trouble itſelf with ſo many expedients, but being quick-ſighted, at firſt chuſes the beſt, by comparing it with the others. This fertility of expedients proceeds leſs from an extent and ſtrength of genius, than from want of ſtrength and judgment. In ſhort, true policy conſiſts in a general reputation of honeſty. When we have only fools and knaves in our intereſts, we never are ſafe: but when your integrity may be depended upon, both the good and bad will truſt you, your enemies will fear, and your friends love you. As for you with your Proteus's ſhapes, you never could make yourſelf loved, feared, or eſteemed. I muſt own that you was a great commedian, but never a great man.

Mazarin. You ſpeak of me as if I had been a coward, but when I carried the war into Spain, I ſhewed that I did not fear death; and this has again been ſeen when I expoſed myſelf to ſo many dangers in the civil wars of France. As for you, it is well known you were afraid of your own ſhadow, and fancied that there was ſome ruffian upon your bed, juſt going to ſtab you; but perhaps you had theſe panic fears only at certain ſeaſons upon you.

Richelieu. Ridicule me as much as you pleaſe; as for me I ſhall always do you juſtice, and acknowledge your good qualities: you did not

not want courage in war, but wanted courage, ſteadineſs, and greatneſs of ſoul in the management of affairs; your weakneſs and irreſolution made you thus ſupple; you could not deny any thing to a man's face, which made you promiſe at firſt aſking, and then uſed a thouſand poor ſhifts to elude your promiſe. Theſe ſhifts were groſs and uſeleſs, and had not you been in ſuch authority, it had not been ſafe uſing them; an honeſt man would have been much better pleaſed with your ſaying, I was in the wrong for promiſing you, nor can I perform my promiſe now. This would have been much better than to have added falſity to falſity, and ſo trifle with poor wretches. 'Tis not enough to be valiant in war, if we are cowards in buſineſs; and there are many princes who were capable of dying like heroes, but who have made themſelves infamous by their effeminacy in the management of affairs.

Mazarin. 'Tis an eaſy matter to talk thus, but when we have ſo many people to pleaſe, we amuſe them as well as we can; we have not places to beſtow upon them all, yet all expect them, ſo that we are obliged to feed moſt of them up with vain hopes.

Richelieu. We may give a great many people reaſon to hope, but we muſt deceive nobody, for every one in his turn, may meet with his reward, and unexpected opportunities of ſerving them fall out. As for thoſe who conceive vain and ridiculous hopes, they deceive themſelves, nor can you be blamed for

for it; but to promiſe to their faces, and laugh at your promiſe as ſoon as their backs are turned, is a thing unworthy an honeſt man, and deſtructive to the reputation of buſineſs itſelf. As for me, I maintained and encreaſed the king's authority, without having recourſe to any ſuch baſe means: the thing is ſelf-evident, and you diſpute with one who was a living example of the falſity of your maxims.

FINIS.